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THE CITIZEN KING

WE are a sovereign people. Of that we are being vociferously reminded just now. One of the periodic times when we delegate our sovereignty is at hand. We are more than rulers. We are makers of rulers.

Many of us say that this is true in theory, but not true in practice. The corporations rule. The machine politicians rule. The labor unions rule. For the sake of argument let us acknowledge the charges. Some of us rule. The rest of us are ruled. The sovereignty which belongs to us all has been seized by a few. Who is to blame?

"The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." Do we pay that price? Can we expect to get what we don't pay for? Do you get what you don't pay for in your home, in your business? No more can you get what you don't pay for in your government. When we do pay the price we do rule. That assertion doesn't need proof. We all know it's true. When we have risen in our might, no lawless corporations or labor unions or political machines have had a ghost of a show against us. When we've paid the price we've got the goods. Are we willing to pay the price? Are you willing? Are your friends willing?

To pay the price we need sense more than sentiment. We don't need merely "good" citizens or "nice" citizens.

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We need common-sense citizens. You need common sense in your business whether you are the head or the office boy. You need common sense in your politics, in your citizenship, whether you are a senator or merely a voter.

We all hear much—a great deal too much—about the privileges and duties of citizenship. Why should we be moralizing and sentimentalizing over our duties as citizens? You don't sentimentalize over working ten hours a day at your business. You're not a hero because you vote at primaries and local elections and don't dodge your jury duty. Neither have you any particular cause for thankfulness. One man fails in business through laziness and stupidity. Another succeeds through hard work and intelligence. Do we call the one a traitor, the other a patriot? We call the one a fool, the other wise.

Citizenship is the big business in which we have each a part. We are all stockholders. If we are thoughtless and stupid, if we neglect this business—the same things happen that would happen in any other business. The cost of operation increases, the receipts decrease. We gradually lose control. The business passes out of our hands. The politicians are our managers in this business. The political leaders manage it for our common good. The political bosses manage it for their own gain. The political demagogues do the same except that they pose as our friends. They are the "wolves in sheep's clothing." They do more harm in the political fold than the undisguised wolves. We now have a third class of politicians known as political reformers. The demagogues have taken to stealing their clothes, so that it is sometimes hard to tell which is the real thing. Demagogues of this kind are good parasites, made necessary by the bad parasites, made possible, in their turn, by our neglect of the business of citizenship.

A professor in the Andover Theological Seminary once met a man going to the town meeting. Said the professor: "What are they going to bring up at the meeting to-day, Brown?" Brown replied, with a snarl: "I dunno what they're goin' to bring up, but whatever it is, I'm goin' to oppose it." The zeal of this particular citizen was of question-

able advantage to his town. Some so-called reformers have a spirit unfortunately similar.

An Irish teamster in a certain New England town hires a man to drive for him whenever the license question is put to vote. He takes the whole day off. He votes no license himself. He gets as many others as he can to vote the same way. A gentleman asked him one day why he took so much trouble. He answered: "Me boy died of rum an' I do what I can to keep other folks' boys from dying the same way." This ignorant teamster is a citizen of the highest type.

A gentleman of high standing in the same community boasted that he never voted at local elections. He said: "Why should I go through the farce of casting my ballot? This town is run by a lot of low and corrupt politicians. My vote doesn't count. I've no time for sentimental shams." This scholarly gentleman is a citizen of the lowest type. He is stupidly selfish. Were he intelligently selfish, he would protect his interests as a citizen just as he protects his professional interests.

A young college graduate when asked to vote at a primary replied that he couldn't as he had never registered. Why had he never registered? Because he was not willing to be "tied up to any political party." He wished to be independent. He might almost as reasonably have refused to go into business because of not wishing to be tied up to any particular business. Political parties are necessary to our form of government. If everyone took his attitude there could be no political parties. He is no fool. He would see this if he stopped to think. He does not think. That is the point.

Some "nice" New York people have defended notorious grafters. They have said that they were able, loyal to their friends, and generous to the poor. One might say the same of some of the professional swindlers. They are able, loyal to their friends, and generous to the poor. This defense doesn't mean that these "nice" people were fools. It means that they didn't think.

A clerk who lives in a hall bedroom said: "Why should I vote? What difference does it make to me who runs the

government? I'm not a tax-payer. 'The more they soak on the taxes, the better so far as I'm concerned. The higher the taxes, the more the rich have to cough up.'" He was stupidly selfish. He need not have been unselfish to be a good citizen. He need only have been intelligently selfish—intelligently selfish enough to see that exorbitant taxes would in time both decrease his wages and increase his expenses. His employer was a tax-payer, and so was his landlady. Exorbitant taxes would force his employer to lower his wages, his landlady to increase his board. Being the under dog, he would have to bear the brunt. He had brains enough to think this out for himself. He didn't use his brains.

Selfish intelligent people are better citizens than unselfish stupid people. Patriots must be both unselfish and intelligent. We can't hope for a nation of patriots. We can't hope for a majority of patriots. We can hope for a majority of intelligently selfish citizens. Perhaps we already have such a majority. The managers of both the leading national campaigns seem to think so. They are not trying to buy votes with dollars. They are trying to win them with arguments.

There have rarely before been such clean campaigns. What does a clean campaign mean? It means a campaign which appeals to the intelligent self-interest of the voters. A corrupt campaign appeals to their greed and their ignorance. It means that if Mr. Bryan can persuade you that his policies will best serve your interests you will vote for him. If Mr. Taft can persuade you that his policies will best serve your interests you will vote for him. You will vote in accordance with what you believe to be your enlightened self-interest.

We need more working patriotism—less of the Fourth of July variety. Fourth of July patriotism that inspires working patriotism is a blessing. Fourth of July patriotism that takes the place of working is a curse.

It is a good thing to make and to listen to patriotic speeches. It's a splendid thing to study and to admire the lives of our national heroes—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln. It is a fine thing to celebrate the Fourth of July in a rational way. It is an inspiring thing to sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

But all these things don't amount to a hill of beans as compared to the intelligent performance of the ordinary duties of citizenship. The man who does all these fine things and neglects his ordinary duties as a citizen is a fakir, not a patriot. He is as much of a patriot as the man was a Christian who prayed for his starving wife and children instead of working for them. To suppose that the average man is going to fulfill his duties as a citizen because of vague patriotic emotions for his country's flag, is as absurd as to suppose he is going to slave at his business merely to increase the national wealth.

Working patriotism is a kind of inspired self-interest. Washington was a working patriot. So was Lincoln. At the close of the Revolution, Washington's victorious army offered to make him George I. of the United States of America. He indignantly refused to consider the proposal. That was an act of highest patriotism. It was also an act of enlightened self-interest. Had he accepted he would have lost his honored place among his contemporaries. He would have lost his immortal place in history. Lincoln could probably have won the senatorship had he compromised with his conscience in his contest with Douglas. In that case he never would have been President. He never would have had opportunity to win immortal fame.

We need common sense, not sentiment alone. We need intelligent self-interest, not quixotic morality. We need working patriotism, not Fourth of July emotions. So long as these traits dominate we will be a sovereign people in fact as in name.



UNJUST ATTACKS ON BUSINESS MUST CEASE

BY ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

United States Senator from Indiana

THE following article, by one of the most influential of the younger group of United States Senators, is a noteworthy utterance upon issues now under consideration by the American people. Although it refers in part to the immediate conditions under discussion during the national campaign, it is general in its application, and quite as pertinent to last year and next as to this period of political controversy. Convincing in its logic, picturesque and graphic in its form of statement, brave and far-sighted in the position it assumes, the article is worthy of the closest consideration and thought upon the part of all readers.—THE EDITOR.



UNJUST attacks on business have made business the leading question of the day. A big business country must have big business, and ours is the biggest business country in the world. Business depends upon the ease and quickness with which a people can trade together. Russia has more people than America; but she has few and poor means of communication—her population is segregated into many little groups. America's people are united into one vast family. So Russia has no big business, while America has big business. And the greater our civilization becomes, the greater our business will be.

This is a principle of business development: the larger and closer together the number of people it must supply, the greater in size and more perfect in organization must be the business that serves them. The business concerns of Holland are bigger than those of Norway; those of France greater than those of Canada; those of Germany increase as her people and their means of communication multiply; Japan's business concerns of to-day dwarf those of fifty years ago. All this is because communication has changed the

commercial possibilities of these people. And this cause has changed the commercial possibilities of the American people even more rapidly—the United States has more railroads, telegraphs, and telephones than any three other nations combined, and the people of California and Maine are closer to-day than were the people of New York when the Constitution was adopted.

With this change has come a change in our industry. Once a farmer cut his grain with a scythe; but the scythe is no longer equal to his harvest, and the self-binding harvester appears. The little butcher shop, with its uncleanness and waste, once served the little town cut off from the rest of the world; but now great abattoirs, with their cleanliness and economy, are needed to serve the millions of consumers. Once the blacksmith shop made the rude wagon of the farmers; now vast factories are needed to supply the great number of perfect wagons required to haul the swelling volume of American farmers' products. The same is true of every phase of industry.

So we see that to stop the growth of business organization is to stop the growth of the country. If the steel industry were run by the little concerns of fifty years ago, there would be only a fraction of the output of the people's building and trans-

portation materials. If little shops made all the agricultural implements they once did, fully one third of the farmers of the United States could not be supplied. And if, instead of great railroads, the Nation's transportation were done by the little lines of the last generation, none of these industries could ship directly and cheaply.

Remember that as short railroad lines handled by little companies consolidated into single systems, railway rates for freight and passengers have steadily gone down and the service has improved in speed, safety, and comfort. Thirty years ago a man shipping freight from St. Louis to New York would have billed it over at least two lines of road. If he traveled from Omaha to Boston he had to buy at least three tickets and make three changes of cars—perhaps more. Service is the test of theories. Shall we go backward or forward, is the business question of this campaign.

Take the meat business. The price of the farmer's live stock has risen steadily for thirty years. Why? First, because more people can afford to eat meat; but second and principally, because the great modern packing establishments now use every particle of the farmer's live stock, much of which the butcher of thirty years ago threw away. On the other hand, the price of everything made from this live stock has gone down except sirloin and porterhouse steaks. These have risen in price only because everybody has cultivated a sirloin and porterhouse appetite. Appetite means demand and demand means price.

Again, the price of every article of the raw materials that go into wagons and agricultural implements has increased, while the price of wagons and agricultural implements has gone down; and at the same time those wagons and agricultural implements to-day are guaranteed. Politicians denounce big business; but ask the farmer if he is willing to go back to the blacksmith shop for his plows, harrows, wagons, and reapers.

But big business also means higher wages and steadier employment for labor. For example, laborers thirty years ago, under the old lack of system, were not consulted about rates of wages or length of employment. But to-day every big business agrees with its laboring men on these things.

Compared with the wages and employment of thirty years ago, those of to-day are as fixed stars compared to sky-rockets. Ask the artisan whether he prefers the comparatively constant work and high wages our great concerns afford him to-day, or the occasional job and shifting pay the little concerns afforded him yesterday.

Always a certain class of men have appealed to those of us who are less prosperous than our brothers to wreck the conditions that have made us both prosperous in different degrees. Every country, every age, has its Jack Cades. To-day a new plan is proposed for the control of business; but if the plan is good, let us adopt it. Never scare at a name; never hold to a prejudice. What, then, is this new business plan? Let us give it a fair hearing and endorse it, if it stands the test of reason.

This new plan—called "the franchise plan"—proposes that no concern doing business in more than one State "shall control as much as twenty-five per cent of the product in which it deals" until it takes out a federal license to do business at all; and that thereafter it "shall not control more than fifty per cent of any commodity." *This license may be granted or withdrawn at any time by any administration.* But business depends on certainty. Suppose any business man offended the President, or even the chief—yes, even any official—of the bureau which handled this license system. Suppose this President or official should declare that he was "controlling more than twenty-five per cent of the product in which he dealt"—he would be forced to stop his business until he got a license. Having secured a license, suppose his enemy would say that he was doing more business than the law allowed. *In both cases the burden of proof is on the business man.* Shall we make another Venezuela out of the United States? The franchise plan would Venezuelaize American business. A Castro may be good for Venezuela, but not for America. We passed the Castro stage when we expelled King George.

How can you tell whether any business controls twenty-five per cent of the product in which it deals? Take an illustration. Suppose a business concern deals exclusively in eggs—as several concerns now do. How could the Government

tell whether that concern was buying and selling more than twenty-five per cent of all the eggs laid by all the hens in the country? Fifty thousand Government Egg Agents, constantly at work questioning all the farmers' wives as to how many eggs their hens laid each day could not tell the President whether an egg franchise should be granted. Under such a plan even the hens would quit in disgust.

Take agricultural implements, in which there is now one concern larger than any other; and it is asserted that that concern is selling more cheaply on the average than did the various concerns of which it was formed. Probably it does most of the agricultural implement business in the United States; but the franchise plan considers no probabilities. A fraction more than twenty-five per cent stops any business unless it takes out a license. How would the Government find out those exact facts? Outside this big concern many dealers still make agricultural implements. Would Government Agricultural Implement Agents make daily, weekly, or monthly visits to each of the independent companies, examine their books, and then go to the retailers and examine theirs?

Thousands of country blacksmith shops still make harrows and plows. The Government agents also would have to examine these. It would take ten thousand men constantly at work to find out whether the big concern actually did control more than twenty-five per cent of the product; and even the report of this army of agents could be only a guess. And if their guess were correct to-day, it might be changed to-morrow. Investigation is good when needed—harmful when not required. What man could live if you kept probing the wound after the bullet had been removed?

The increase of Government officials is denounced; but this franchise plan would create a hundred where there is now one. Shall we put American business in the hands of a Russian bureaucracy? Shall the American Republic copy the Czar's famous "Third Section" and put American business under its espionage?

Take another illustration. A certain business was started by a poor boy twenty-five years ago. By sleepless industry, organizing ability, and absolute honor he

succeeded in doing most of the country's business in a certain article. This boy's business grew from a little shop with three or four men to widely separated factories with thousands of employees. Apply the franchise plan to him. What would he do? "Sell part of his plant," says the franchise plan. But one factory makes one part of the article, another factory makes another part; and each factory is useless without the others. How, then, could he find a purchaser for any plant?

But suppose each plant made the article entire. Would any person pay the owner a fraction of what the plant was worth, knowing that the law forced the owner to sell? To prevent robbery by law, the Government would have to establish an appraisers' board which would value these plants. But suppose such an appraising board fixed a price which suited neither the owner nor the purchaser. Under the law, the owner must sell, but the purchaser need not buy.

And what if the purchaser did not buy? Under the franchise plan the owner would have to shut down most of his plants. This would discharge thousands of laborers, and shut off the people's supply of this necessary article until other plants could start up. A twenty-five per cent franchise means a twenty-five per cent business; but this is a hundred per cent country.

So we see that big business is necessary to the people's prosperity—even to the people's comfort. But big business has also developed big evils. That is natural. The poison vine saps the life of the oak; but who would fell the oak to kill the parasite? To kill the evils of business without killing business itself has been the problem of the ages—is our problem to-day.

As American business has changed, so its duties have changed. Failure to realize this has caused most of the evils of big business. When men did business exclusively for themselves, dealing with comparatively few customers, the first of business principles was that every man's affairs were his own business, with which the public had nothing to do. The legal maxim was "caveat emptor"—"let the purchaser beware." Several years ago Mr. Vanderbilt bluntly said, "The public be damned."

But all the agencies that knit ninety

millions of people into a unit made necessary increased business organizations to serve the increased needs of this increased consuming population. They created those organizations of industry called trusts. Still the managers of these business organizations clung to the old system of business ethics and legal principles which their grandfathers employed; still said that their business was nobody's business but their own; still declared that the public ought to be what Mr. Vanderbilt said it should be.

The railroad manager said: "The way I run this railroad is my business, with which the people have nothing to do." But this railroad deals with millions of people; its charges are a tax as much as any laid by their government, and so the people said to the railroad manager: "Your railroad's business is not yours only, but ours also. We pay the freight; we pay the fare; we furnish your revenue; it is our land over which you run; it is our grace by which you exist. Therefore, while it is right for you to run the business, it is also right for us to regulate the business." And that philosophy is the foundation of the railroad rate law.

The agencies I have named made possible the Beef Trust. Its founders thought they built up the Beef Trust; yet they only shaped the forces which the people themselves created. They deserve credit for that great work, and they have received credit to the extent of tens of millions of dollars of wealth. But instead of dealing with a dozen or a hundred persons, as its founders did when they began business, the Beef Trust deals with millions. These millions cannot look out for themselves. Therefore the people said: "We are the ones who buy your products; our families are the ones who consume them. None of us can know whether they are good or bad. Our agent, the Government of us all, must do that service for us." Hence the meat inspection law, which puts the people's inspectors into private packing houses to protect the defenseless consumer.

Take another illustration. Its founders did not create the Standard Oil Company; they merely organized the forces that the people already had created. But the Standard Oil Company still clung to the ancient commercial maxim that what they did was

nobody's business but their own; that they could do as they pleased, and that what they did was none of the people's business. So they forced the railroads to give the Standard Oil Company rebates, and at the same time to increase charges to other men doing the same business, and many other outrageous practices. But the people said that the Standard Oil Company owed not only service to its customers, but a duty to the people. *It has grown so big that it is a public concern.* So we passed the law making those practices legal crimes; and now they have been stopped, or are practiced in fear of the law and peril of the penitentiary.

Thus we are ending the evils of big business. We are asserting the great principle that when any business becomes so big that it affects most of the people, it must be regulated by the government of all the people. We declare that no power in the Nation shall be greater than the Nation; that no corporation created to serve the people shall be above the people. And we are making that declaration good.

In America's elemental work of setting our business on straight paths, as England, France, and Germany have done for their business long ago, our chief danger is not from the dull reactionary who calls his crablike reasoning the wisdom of the ages; but from the excited extremist, who calls his flashlight philosophy the gospel of progress.

Let no one fear the Tories of legislation who have opposed this movement. The grand dukes of reaction in both parties are powerless. The grand ducal cabal in both parties is now little more than an unpleasant memory. And the question is, What now ought we to do for business?

First, then, we should amend the railway rate law to make government regulation more effective. The Commission is now swamped with duties. We should divide its functions; give to another department the execution of the law, and to the Commission the decision of cases arising under it. We should make the relief, the remedies, the regulation which the law provides speedy and sure.

We should amend the ancient Sherman law, which changed conditions have made injurious and grotesque. It is right to shackle the hands of dishonest business men; it is outrageous to bind the hands of

honest business men. We should unlock the energies of American business men by amending the law so that honest business men may have a free hand in honest business. This will open new factories, build new railroads, sink new mines, and employ hundreds of thousands of toilers.

If the American people are to be chastised by a régime which distrusts all business men, proposes destructive methods of commerce and an antiquated tariff system, this vast country with its amazing resources and its mighty people will be worsted by its rivals before a single year has passed—its factories idle, its freight cars empty, its laborers without work, its farmers without markets.

But the greatest law to help business is an up-to-date, scientific, businesslike tariff. The tariff that business needs is one that not only protects industry, but increases trade. Neither a single protective tariff nor a tariff for revenue only does this. A tariff for revenue only gives us nothing to trade upon; it opens our markets to other nations without opening their markets to us. It says to other nations: "We will freely give all our trade advantages to you, and depend upon your generosity for what you give us." Any business man who ran his business upon that principle would be bankrupt in a year. Every modern commercial nation has abandoned such a tariff except Great Britain, who is about to abandon it herself. Most of her colonies have cast it overboard long ago.

A single protective tariff is out of date also. Not a single modern commercial nation still clings to it. Countries like Germany and France took the single protective tariff from us and developed it into the double protective tariff with which they are now distancing us in foreign trade. We must now take the double protective tariff from them and distance them in foreign trade. Maximum and minimum duties is the tariff system of the hour. It protects home industries and labor, and yet forces open to our products the markets of the world. A high tariff which every nation must pay if it will not open its markets to us, and a lower tariff which any nation may have that will open its markets to us, is the common-sense method.

A scientific tariff cannot be built except by experts. The fight for a tariff

commission, which the business interests of the country have demanded, has just begun; and that fight will go on to victory.

The assault on the evils of business has degenerated into an assault on business itself. Yet business is nothing more than the people working and trading together. Business active means prosperity; business stopped means starvation. Check business, and the farmer's plow rusts in the furrow; the banker's money lies idle in the vaults; in the factories spiders do the spinning; in the homes of labor hunger sets the table, and the laborer himself tramps the streets in search of work.

Only yesterday we had a little panic, but hundreds of thousands of workmen for a few short weeks or months were in idleness and despair. That panic was not their fault; it was not the fault of America's honest business men. Yet so sound is the Nation's prosperity, so just our policies of reform, and so perfect the confidence in us that American business already is rapidly recovering.

We battle against dishonest business, but we battle for honest business just as earnestly. Whip with the thongs of justice evil business men who disgrace the name of business and make spoil of the people; but free the hands of honest business men. There are mountains, let them tunnel them; mines, let them dig them; arid wastes, let them reclaim them; the forces of commerce, let them organize them; and down with the man who would deny them their reward for the doing of these great tasks. On the resourceful brain, the discerning eye, the sure hand of business, place only one restraint—the supremacy of the Nation; and when any power defies the Nation, let the Nation crush it. No genius is so vast that it equals the common sense of all; and when any man puts himself above the law, let the law act swiftly.

Business is not the only thing in life, it is true—not even the most important thing. It is written that "man shall not live by bread alone." Ideals are the life of the soul of man; yes, but we need not starve our bodies while we feed our souls. The barren table does not stimulate morals. An idle people does not march Godward. The Bible is not the enemy of bread. The greatest office of prosperity is that

it gives men and women time and strength to think of higher things and to realize them.

In this upward march which God has designed for his children the American people are leading the nations. Shall we retrace our steps, to our own dishonor and disgrace, at the command of reactionaries, on the one hand, or fall to wrangling among ourselves to our own undoing and humiliation, on the other hand? It is a question of moral advance as well as material prosperity that fate this day asks of every household in the Republic. Will you decide for a practical and righteous statesmanship that puts morals into your laws and bread into your mouths, or for a grotesque and impractical programme that

makes morals ridiculous and your daily bread an unreal dream?

America is the throne of the world. On her east is the greatest ocean of the present; on her west is the greatest ocean of the future; on her south the greatest of gulfs; on her north the greatest of lakes. We can command the trade of the world in material things; we can lead the march of the nations in spiritual things. Let us do both. With more schools where the learning of man is taught; more churches where the Word of God is preached; more nerve and brain and pure resolve than all the world combined, let us keep the leadership that now is ours and captain mankind to the practical realization of humanity's highest hopes.

THE DEPARTING MINSTREL

By CLARENCE E. SIMONSON

COME, bring to me my jingling steed,
For I must forth over steep and mead,
A-harping blithe from Thames to Tweed.
Farewell, Elaine, farewell!

To courtly halls I'll sing thy name;
Full many a gorgeous crested dame
Shall envy thee thy beauty's fame.
Farewell, Elaine, farewell!

And oh, I beg thee, fair Elaine,
Pray not that the minstrel come again.
There's many a knight with a golden chain.
Farewell, Elaine, farewell!

And, O Elaine, the world is young:
There's many a song that's to be sung;
There's many a heart that's to be wrung.
Farewell, Elaine, farewell!

I came when the fields were white with snow;
I go again when the lilies blow;
Lightly I came—lightly I go.
Farewell, Elaine, farewell!

DAWN

BY MYRA KELLY



IN the general squalor and dejection of the little village of Step-Aside, Moira Keegan's cottage shone almost artificial in its cleanliness and thrift. She lived in it quite alone but quite safe, for she was protected by the love and loyalty of every heart in the countryside. These safeguards were hers partly by inheritance and partly of her own winning. Her father, "the ould Docther," had left a memory which no upstart, gig-driving, microbe-preaching successor could dim; and even during her father's life Moira had attended such simple cases and dressings as might be intrusted to her. It was one of the tenets of villagers that "any ould sup in the heel of a bottle that you had left since the ould Docther's day would do you more good than that young fool of a new one could do you with all his big words and his wise looks." There were even rumors of cure effected by an empty bottle of Dr. Keegan's prescribing in cases where Dr. O'Connor had exerted his poor skill in vain.

"'Tis aisy known he's but a 'prentice at the wurrk," the village would disparagingly remark. "Sure the smell o' the ould Docther's bottles was strong enough to knock ye down, let alone the taste. An' this gosssoon'd give ye a bottle that a child would drink if you'd let it. Or maybe a little pill with no more taste than a sweetie. What good could brash like that do a body!"

After the death of her father Moira had taken up her abode in one of the village cabins, and it became straightway the shrine to which the village turned in sickness and in sorrow and in joy. It was she who wrote its letters to sons and daughters in America. It was she who read aloud the answers and such newspapers as found their

way to that backwater of civilization. It was she who was Godmother to its babies. It was she who took care of the altar for Father Dan, and it was only she who could persuade the old men and women to submit their bronchitis and their rheumatism to her father's disprized successor. It was she who, quite without any such intentions, set an example of industry which no one ever thought of following. From the earliest sunshine she was busy among her patients, her pensioners, or her flowers; and every moment she could spare from these preoccupations she spent in weaving the exquisite lace whose sale to a Dublin draper was her principal means of subsistence.

She gave everything—save money—to the village, and for money to spend in the relief of her people she daily stormed high Heaven. The answer to her prayer came in most surprising form. Avonmere, the "big house" of the neighborhood, after standing empty for a discouraging length of time, was taken by General Fitzgerald, C.B., V.C., D.S.O., J.P., etc., etc., recently retired from the Indian Branch of her Majesty's service, and the Lady Mary, his gentle wife. Soon its stately halls and draughty corridors were enlivened by the presence of a corps of servants and the grown sons and daughter of the doughty General.

Their coming had wrought great changes in Step-Aside. It had meant employment, in household or in stable, for the few lads and lasses who had resisted the emigration fever. It had meant occupation for several grandfathers who potted happily about the grounds, drove the high-salaried English gardener to distraction, and prattled eternally of the days when Avonmere had been properly "kep' up" and they had worked among its lawns and flowers in the



"It was only she who could persuade the old men and women to submit to her father's successor."

old Duke's time. It had meant a surge of prosperity among the beggars, and the coming of the millennium for Father Dan, who straightway entered the name of Lady Mary Fitzgerald upon the golden list of the saints.

But to Moira Keegan, in her little garden, it brought one day a marvelous creature, half man, half boy, half poet, and half seer. A creature all on fire to serve his country and his fellow-man who, in the year of our Lord 1880, had set out to obey that Lord's command: "Bear ye one another's burdens." A very Peter the Hermit in the zeal which burned in his pale, young face and in the depths of his wonderful eyes. He talked of marvels of well doing, and straightway they were done.

He devised and managed destinies like a god, and he dedicated his wealth, his charity, and his time to Moira's work in Step-Aside. Surely Heaven had sent bountiful answer to her prayer when Owen Fitzgerald, the youngest of the General's four sons, first strolled out through the massive gates of Avonmere and fared thoughtfully down to the village.

The only other member of the Fitzgerald family with whom she came in contact was Sheila, the daughter. Once Moira had fallen ill and Sheila, at Owen's instigation, had spent a long summer day in the cottage, and had learned many things about self-sacrifice, strength, and devotion of which her twenty-three years of privileged and petted life had left her ignorant.

Moira, too, had found that day enlightening. It had shown her—what she had already sensitively guessed—the depth and breadth of the gulf which separated her in education, habit, ideals, and manner from the world to which Owen belonged. And this piece of learning she could never afterwards forget. In dreaming or working, in praying or watching, the knowledge that she was different, different, different, kept beating upon her heart.

And yet there were points of similarity between the two girls which would have been patent to the least careful observer. Both were of the blue-eyed, fair-skinned type, though Sheila's hair was of a rich coppery color, and Moira's was so black that even the late sunshine could find no hint of gold or brown in its heavy waves, and could only awaken in it lustrous gleams of blue or steel. They both carried themselves with the grace of perfect health, the voices of both were low and gentle though their accents were very different, for Moira spoke with a tired, almost plaintive intonation, and Sheila with a certain crispness and authority of word and phrase. There was a slight darkness under Sheila's eyes, but Moira's were so deeply shadowed, and fringed with such black and curled lashes, as to give the impression of extreme delicacy or many nights of weeping. And yet they resulted from neither of these causes, but from a habit, very popular among the ancients of Step-Aside, of giving up, in the dim hours of night, all hope of life, and of sending distraught relatives to beg that Miss Moira would "come to see the last of them."

But the point of identity in the two girls was purity and gentleness of heart and mind. They were as innocent as flowers, as proud as queens, and as ignorant of evil as little children.

It was at the end of a perfect day in June that Moira looked up from her lace making and saw Sheila standing among the flowers of her little garden. Very beautiful and patrician did Miss Fitzgerald look, and very loudly did the "different, different," ring in Moira's ears as she glanced down at her own coarse shoes and skirt, and contrasted them with her visitor's dainty perfection of detail. But this feeling was promptly swept away by the amazing discovery that Sheila was distressed, and Moira always responded instantly to

any suggestion of unhappiness, and the two girls were soon sitting side by side under a rose bush.

"I want to talk to you," Sheila began, after the prescribed preliminaries, "about my brother Owen." And Moira only nodded. For all the kingdoms of the world she could not have spoken.

"We are greatly troubled about him," Sheila went on, "and we were wondering whether you, knowing him so well, could help us."

Moira found her voice, but not much of it. She could only ask, "We? You and the Lady Mary?"

"No," said Sheila. "The Lady Mary suspects nothing. But Desmond, my eldest brother, and I have been uneasy about him for some days. He is, you must have noticed, extremely delicate, and I fear he is extremely unhappy, too."

Again Moira nodded. "He is unhappy," she acquiesced. "He suffers very much. He cannot grow reconciled to the lives—and the deaths—he sees in this miserable country."

"We blame ourselves very much, Desmond and I, for letting him brood so much alone. We should have seen how things would appear to him. Do you know anything about his education? About the history of our extraordinary family?"

"Very little," Moira answered. "Mr. Fitzgerald told me that his father and mother had been in India for thirty years, and had only just returned after all that time. And he said that you, his own sister, and his own brothers were utter strangers to him. That he had never seen you until a month ago, and that he feared he would never understand you at all."

"I know, I know," interrupted Sheila, as Moira paused, flushed and embarrassed. "He considers us utterly heartless, does he not?"

"I fear he does," said Moira. "But, as he says, he does not understand you."

"I know. We must strike him so. You see he was sent to an aunt of ours in Coventry. We were all sent to different aunts and uncles because white children cannot thrive in India. And this Aunt Lucinda, who took Owen when he was a tiny, delicate little child, is a poet. A wonderful, charming woman, so I have always heard, full of dreams and hopes and ideals. She

got a tutor for Owen—he was never strong enough for school—a man as impractical as herself. And between them they made him what he is. He told me that they never read newspapers in that house, and they equipped him for his visit to this country by a course of Moore's poems, the 'Annals of the Four Masters,' and a careful training in all the wild dreams of freedom

that he has been making speeches, and we know the General, our father, will be as merciless as the Government if he is detected."

Moira had grown very white and quiet while Sheila was speaking, and it was some moments before she turned to her and asked, "Are you sure of the things you say?"

"Quite sure. And Desmond and I thought we could do no better than appeal



"He devised and managed destinies like a god."

and of martyrdom which torture the history of this poor country. No wonder he is a stranger among his own people. No wonder he can't reconcile what he sees with what he has been taught."

"No wonder!" echoed Moira. "For even I, who was never taught at all, see things in this village which make me wish that I had been born blind."

"And now," Sheila resumed, after a pause, "we have begun to fear that he has been entangled in our miserable politics. He is out nearly all night and every night. We know

to you to use your influence with him and with the people round about. If he goes on it will mean ruin, not only for himself, but for my father who has served the Queen and the Government for so many years, and for my brother, who is a Queen's Counsel in London. Think of their position if their son and brother were proved a traitor."

"He is no traitor," said Moira. "If what you say is true——"

"It is true," Sheila interrupted.

"Then he has been driven to it by what he sees about him as many have been before



"I remember every word of his as though it were the voice of Heaven."

him, and many will be again. And neither you nor I, nor any power in the world, can stop him unless you can get him away from the things that he can't bear. It's like," she went on wildly, "it's like tearing the heart out of my body. It's like drowning my life in the sea, but if you and Mr. Desmond want to stop your brother, you will have to send him away."

Sheila forgot her own unhappiness in a surge of pity for the girl beside her. "Ah, my dear, my dear!" she cried, and took her hand. "I might have guessed. I might have feared."

Moira shook her head. "There is nothing to fear," said she. "And as for guessing, there is no need of that, because I will tell you freely all there is to tell. Mr.

Fitzgerald is the sun in the sky to me. He has never set foot in my house, but this garden, where he sometimes comes and talks to me, will be beautiful and fragrant to me when it is covered with snow and dead. He has never said a word to me that he hasn't said fifty times to many a man, woman, or child he thinks nothing of; and yet, I remember every word of his as though it were the voice of Heaven. He has never looked at me except as he might look at any man, woman, or child he'd meet in the ordinary business of an ordinary day. And yet, to me, his eyes are the stars, and the memory of them would be light enough for me to live upon until the end, if all God's other lights went out. And yet I say to you, send him away. I would give any-

thing I have to my country's cause. But this one thing that I shall never have I would die to keep from it. Send him away."

For some space the girls sat silent side by side under the rose bush. And when Sheila spoke again it was by manner, voice, and eyes rather than by words that she answered Moira. It was with a new air of confidence and intimacy that she said:

"Desmond and I are wondering whether we could persuade him to go to America. He is actually burning away with fever and unhappiness, and none of us can comfort him or influence him to take even the most ordinary precautions about his health. He wants care, and peace and happiness—so the doctors tell us—and he has none of them. Desmond knows some people who are going out to look at a cattle ranch or gold mine in Colorado. We shall try to arrange for Owen to go with them. They would be good to him. But, meanwhile, any day or night may make it all too late, and that is why we want you to help us. Will you, as we know you can, have him watched?"

"He shall be watched," said Moira.

And Sheila returned to Avonmere greatly comforted. For very well she knew that Moira was one of the rulers of Step-Aside. She had more power over the servants of Avonmere than any Fitzgerald among them all, and it was by her orders that Owen's least desire was sufficient to overthrow the General's most heavily emphasized commands. The tinkle of Mr. Owen's bell produced a stampede in the servants' hall. Every foot leaped to obey it, and every voice outshrilled the others in claiming the right to answer it. And, as was frequent of late, when he breakfasted in bed, the stairs swarmed with the bearers of plates and saucers, containing "tasty bits" to tempt his appetite, while the rest of the family, marooned in the breakfast room, foraged as best they might among the dish covers upon the sideboard.

With the outdoor servants the case was the same. An arid strawberry bed could be made to produce a cabbage-leaf full of softly ripe fruit for Mr. Owen. There was always a mount for him, even if Peter Carey, the autocrat of the stables, had but just reported every one of his charges incapable of "so much as puttin' one foot

before the other if you was to offer him the wealth of the world."

At first these services of love were due to Moira's desire, but very soon the gentle, handsome, melancholy boy had won the affection and the confidence of the entire staff by his interest in their affairs and relatives, and by his uniform consideration. As Katy-parlormaid was wont to remark, "Sure he's no more trouble in the house than a fly. An' he's that ghastly, sometimes, in the face, that you'd be expecting him to die any minute. You would that. Glory be to God I hope it's not the decline he has."

For three or four days Moira made no report, and Owen kept better hours. And then one night Sheila, whose room was next to his, discovered that although Owen retired at the decorous hour prescribed by General Fitzgerald, he waited only long enough to shed his evening attire, in favor of clothes more suitable to midnight outings, before she heard his stealthy tread outside of her room. Somewhat later a door far away closed softly, and a quick step sounded on the gravel. It was hours later that she again heard some one moving in the corridor, but with a less practiced caution than Owen had shown. A muffled knock brought her to her door, and there stood Katy-parlormaid dressed as for serving afternoon tea. Only her frowzy hair betrayed the tedium of her vigil.

"'Tis Miss Moira, miss," she began. "She bid me put strong boots upon you and bring you down to her. She's waiting you in the rosydandhrums." And as Sheila made a hurried toilet, Katy-parlormaid rubbed her eyes and explained that at Miss Moira's command she had for now three nights sat in the scullery waiting to summon Sheila if cause should arise.

"You were right," was Moira's greeting when Sheila joined her in the trembling shelter of the rhododendrons, "but it is very much worse than we guessed. Several of the boys in the village know what Mr. Fitzgerald has been doing, but they were afraid to tell me because I had told them to take care of him."

"And what is he doing?" questioned Sheila.

But Moira answered, "You will see. I shall show you," and led the way down the broad avenue.

It was a moonless night, but the myriad stars made it fairly bright. The horizons both to east and west showed luminous, for June nights are very short in Ireland, and the twilight waits to greet the dawn. It was, as Sheila noticed as she crossed the hall, a quarter to twelve, and yet she could see the agony on Moira's face as clearly as she could feel the trembling of her hand. The girls soon left the avenue, and Moira led the way straight through the park, straight through thicket and shrubbery, through turnip field and young plantation, sometimes even through a hedge. They climbed a loose stone wall at last, and found themselves in a part of the estate which was quite strange to Sheila. It had evidently been at one time a pasture or a paddock, for a wildly overgrown holly hedge still inclosed three sides of it. The fourth side was bounded by a little wood, and there, among the trees, Sheila crouched beside her guide and looked out into the open field. A little river ran between the wood and the field, and from it wraiths of mist were rising, so that at first Sheila distinguished nothing except the fantastic arms of the holly trees outlined against the sky.

Then Moira pressed her hand and cautioned her to even greater quietude. And through the mist the girl saw the figure of a man come marching up the field with a steady, measured swing. Behind him came a line of men—fifteen or twenty stretched across—and behind them again other lines, all marching, grim and silent, after their leader. And just then the mist cleared for a moment, and Sheila saw that Owen was the leader, and that he was armed, and that all his followers carried carbines and cartridge belts. At the edge of the little river Owen stopped and faced his men, and the drill began. The obedience was so instant and so exact that Sheila knew, with a great sinking of the heart, that many hours had gone to its perfection; and Moira, crouched at Sheila's side, knew that this was a death warrant—knew that Owen was embarked upon one of those helpless insurrections, those weak, unsupported upflarings of spirit and desperation which lead so many of Ireland's sons to death and banishment. Sheila guessed it, too, and Owen's little address, when the drill was over, would have told them in any case. It was plain to see that the men

idolized him. It was plain to see and hear the reason. Looking at him, at his grace, his vigor, and his weakness, one could understand the power of bonny Prince Charlie and the love in the old border song—

"Follow thee, follow thee!
Who would nae follow thee!"

He bade a fair and brave good night to the men and boys. So many of them, Sheila saw, were as young as their young leader. And then a lad who had waited later than the others approached him. The girls heard Owen ask, "Is he no better? Did you give him the medicine? Well, I can go and sit with him if that is what he wants, but I am afraid neither you nor I, Mattie, can do much more for him than that." And as he turned with the boy in the direction of the village Moira heard him say: "And Miss Keegan is out, you say? She is with old Mrs. Kinsella most likely."

The two girls lay quietly in the wood until the last sound of retreating footsteps had died away. Then each turned to the other and found herself looking at a ghastly face.

"Oh, send him away! Send him away!" cried Moira.

"Oh, but can we now?" asked Sheila.

It was with a strange feeling of unreality that Sheila found herself, some hours later, on that same morning at the breakfast table of Avonmere. Everyone was congratulating the weather and themselves, and making plans for the perfect day whose dawn Sheila had seen beyond a misty field and the twisted arms of hollies. The General was pompously in favor of a picnic to a neighboring mountain. He cherished an idea that he enjoyed picnics, but his wife had always known, and his children had already learned, that he suffered acutely at such festivals, and managed that everybody concerned should share his feeling.

"I think, my dear General," ventured his gentle consort, "that it would be very nice to stay at home. It is so wonderful to have a home, with all the dear children gathered together, that I am loath to leave it to sit among the midges and to drink cold tea. I should suggest that we sit here happily and peacefully all together."

Her two sons, Lawrence and Gerald,

were strongly of her opinion, and Desmond upheld them.

"As a Justice of the Peace, sir," said he, "I am afraid you will be obliged to stay here, at least for the morning. It is a nasty thing to mention on such a beautiful day, but a bailiff, somewhere out beyond the village, was shot last night, and you may be wanted if they catch the chap who did it. Now, Lady Mother," he added warningly, "you are not to get uneasy. You know these things do happen occasionally, and I am told that the bailiff in question fully deserved what he got. He's not dead yet and he may recover. Of course, I don't advocate——"

"I should think not, sir," stormed the General. "I should think none of you would advocate the condition of things that obtains in this country. A mad rabble, sir. Dogs no more fit to carry firearms than your mother is, by Gad! I hope they will catch the beast and bring him before me. I'll show them something about the law of this country, and you, Desmond, you can help me, you can put me right, eh, what? We'll teach the Home Office the sort of men we are."

Desmond could not have found a surer anchor for his father. Nothing in the unaccustomed civilian life to which he had been relegated pleased him so much as the exercise of his authority of Justice of the Peace. But he, having been a man of war for forty years, did not quite catch the spirit of his latest appointment. There was very little justice of the blind, unprejudiced sort in his bearing, and there was no peace at all. There was, in fact, little save a lack of scarlet and gold to differentiate these ordeals from the courts-martial with which he had been wont to harry his regiment. He always insisted upon as large an audience as could be gathered into the gun room, and there he would examine and cross-examine, threaten, browbeat, and storm with an energy which left him almost human for hours afterwards.

And so when the white-faced butler came to say that the General was wanted in the gun room, that there had been an arrest, and that the prisoner was being brought up the avenue by a detachment of the constabulary, General Fitzgerald insisted that the whole party should adjourn to the steps and see the miscreant.

"Oh! no, sir," pleaded the butler. "Don't do that. You must not, indeed, sir. You don't understand. If you would allow me to explain."

But the General hardly heard these expostulations. He hustled his womankind out upon the terrace, and grouped his sons with them, while he took a stand well in advance of them in a pose by which he meant to typify Justice untempered and very wide awake. Sheila, though the butler's agitation had vaguely warned her, could find no plausible means of disobeying the General and of removing the Lady Mother. And Desmond, to whom as yet she had had no opportunity to recount the adventures of the preceding night, had no suspicion of who was coming up the drive.

"For the love of Heaven, your Ladyship," pleaded Tim the butler. "For the love of Heaven, ma'am, come in out of that and don't let the poor boy see you lookin' at him."

But he was too late. Lady Mary had seen, and it was she who accosted the leader of the little, oncoming force.

"Where did you find Mr. Owen?" she laughed. "It looks so strange to see you all coming with him like that. And where is your murderer, Captain McCarthy? They promised me a murderer, and they show me only my son. Come here, Owen dear. O my God!" she cried suddenly, as she heard a little clink of steel and saw that her boy was handcuffed to the man beside him.

"I think, my dear," said the General very quietly, "that Tim was right, and that you had better leave us."

"And I think," said the Lady Mary, disagreeing with her husband for the first time in all her dutiful life, "I think I shall stay with my boy."

Her presence, of course, made the next few hours even more difficult than they had to be. Nevertheless the thing ran its appointed course. It was proved beyond doubt that between the hours of eleven and one Mr. Cooper was killed by a rifle shot in the back of the neck. It was also proved that Owen had borne the man a deadly hatred ever since the eviction of Mrs. O'Donnell. He had been heard to say that to kill Cooper was a duty which some man would some time find courage to perform. He had been seen crossing the

field in which the body was found. Mattie Sullivan testified to finding him not far from the place at a quarter past one in the morning, and he had gone with Mattie to sit with the latter's dying father. There he had been apprehended when suspicion pointed to him. He had refused at the time of his apprehension, and he still steadfastly refused, to account for himself between the hours of eleven, when he had retired, and a quarter past one when Mattie found him in the old paddock.

Desmond and the General used all their skill in question and appeal, but Owen was obdurate and silent. To account for those hours would mean, he knew, the ruin of his little band; the transportation or the hanging of its members and the defeat of his hopes. To remain silent would only mean the loss of his liberty, perhaps—if the real culprit were not found—or his life. But the men were trained, the time was near. Another leader would be found and Ireland should be freed. But, ah, it was hard and cruel to be shut away from the glory! And on the charge of such a blundering, ill-advised crime!

Sheila was silent, too, for she knew the charge to be untrue, and trusted that it would be proved so, and she realized that to prove Owen innocent of it by proving him guilty of treason would be the worst of services. One of the witnesses, more strong of heart than of head, fell into a panic under the General's questioning, and broke out into:

"Och, what will Miss Moira do to me now? An' her afther tellin' me not to take me eyes off of him. An' me havin' to go into Dublin of a message for me mother. Sure, glory be to goodness, what will she say to me now when his Honor's went tearin' an' murderin' when I took me eye off of him."

"Miss Moira?" repeated the General savagely. "Who is she, sir?" he demanded, turning to his son. But it was Sheila who answered.

"Miss Moira Keegan is a friend of mine."

"And of your brother's?" snarled the General.

"Of Owen's also," Sheila acquiesced.

"Let her be sent for," demanded the General. "She seems to have known this young fool well enough to know that he

was likely to get into trouble. Let her be brought."

"Then let me go for her," cried Sheila. "The phaeton is waiting for the Lady Mother's drive. I shall take it and bring her back with me."

Moira had been already informed of the morning's events, and was pacing up and down her little garden when Sheila drove up. She was very white, and the shadows under her eyes were darker than ever, but she was quite calm and self-possessed as she took her place beside Sheila. Silently and quietly she sat, with her hands folded in her lap, listening to Sheila's rapid statements. Silently and desperately she wondered how she could save Owen from the danger which threatened him without exposing him to a worse. She felt, miserably and insistently, that she was responsible. That it was through her influence that Owen had seen so much of the misery and desperation which had led him, too, to desperation.

When Sheila returned to the gun room with her charge she found the principal actors in the drama much as she had left them, though a contingent of men and boys had arrived, hotfoot from the village, and near the door several women with shawls over their heads watched the General with anxious faces. The Lady Mary sat beside her boy and held his free hand in hers, and the members of the constabulary, overawed by the grief in her face, and by the combination of rage and shame in the General's manner, had withdrawn to a far window.

Upon the entrance of the two girls every face in the room was turned to Moira with confidence and affection. There was not one among the auditors whom she had not at some time befriended, and they expected her to set Owen free as surely as they would have counted upon her help in their own lesser troubles. Even Lady Mary regarded her with hopeful eyes, and crossed the room to welcome her.

"We are in great trouble," said she, as she took the girl's hand, "and so, like everyone in Step-Aside, we have appealed to you." And as Moira raised her eyes she added eagerly: "Who was your mother, my dear? What was her name?"

"It is mine, Moira. Moira Kennedy."

"She was a schoolfellow of mine. I heard indirectly of her marriage and, later, of her death. And you are the child!

You must let me come to see you often. It will renew my youth to hear of Moira Kennedy again."

"May I suggest," the General broke in, "that this young lady is here——"

"Ah, yes, to help us," fluttered Lady Mary.

"To testify before me," the General

General regarded the little figure for a moment with angry eyes. Then to the everlasting wonder of all beholders, he rose punctiliously and acknowledged her timid glance with a most courtly bow. General Fitzgerald had manners when he saw cause to use them. Gerald whistled softly and Lawrence stared. They had not appreci-



"He was with me. He stayed with me until half past twelve."

corrected pompously from his chair of state. When he held court he always intrenched himself behind a massive table swept clear of anything which might tend to distract attention from the brace of dueling revolvers, the family Bible, and the dress sword which he considered appropriate to these occasions.

Sheila led Moira now to this table while Lady Mary returned to her boy. The

ated the beauties of Step-Aside. Even Desmond showed some astonishment as he briefly rehearsed the points of the case. Gently, and very courteously, he ended:

"You see it all rests upon Owen's whereabouts between the hours of eleven and one this morning. He refuses to account for them. If he persists in this refusal, and if we can find no evidence of his whereabouts, he must be held for trial. We

know how great your influence is in the village. Will you help us to find this evidence?"

Moira did not answer immediately, and in the short silence Lady Mary turned to her.

"Let me beg of you again, dear child, to help us if you can."

"You've heard the question, madam," the General broke in. "Can you tell us where this boy was at midnight last night?"

"I can," said Moira.

For the first time Owen looked at her, and there was a quick fear and suspicion in his eyes. She met the look frankly with the strength and reassurance which she always held ready for those in distress. Then turning to the General, she answered:

"He was with me. He stayed with me until half past twelve. He must have been on his way home when Mattie met him."

Instantly the quiet room was Bedlam. Even Moira's word was worthless in her own defame, and the majority of her hearers knew that her lie was meant to shield the members of the little company which drilled in the old paddock. But they would not buy even freedom at such a price.

"You are ready to swear to this?" queried Desmond.

"Ah, why should I swear?" she cried sadly. "Is it the sort of thing a girl would say untruly?"

If she had wanted to attract Owen's regard she had amply succeeded. His eyes fairly burned upon her; at first with amazement, and then with a grateful understanding which filled his whole face. Looking at him she found courage for the sacrifice she went on to make.

"He often stays with me until as late as that. I am too busy in the daytime, and so he comes at night."

But still her own people threatened to undo her. Their snarls of denial were growing momentarily more articulate, and upon the face of one of the armed band she read a determination to confess. And so, still with her eyes on Owen's, praying him, begging him to understand and to forgive, she faltered on.

"He is teaching me. I am very ignorant, and there is so much that I must learn to fit myself for the honor he intends to do me. For we are to be married," she ended with a wild little laugh. "We are to

be married before the summer passes. We are to be married," she turned blindly away from their amazement and hid her face against Sheila's shoulder, "and live happy ever after."

The joy with which this announcement was received by the good people of Step-Aside furnished a providential outlet for General Fitzgerald's feeling and profanity. In an incredibly short time he had announced the discharge of the prisoner, and cleared the room of the romantic chorus which entirely forgot its own sorrows and privations in joy over the happy lot of its two benefactors.

And presently the General removed his own outraged and indignant person, and the room was left to Sheila, Owen, Moira, and the Lady Mother.

"Oh! my dear, my dear!" cried Sheila. "You are wonderful. How did you ever think of it? It was the only way to save him, and my poor brain was jelly."

But Moira's eyes had returned to Owen.

"Mr. Fitzgerald," she whispered. "Can you ever, ever forgive me?"

And Owen came back from his dreams.

"Forgive you?" he echoed. "With all my heart and soul I thank you."

"And so do we all, my dear," cried Lady Mary.

"I think," suggested Moira, turning to Sheila, "I think that Lady Fitzgerald ought not to be deceived. That it would be quite safe to tell her. I should like her to know on account of my own mother."

"Then let me tell her," Owen broke out. "Mother, darling, and Sheila, dear, it is six weeks since I first saw Moira among her flowers and her old women. Every day since I have seen evidence of her loveliness and charity. Every day since then I have grown to love her more and more truly and deeply. But I never knew until to-day how very much I loved her. She has told you all that we are to be married, and so we are. And there is nothing for me to say, except that I am the luckiest, happiest man in the world, and that she's the noblest woman."

"I am sure you are quite right, my boy," said the Lady Mother. And then to Moira, "Will you kiss me, dear?"

"Ah, not just yet," cried Owen. "Not first, if you don't mind. I must insist upon my rights, dear Lady Mother."

THE SALVATION OF CHRISTIANITY

BY THE REV. CHARLES F. AKED, D.D.

IV. THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG USE OF SUNDAY

FOUR months ago APPLETON'S MAGAZINE announced a series of articles by the Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D., under the general title "The Salvation of Christianity," expressing the conviction at the same time that religion, in the broad significance of the word, is the most important and most interesting of all subjects. The result since that time proves that the magazine was voicing the opinion of many of its readers. A multitude of letters and of editorial comments in the press have testified the approval with which the articles have been welcomed, even by those who diverged from the distinguished author in details here and there. The very titles of the articles already published, "The Gospel for the Day," "The Truth about the Bible," and "Religion and Politics," indicate the practicality of the subjects chosen for treatment, while the attitude from which the successive articles have been written has been one of noteworthy courage, optimism, and reverence for the vital Christian spirit. The present contribution, like its predecessors, is characterized by these qualities. With the others to follow month by month, the series becomes one that cannot be ignored by thinking men and women.

—THE EDITOR.



It is impossible to bring back to America in the twentieth century a New England Sabbath of the seventeenth. We could not if we would and we would not if we could.

There would be as much sense in the attempt as in an effort to turn back Niagara River over the Horseshoe Fall. Yet the loss of a "Sabbath" reverently conceived, rationally understood, and really enjoyed, is a deadly misfortune to the American people. The present misuse of Sunday, if continued as it seems likely to be, can bring nothing but disaster. As a matter of fact, it is bringing disaster, here and now. No man and no body of men, not press nor pulpit nor both working together, could confer a greater boon upon the entire community than the churches would do if they could persuade the nation to restore Sunday to its proper place in the economy of human life.

No such persuasion need be dreamed of

without a little preliminary clearing up of the situation intellectually, for there is just as much confusion of thought as of practice. The old prohibitions have lost their power. Nobody heeds them. But whether they ought to be heeded or not, and if not, why not, the man on the cars could not tell to save his life. One of the greatest living dramatic critics once said to the writer:

"Religious people now go to the theater, and I think they are quite right in going; but I consider it utterly discreditable to them and a sign of the decadence of Church life that they cannot tell you why they have concluded that they have a right to go."

Martin Luther is on most points orthodox enough for the average Protestant. Here is a saying of his:

"If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake; if anywhere anyone sets up its observance on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, ride on it, feast on it—to do anything to remove this encroachment on Christian liberty."

He has overstated his case in characteristic fashion. But how many people are there in this country (other than preachers and professional theologians) who are capable of discussing it? How many so much as know what the reformer meant? Could the first reader of these pages explain Luther's point of view so as to justify or condemn it? When the politic theologian was asked by the examiners to state his position with regard to "good works" he replied cautiously that he thought a few would not do a Christian any harm. They would not. And a little common honesty would not injure the discussion of the "Sabbath." Are we under any obligation to "observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy"? If so, what obligation? What is the Sabbath day, how ought we to observe it, and what would keep it holy? If somewhere, somehow, we do feel ourselves under such an "obligation," why do we practically repudiate it? If we are under no such "obligation," why not? Let us clear our minds of cant.

A frivolous person might entitle the common or garden notion of the obligations of the Sabbath, "The Gospel of the Sofa Cushion," for its outlines are admirably sketched in a cartoon which appeared in *Punch*, when *Punch* was wise and witty. A lady had called upon the vicar's wife on the Sunday afternoon, and her righteous soul was stirred within her as she beheld the vicar's son and heir, in the full flush of his seven years of boyhood, engaged in a sharp tussle with the sofa pillow. And the clergyman's wife explained, "You see, my dear, it is Sunday, and we can't let him have his toys, so we give him the sofa cushion to play with!" It would have been a violation of Sabbath sanctities if the child had thrown a ball about: the Sabbath was duly honored if he only kicked the sofa cushion.

Consciously or unconsciously, in our desire to assume a virtue though we have it not, we have, in the matter of this Sabbath regard, so contemned every instinct of moral straightforwardness and every dictate of common sense, that we have succeeded in nothing but in preaching the Gospel of the Sofa Cushion.

It may come as a surprise to many, accustomed to the lazy way of reading the Scriptures into which we have fallen, to

find that the matter is just as hopelessly snarled up in the Old Testament writings which have been thought to provide for the "observance" of the "holy" day.

In the twentieth chapter of Exodus, the reason for the command is stated in words as distinct as could possibly be employed. There it is declared to be a memorial of the six Creative Days of God, and of His rest from His labors on the seventh. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh is a Sabbath unto the Lord thy God . . . for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." But why should the text be read always from Exodus? Deuteronomy is a better book. It is the book that Jesus loved. And the fifth chapter of Deuteronomy rests the observance of the Sabbath on another foundation altogether. No amount of quibbling can get us well away from the manifest contradiction. For Deuteronomy asserts that the reason for the command is to be found in the escape from Egypt—not in the Creation story at all—and its ground in that fellow feeling which makes us wondrous kind. The Deuteronomic command calls to mind the fact that the freed people now addressed had been bond slaves in the house of oppression; had been made to drudge and sweat and suffer under the hand of the taskmaster; and that by the interposition of an Omnipotent Helper they had been enabled to breathe the free air of the desert. And, therefore, as they had received mercy they were to show mercy. As, when they were slaves, Jehovah had compassion on them, so for evermore, in all the vicissitudes of their nation's history, they should show mercy to the weak whose health and happiness, whose liberty and life, were in their hands: "And thou shalt remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and the Lord thy God brought thee out thence by a mighty hand and by a stretched out arm: therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." Anything more perfectly human, and, therefore, anything more fully divine than the instinct to which this appeal is made, can by no possibility be conceived. "You know what it is to be a slave under a rigorous slave-driver," is

the drift of the appeal; "you remember your own cruel sufferings; you remember how the sense of injustice grew upon you until a passion of rebellion almost drove you mad, until sullenness and then despair reduced you to helpless impotence. And you remember that great day when you left the hated land behind you, when the sound of the timbrel was heard and dance and song, when Jehovah triumphed and His people were free. Let the memory of that day move you to forbearance and to compassion in the hour of your pride. And let it even inspire pitiful thoughts for the poor dumb beast, for your ox and for your ass; and see you make not life a ceaseless sorrow for the feeblest thing that breathes within your gates." This is the Deuteronomic view of the Sabbath, and one which is infinitely beautiful. But it can in no way be reconciled with that taken in the earlier passage cited from Exodus.

And so far from the Sabbath institution having always preserved this lovely and lovable humanness, it became, at one time or another in the nation's history, a hateful, an intolerable, and a murderous tyranny. Once, while the children of Israel were still in the wilderness, they found a man gathering sticks on the Sabbath day. They did not quite know how to deal with such a criminal, so they kept him in ward while they spent a little time in prayer, and then they led him outside the camp, and there they stoned the poor wretch to death.

The effect of such a despotism was precisely what it must ever be. It drove men into prevarication, into subterfuge, into deliberate and glaring hypocrisy. Proof of this is written in large characters across many an Old Testament book. It is written into the very history of the Hebrew people. And, what is more to the point of the present inquiry, for many generations past men and women have known that they could not be held subject to any such preposterous and impossible obligation. For if, in any intelligible sense, we are to "Keep the Sabbath" as obedience to the law required the Jew to observe it, we must do no manner of work and permit none to be done. We must not take the heart out of those words. They are specific. They are emphatic. We are to do no manner of work and we are to allow none to be done in our house or by any person under our

control. The Jew who gathered sticks on the Sabbath was stoned; and the American who asks his cook to boil an egg for breakfast ought to be hanged.

It was because the Sabbath had become an intolerable tyranny, fostering hypocrisy, that our Lord found Himself so frequently in collision with its official defenders. The stories of His wearying controversies with the religious leaders of His own country bear witness to His displeasure with the Sabbatarianism in which they took such pride. And when He spoke those memorable words, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," He declared in effect that whenever an institution should come into conflict with the necessities of our human nature, the institution, however ancient and venerable, must give way before the imperial needs of man. But it is safe to say that those words would never have been spoken, there would have been no occasion for them, there would have been no Sabbath tyranny and no revolt, and there would have been no such outburst as that of Luther's with all that it represents, had the Jew and the world read Deuteronomy and not Exodus, had the Sabbath, that is to say, been *grounded always in human need and never in the ritual consecration of a day to God*.

It is this ritual consecration of a day which is responsible for all the mischief. Wherever there has been reasoned, intelligent opposition to the Sabbath *per se* it has been directed against the Exodus conception of it. Wherever nations have felt it to be a tyranny or individuals have felt, though they could not account for the feeling, that it was more or less of an unreality, it has been when the Deuteronomy conception has been forgotten. The ritual conception is non-Christian. It is worse than that, it is distinctly un-Christian. It is opposed to the whole genius and spirit of the religion of Jesus.

The ideal of the Jewish Church was separation: the ideal of Christianity is permeation. The Jewish ideal was never better expressed than when Balaam, a heathen, not a Hebrew, said of the Hebrew race, "Lo, it is a people that dwell apart, and shall not be reckoned amongst the nations." The Christian ideal is epitomized in the saying of our Lord, "Ye

are the salt of the earth"—salt rubbed into Society, giving a zest to life, making existence palatable, staying corruption, keeping life wholesome and sweet. The root-conception of the ritual Sabbath, the Sabbath of the Exodus command, the Sabbath of our pious ancestors which did more to make religion hateful to the growing boy than all the Parables did to make it lovely, is the separation of one day from the rest and its consecration to God. In the light of what Christ has taught us the conception is distinctly bad and ought to be discouraged. We must not foster the idea that one day belongs to God and six days to ourselves. The phrase "The Lord's Day," applied to Sunday is beautiful and is hallowed by tender memories. But we shall be better men and women and the world will be a better place to live in if we can once bring ourselves to believe that every day is the Lord's Day, and cease to think of a Sunday religion and a Monday selfishness. The ritual Sabbath is of a piece with the divorce of religion from conduct which we have observed as the outstanding and threatening phenomenon of our time and country. Yet a Sabbath, a real Sabbath, a Sabbath diviner because human, is more needed to-day than ever before in the history of the world, and by us perhaps more than by any other people on earth. The ritual Sabbath the Apostle Paul regarded as one of the shadow-shapes which were destined to pass away before the advance of the religion of Christ. But the eternal need remains, the need for rest and recreation—*re-creation*, the making over again of mind and spirit—and for organized religious work and worship, without which the soul droops and dies. That remains, and it is the denial to oneself of such divine renewal of the highest there is in us which threatens this country with calamity.

It is the pace that kills. We live faster than men have ever lived in the history of mankind. We live more than twenty-four hours in the day, more than seven days in the week. We burn the candle at both ends, and for fear the other man should get ahead of us light it in the middle, too. The world is shrinking under our enterprise. We shake hands across the Atlantic; we have a nodding acquaintance with the Antipodes. We live by

nerve and brain. We live intensely. We live all the time. We live with every heart-throb. The very breezes as they play about us make music, or it may be discord, on our nerves. Of no people on earth is this so true as of the American people—and in this respect New York is more American than America. To the present writer it has sometimes seemed that after the process of evolution had reached a certain stage Mother Nature paused awhile to survey her handiwork; and, looking at the finished product in the old world, said: "My Englishman is, up to the present moment, the best thing I have produced; but I am going to try to improve on the work." So she proceeded to lighten the structure somewhat—whether with loss of stability remains yet to be seen. She made it a little less top-heavy, a little less solid and stolid. She poured into the composition a few extra drops of nervous fluid, and sent the American forth upon his career of world-conquest, with an intellect as sturdy as that of the modern Scot, and as supple as that of the ancient Greek—a new person upon the face of the earth.

And this man, so keen, so restless, living in every hour with such output of his irresistible vitality, is precisely the man who cannot do without a religion, without a faith and a hope and a love, without a constant recharging of his sympathies and his emotions; in short, without that which the Church and the ministry can alone supply. He may turn his back upon them if he will. He may manifest his deep disdain for the insignificant preacher of the Gospel. It is his right! But he will be the loser by it. His soul will shrivel up. As imperiously as the body claims exercise and food, as imperiously as the mind claims development and culture, nay, more imperiously than these, do the higher instincts of our nature claim their meed of spiritual sustenance. And so the Sunday, with its merciful provision for these vital needs, comes crowned with benediction. We are mad to fling it away as we are doing in the great cities of America to-day.

This is the ground which may be legitimately taken in a plea for a rational and reverent "Sabbath." It is the ground of self-preservation and self-development. It is the ground of experience. It does not

depend upon some real or imagined command written upon tables of stone in the far-off Sinai days. It bases itself in the law written in the body and brain of man, written in nerve and tissue, indissoluble as the human spirit. There is a most curious and interesting statement by Darwin about himself whose lesson should not be lost:

"I have said that in one respect my mind has changed during the last twenty or thirty years. Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, gave me great pleasure, and even as a school-boy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music.

"This curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes is all the odder as books on history, biographies, and travels (independently of any scientific facts which they may contain), and essays on all sorts of subjects, interest me as much as ever they did. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organized or better constituted than mine, would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would make a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps *the parts of my brain now atrophied* would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is *a loss of happiness*, and may possibly be *injurious to the intellect*, and *more probably to the moral character*, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

The italics are not Darwin's, but the significance of these words must not be missed. The thinker's mind had become a machine for grinding out general laws, and the decay of "the higher tastes" was certainly a loss of happiness, was perhaps an injury to the intellectual powers, and

"*more probably to the moral character.*" Poetry and music, Darwin thought, if made the habit of every day, might have availed to offset this everlasting "grind" and avert atrophy of that part of the brain on which "the higher tastes" depend! Business, competition, struggle, fashion, the exhausting labor of enjoying oneself, and the frantic determination to keep up with the procession and remain part of the whirl, are producing loss and misery a thousand times greater than those which Darwin thought he saw.

There is no need for the Sunday paper. We should not go to hell if we were not able to gobble up the latest divorces and murders, the latest scandal, and the dreary humor of the comic supplement, before getting out of bed in the morning. We might keep body and soul together even if we had no ticker talk between the last edition of Saturday night and the first on Monday morning. And so with the whole round of the frivolous, foolish, futile Sunday in which people are indulging. The automobile, the dinner party, whist, drive, and bridge, and all the thousand and one dissipations of our modern Sunday represent the very quintessence of stupidity into which a passion for pleasure has plunged society. And they are fruitful of evil consequences. Nature is not to be outraged with impunity. Atrophy, in Darwin's word, atrophy of what is best and highest in us, is her revenge.

The simple fact is that the American people cannot afford to neglect the Church's call to worship. Some years ago one of the most influential of British journalists, Sir Edward Russell, editor of the Liverpool *Post and Mercury*, published a volume of essays on religious subjects entitled "An Editor's Sermons." In the essay on "Church-going" Sir Edward boldly took the ground of expediency and experience and he urged these considerations:

1. It is a mistake to suppose that even the most pious man can dispense with definite public religious observances without some loss of spiritual stimulus. Men think they can worship quite as well on a hillside, and so on. As a matter of fact they do not. Hillside devotions are spasmodic, vague, unsustaining, uncorrecting, unintellectual, unpersevering.

2. For all but the highest natures there

would be no devotion at all if there were not public devotion.

3. Many natures need that the mind should play periodically on the purest spiritual topics, and should be played upon by the most potent moral restraints in order to avoid actual sin; and the most potent moral restraint is an habitual contemplation of holy things.

4. On all natures, except the ribald, public offices of religion have a refining influence.

5. In the actual life of our country, many men, and especially many women, are literally without intellectual or high-minded or high-souled exercises except at their places of worship.

The distinguished editor will not admit that men and women of the intellectual élite can despise the forms and services of the Church. He goes on:

The truth, however, is that none of us, not even the most believing and devout, not even the most sceptical or agnostic, can abstain from public worship without sustaining spiritual loss. Intelligent and thinking men have, indeed, other resources. They are not so absolutely dependent as the ordinary vulgar on the personal benefits of public worship. But no man of any belief is in as good state of mind and heart when he eschews religious services as he would be if he attended them.

There is one other view which should not be overlooked, even though when presented by a preacher it gives opening for ungracious retort. Men and women as we know them, not monsters of faultless perfection but "men in a world of men," need all the help which Churches and preachers can give them for their daily life. There come to the biggest and the bravest of us times when we need a ministry of encouragement, of comfort, and of inspiration, times when we are down and have not strength to rise, when our strength is utter feebleness, when

The light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
And tingle; when the heart is sick,

And all the wheels of Being slow.

Then we need to be consoled amid the sorrows of life, encouraged in defeat, inspired with the conquering belief that

'Tis but to set the nerves at a strain,
To dry the eyes and laugh at a fall,
And, baffled, get up and begin again!

We need, moreover, the renewal of every altruistic impulse, a something that shall keep alive in our hearts sympathy for the poor and suffering, that will feed the fires of social service. And the question must be put: What agency is there in this land or in any land, other than the Church and its ministries, which can supply these three, Comfort in sorrow, Encouragement in difficulty, Inspiration to heroic service?

The answer of the scoffer, already anticipated, will be that these are not, as a matter of fact, found in the Churches, and that it is just because of their neglect to supply them that man's indignant heart has turned away. This may be a perfectly fair reason for an inquiry into the present condition of the American pulpit, of the theological seminaries, and of the sort of men who are "called" to the preaching of the Gospel. It may afford ample ground for such articles as these, with their call for reconsiderations and readjustments. But it cannot do away with the crying need for a Church which is a Church indeed and for a ministry vital, efficient, and inspiring. The question is whether the present tendency to withdraw from the Churches and their ministry is to be continued, while they grow feebler and duller as the years go by, with a corresponding decay of experimental religion among the people, and a loss of those things on which personal worth and national stability depend; or whether an effort is to be made to reestablish the ministry of the Church as the first formative, ameliorative, and redemptive agency on earth. The question of the right and the wrong use of Sunday is no less than this.

And the conclusion of the whole matter is easily stated: We shall not, if we are wise, seek to re-invigorate a ceremonial Sabbath by the force of ill-understood or contradictory prohibitions in which nobody believes with realizing earnestness. We shall not conceive of a Hebrew or traditional New England Sabbath with its intolerable monotony of outward sanctity, a portentous offering to a solemn deity. But unless we are content to drift on toward the abyss which waits for men and nations that forget God we shall seek to make Sunday a day of communion with the Highest and of fellowship with the Eternal.

SONG OF LATE SEPTEMBER

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

IN this irised net I keep
All the moth-winged winds of sleep,
In this basket woven of willow
I have silkweed for your pillow,
In this pouch of plaited reeds
Stars I bear for silver beads.
Choose my pippins for your money,
Reddening pears as smooth as honey,
Golden grapes and apricots,
Herbs from well-grown garden plots,
Basil, balm, and savory,
All sweet-smelling things there be,
Fruits a many and flowers a few,
Fiery dahlias drooped in dew,
Wood-grown asters faint as smoke,
Flame of maple, frond of oak.

In this box of foreign woods
I have delicate woven goods,
Orient laces light as mist,
Amber veils and amethyst.
Ivory pins like hardened milk,
Cloaks of silver-shining silk
Wrought with strange embroideries
Of peacock plumes and rose berries.
Buy a king's crown lost of old,
Dark with sardius sunk in gold,
Buy my gloves of spiders spun
Cool as water, warm as sun,
Buy my shoon of yellow leathers
Lined with fur and owlet-feathers,
Buy a chain of emerald stones
Or scarlet seeds or cedar cones.

All sweet delicate things there be
Honest folk may buy of me.
Ere the earliest thrush has flown
In my eyes the dawns are shown;
On my lips the summer lingers,
Rain has jeweled all my fingers,
In my hand the crickets sing,
And the moon's my golden ring.

TWOS AND THREES

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN



RENE trailed into my room in a sea-blue kimono covered with silver storks, with her bright hair hanging over her shoulder in a pigtail.

"Anyone who says that the voice of life is a song," said she, shortly, "is simply silly. It's a dirge."

I was lying back in an easy-chair, dreaming before the fire, and at the sound of her voice I looked up and laughed at her. She trod on her kimono as she spoke, and recovered her balance with difficulty, which showed what a little while it was since she had worn short frocks.

"Oh, yes," said she, "sit there and laugh. Do! I believe you'd laugh at my funeral."

She sat down on the white fur rug and clasped her knees.

"You know those shoes?" she said.

"Which shoes, Irene?"

"The ones you said were too small. The ones you and aunt were so disagreeable about."

"But you do take threes, Irene; you know you do."

"Not at a big dance like the Merilians'. Those were large twos. The girl in the shop said I could call them small threes if I liked. I didn't like. You know how nice it is to feel that you can wear a two?"

"Not when I take a three," said I, promptly. "And your foot's small enough and quite pretty enough in its proper size. Besides, to pinch at a dance is simply insane."

"I might have known I could expect no sympathy from you." Irene disgustedly rocked to and fro. "You always had a sordid nature. *Il faut souffrir pour être*

belle—you know one must! But there, you never had any ideals."

"Irene," said I, thoughtfully, "what happened about those shoes to depress you so? I saw something was wrong directly you came in."

"That *was* clever of you. You're a regular Sherlock Holmes, aren't you, Penelope?"

"Did the shoe split?" I asked, with interest.

Irene flushed and fixed her blue gaze on the fire.

"Certainly not," she said. "Why should it? They're quite the right size, only they want a little breaking in. I wish I'd asked you to wear them about the house yesterday to stretch them for me."

"Thank you," said I. "I prefer the tortures of the Middle Ages—infinity."

"You always were selfish."

"Give me the Iron Maiden and the Thumbscrew and the Rack," cried I, "rather than tight shoes."

Irene sighed.

"You can't think what a blow it is to find that you've been deceived in your best friend," she said. "Robin was there, and I gave him seven dances. Aunt was rather fierce about it, but what's the good of wasting your first season and fresh young beauty on mere duty dances?"

"How did Mr. Eglamour like that?" I asked, slowly.

Irene smiled grimly.

"I didn't ask him," she said. "Besides, he took nine, himself. I arranged my programme perfectly. Three supper dances with Robin, and all the extras with Mr. Eglamour. I hadn't a bore or a beginner the whole evening. And yet I wasn't happy—"

"Why didn't you send Robin home to ask me for another pair?" I asked.

"I don't know why you should rush to the conclusion that I meant the shoes," she said, sharply. "It was much, much more serious than that. Penelope, how does a woman know her Fate?"

"Did either of them speak?" I asked.

"Not definitely, although Robin—Which should you say I really loved, Penelope?"

I refrained from telling her that she didn't love anyone but herself, although the remark rushed to my lips. I have no illusions about Irene.

"It was a curious evening," she pursued, her bright eyes fixed on the glowing embers. "I didn't feel inclined to dance much, somehow, but nobody minded sitting out with me a bit. Mr. Eglamour writes poetry, Penelope. Did you know? He said all sorts of interesting things about the color of my eyes and my hair. I found myself getting to look upon poor Robin as a kind of far-away, happy dream while I was talking to Mr. Eglamour, and I wondered if it was true that he lived almost entirely upon bananas and Brazil nuts. I've never seen anyone else who did—except in the Zoo, of course. Aunt says he disapproves of eighteen-inch waists and Louis heels, and that he has strange, wild ideas about women's dress. But, as I told myself, there's always something, and his wife could be as firm as she liked afterwards."

"You do like him best, then, Irene?"

"That was before supper," said she, hastily. "I went in to supper with Robin, and we couldn't get a table to ourselves, so we had to join at one for six, and Mr. Eglamour was there with that gypsy-looking little thing, Barbara Fox, and we were none of us very gay. I knew Robin meant to have a long supper, and I felt quite safe in slipping my shoes off under the table. The blessed relief would be worth any risk, I thought."

"Poor child!" I said, tolerantly.

"But it wasn't such a relief as you'd think," she went on, "because people kept dropping table napkins and things, and I didn't want that Fox girl to spread it all over the place that I was vain, and had been obliged to take my slippers off because they were so tight. It would have

been difficult to explain, you see, how wrong such a construction was."

"Very," said I.

"And I felt sure Mr. Eglamour would disapprove if he knew, and I guessed how Robin would tease me, and then I began to get nervous and to grope about under the table with my foot, so that they should be quite ready to slip on when we had finished. I raked the left one up, after a little time, but I couldn't for the life of me find the other."

"Irene!"

"No," said she, drawing a deep breath. "Wasn't it awful? And I stretched out my foot as far as it would go, and young Charters jumped up in his chair and said he was sure there was a cat under the table, because he had just felt something against his leg, and then he looked under the table and saw my shoe. The one I had just found."

"Irene!"

"Yes," she said, dismally. "All concealment was then at an end. I said the shoes were so large that they kept slipping off, and I tried to put the remaining one on as if it was true. And then we looked for the other. Everyone stood away, and Robin went down on his hands and knees and groveled for it, but he might have spared himself the trouble. There wasn't a trace of a shoe. Programmes, and colored cracker papers, and half a split white glove that young Charters had quite done with, but nothing else."

"But, Irene, where could it have—"

"You may well ask," said Irene, gloomily. "And you'll never guess if you try for a thousand years. Mr. Eglamour tried to cheer me up by making pretty speeches about glass slippers, and Cinderellas, and all the rest of it, while Robin looked, and got a waiter to look, too, and then, suddenly, young Charters had an idea (he doesn't often), and suggested that some one had put it in his pocket for a keepsake."

"Upon my word," said I, warmly, "gallantry is all very well, but to spoil a pair of shoes that cost thirty shillings, not to speak of ruining the rest of your evening—"

"Well," said Irene, "you'd think so. I didn't know what to think. Robin seems sometimes mad enough about me to keep

anything. He's got several gloves, and a lace handkerchief, and a dead rose, and a green bow from my mauve parasol already. I couldn't see what else *had* become of it. And his face was as red as a lobster, though it turned out afterwards that that had been from groveling about under the chairs so soon after supper."

She rocked to and fro on my hearth rug and smiled half ruefully, half pleased.

"Poor Robin," she said; "he was the only one who did anything. He always is the one who does things, isn't he?"

"Yes." I like Robin.

"He tried to keep the others from fussing, but it was no good, and Mr. Eglamour's married sister, Mrs. Tucker Smythe, was at the next table, and she came over and fussed more than any of them, and told me I should certainly catch my death, and couldn't I borrow one from the cloak-room maid? Everyone thought that a splendid suggestion, but it turned out afterwards that it wasn't as splendid as it seemed, because she took sixes, of a hygienic kind, and there was nothing else but a pair of snow boots some one had economically walked to the dance in. I can tell you, Penelope, it was rather awful. Then aunt found out, and made me sit with my feet in a shawl till the carriage came, and although Mr. Eglamour went on saying things about Cinderella, and the witching hour of twelve, and the Prince Charming who should appear with the lost slipper and claim his reward, I felt ashamed and disgraced, and so cross with Robin. I didn't see how he could be such a brute—and to make all that pretense of looking for it!"

"It was unpardonable," said I, indignantly. "I would never have believed——"

"Wait a bit," said Irene. "Do let me speak. I quarreled with Robin bitterly—to the death. He stood there quite white and stupid as an owl, and when I asked him for the shoe he said he'd done his best and could do no more. He wouldn't understand what I felt. Think of it, Penelope. Think of me struggling across the hall through all those people in borrowed snow boots—sevens, at least, they were. The steps were quite wet outside, and Robin wanted to carry me, but the snow boots made that unnecessary, though

he might just as well, for one did fall off on the way, and I felt the wet and cold strike right through to the bone. Robin stood at the carriage door listening to what aunt said, and looking piteously at me, and I hardened my heart and thought how different Mr. Eglamour was, and what a mercy he had two thousand a year. And then suddenly the door opened again, some one came running down the steps, and all was revealed——" She stopped for effect and breath.

"Do go on," I said, with interest.

"It was Mrs. Tucker Smythe—Mr. Eglamour's sister. She came right up to the carriage door and dropped the missing shoe in through the window.

"'Horace may rage till he's black in the face,' said she, 'but I'll not be responsible for pneumonia and goodness knows what else. Put it on, child. You'll catch your death.' I had had to hand the snow boots over to the rightful owner, you see, when I was once safe in the cab. It was very surprising. Horace is Mr. Eglamour's Christian name."

"It would be," said I, thoughtfully.

"Where did you find it?" Aunt asked. I was speechless, and Mrs. Tucker Smythe sniffed.

"In Horace's sleeve," said she. "It fell out when he was dancing with me. I was amazed; horror-struck. I was afraid that it meant he had set his affections on your niece, you see."

Here I sat up in my chair, much interested.

"Goodness, Irene! She didn't?"

"Yes, she did. And I couldn't say a word. She is an awful woman. 'I thought it was mere silly sentiment,' she said, 'and charged him with it. But I ought to have known my brother better than that!'

"I roused myself then," Irene said, fiercely, "and asked her what he had done it for. Mrs. Tucker Smythe giggled in her funny way, and said: 'To teach you a lesson, my dear. To show you, in the first place, how silly it is to wear tight shoes, and, in the second, how unconventional to take them off under the table. He didn't think it at all nice in a young girl.'"

I gasped. "What *did* you say?" I cried.



Drawn by John Cassel.

"I felt shamed and disgraced."

Irene drew a deep breath. "I said nothing. She didn't give me time. She said that she had told him that the lesson was too severe, and that I always looked the kind of girl who would have diseased lungs, and that she had insisted upon bringing the shoe back to me. She said he was very angry, because he had meant to restore it himself in his own way."

"Like Prince Charming," said I. "What did you do, Irene?"

Irene smiled.

"I said good night, and thanked her very much," said she, softly. "I told her

that she'd unconsciously shed a bright light upon a dark and difficult problem."

I was beginning to see at last.

"And so she had," Irene went on demurely. "She's settled *his* hash forever."

"What had become of poor Robin?"

I asked, with a smile.

"Robin had gone home." Her voice was sad, but at the door she turned and smiled mischievously over her shoulder.

"What did the cat do, Penelope?"

"It came back," said I.

"And that's just what Robin will do," she whispered, as she disappeared.

COLOR TIME

By DOUGLAS ROBERTS

AUTUMN, like a day new-born,
Floods across the sleeping land,
Ripening the fields of corn,
Till yellow throngs are nodding hand in hand.

Slowly through the world of mist,
Golden-red the sun moves down,
Till the wooded hill-tops kissed
Are smoking crimson like a plundered town.

France may sing of colored lands,
Vineyards purple in the fall,
Emerald waters on white sands,
A yellow grove behind a gray-faced wall.

Chalk-white roads through painted bloom,
Crooked hills of crooked trees
Slashed with lavender and broom
And scarlet sails against the vivid seas.

But I know a woodland lane,
Where when Autumn lifts and fills,
Colors burn as rich again,
And overflowing flood the silent hills.

THE ETHEL BARRYMORE FOLLOWING

BY JAMES L. FORD



DOUBT if it would be possible to make a successful and enduring popular appeal without at the same time creating a distinct and characteristic personal following made up of those whose relation to the politician, player, orator, or singer, as the case might be, might be likened to that of the iron filings to the magnet, the tail to the comet, or the nobles to their king; and which could be gained only by sheer force of merit or individuality. What I have said applies with equal force to Theodore Roosevelt and Big Tim Sullivan; to Emma Calvé and Bonnie Thornton; to Irving and Terry and Weber and Fields; to Henrik Ibsen and George Cohan—not one of whom but has a band of followers who may be depended upon at all times for loyal and hearty support.

One night I sat in a great New York playhouse waiting for the curtain to rise on a play in which Ethel Barrymore was the star, and beguiling the time by noting the size of the audience and estimating the box-office receipts, as is the custom of chronic theater goers. I had already remarked in the face of the manager that look of satisfaction that in other men speaks of a good dinner and in his peculiar calling stands for a full treasury; and yet, so far as I could see, there were but few people in the gallery and scarcely any in the first balcony. Downstairs the house was fairly well filled, save for the proscenium boxes and ten whole rows of orchestra chairs stretching clear across from wall to wall. I was still gazing at this vacant space when the curtain rose, introducing Miss Barrymore as a London fortune teller in a drama so inane that the

deepest impression it left on me was one of profound respect for the courage of the man who had dared enter the office of the manager in order to sell it to him.

Toward the middle of the first act the audience was startled from its apathy by a noise like that of advancing hosts, and I turned in my seat just as all the doors burst open at once and a vast human tide came swarming in through the lobby; canes rattling, tongues chattering, silks rustling, and throats laughing. Separating into three streams, the tide quickly found its way down the aisles, an usher with a fist full of coupons scurrying ahead of each stream like a frightened partridge. Noisily the flood surged and eddied about me, climbing over me, talking across me, looking through me, and finally subsiding into a sea of white necks, black broadcloth, showy shirt fronts, chiffons, and flowers.

It was somewhat after this fashion that the waters came down at Lodore.

As the waves went down I looked over their crests and saw that the boxes and the ten rows of orchestra chairs were now completely filled with wealth, fashion, and beauty, and that I had been swallowed up by and absorbed into an audience of the sort described by inexperienced as well as the most hardened reporters as "one of rare brilliancy and critical acumen."

"There's your Barrymore following," said some one just behind me.

"She always draws the biggest theater parties in the business," said some one else. "There must be fully four hundred in that bunch."

"Isn't Ethel looking sweet to-night?" said a young woman of rare brilliancy and critical acumen who sat three seats in front of me.

"I never saw her as handsome!" cried

another young thing from the other side of the house, lowering her opera glasses as she spoke.

"Why, there's young Dicky Doddle-pate!" exclaimed a handsome matron in the second row as she turned in her seat and waved her hand merrily at a young gentleman in whom critical acumen and rare brilliancy were happily blended with a retreating chin, and who was smiling upon his friends from an upper box.

"How d'y'e do!" shouted Dicky, grinning amiably and vacantly and waving the silver-headed cane with which he had been tapping his front teeth. "Ethel's looking awfully stout, don't you think?"

"Do tell me what it's all about!" said a fretful, high-pitched voice in a lower box; "and for heaven's sake find out what Ethel is doing in that dress. I don't like her in it one little bit."

Then a great silence fell upon the house, for the actress was in the midst of her strongest scene, and her admirers were interested in studying her gown and wondering why she wore her hair so low upon her forehead. Having indulged in these solemn speculations for fully two minutes, their interest began to flag, and it was at this moment that Charlie Clutterbuck, who was the center of a delightful group in a lower box, and who is himself one of the brightest lads in New York society, began a series of merry pranks which convulsed the others with laughter. Taking a programme he cut out a number of words and pinned them together in a row, so that they read, "You are a goat." This he handed to one of the most brilliant women in society, who sat next to him, and her shrill screams of laughter completely drowned all the conversation in the house. It was the funniest hit of the evening, not excepting the bull's-eye made by clever Charlie when he threw a large paper pellet at little Freddie Fritters in the opposite box.

The next diversion was furnished by young Bertie Scuttlemerere—how that clever boy ever manages to think of all the inimitable things he says and does is one of New York's unsolved mysteries! Earlier in the game Bertie had quietly disappeared from the box, and now, just as the curtain was rising on the second act, he reappeared and placed in the lap of Mrs. Jack Walkerton a whisk broom, a hard-boiled egg, a

ham sandwich, and a bottle of olives. Each one of these useful articles was tied up in brown wrapping paper, and, as the covers were removed one after another, shrieks of laughter arose from the merry party.

"What on earth does all this mean?" demanded Mrs. Jack, as she wiped the tears of mirth from her eyes.

"Yes, do tell us what it's all about!" shouted Ollie Welterweight, as he leaned over the edge of the box above.

"Well," replied Bertie, with a grave face but a suspicious twinkle in his eye; "I thought if this lasted much longer you'd need some refreshments, hence the egg, the sandwich, and the olives."

"But how about the whisk broom?" demanded Mrs. Jack, as the laughter that followed this *jeu d'esprit* subsided. "What's that for?"

"The whisk broom?" said Bertie thoughtfully. "Ah, yes! Well, there are so many flies on this play that I thought you might like to brush them off," and the entire ten rows of orchestra-chair guests joined in the laugh that followed.

"I certainly must go behind and see dear Ethel and make sure that she's coming to supper," said a lady as she rose in her place three seats in front of me.

"You'd better not go now while she's out on the stage. Wait till after the act," counseled the man beside her.

"Oh, well, what she's doing now isn't of much consequence. I've no doubt she'll be glad enough to let the others act and sit down for a little talk with me. Besides, I'm awfully afraid she'll give us the slip and go to supper somewhere else. She's very much in demand now, you know."

"Well, I call that a fraud," said a crusty voice on my right. "If Ethel doesn't come to supper I'll be sorry I came. Why, you know we were positively promised that she'd be there; and she's so ornamental at table."

"Do you know, I'd give anything if she'd only play *Rosalind*. I'd just like to see how she'd look."

"I bet she'd look perfectly stunning and draw huge audiences," was the reply. "I wonder why Belasco don't let her do it. Or is it Frohman that tells her what to act?"

"She might look all right, but she couldn't act such a part to save her neck," said

another admirer, as she turned in her seat in the third row to join in the conversation. "Why that play's from Shakespeare, and you surely couldn't expect Ethel to act anything as intellectual as that, just as if she were Mrs. Pat Campbell or Lena Ashwell or one of those really good actresses."

And so the chat went on, and bit by bit the young actress was discussed from every standpoint imaginable save that of her merit as an artist. That is something that her following never seems to take into account. And as I listened the scales began to fall from my eyes so that I saw clearly that which I had never understood before, and a great pity filled my heart as I thought of this young girl with the acting blood of the Drews in her veins, inheriting alike from her talented mother and her handsome, winning father, and weighed down by her following of empty-pated fashion that managers swear by and peace-loving theater goers swear at—a following that has become a veritable Frankenstein monster, sneering at all worthy ambition and laying waste with vapid laughter and maudlin chatter the whole field of her endeavor.

I trust that I am making it quite plain that what I say applies only to Miss Barrymore's following—not to her intimate circle of friends, who do not deserve the honor unless they have the same faith in her artistic worth that I have; nor to her audience, which is to be found now in every city in the land and goes to see her for the entirely legitimate purpose of being entertained. There is an immeasurable gulf between a following and an audience. There are men absolutely unknown to the public who command followings that are both numerous and devoted; and there are others, who, having no following whatever, can nevertheless, when the occasion demands, assemble an audience of prodigious size.

A case in point is that of the banker's daughter who eloped with her father's coachman some years ago, and, having sought in vain the parental forgiveness, decided to appear in a series of concerts at Steinway Hall, then one of the largest places of amusement in the city. Straightway there arose such an outburst of newspaper hysteria and such an insensate demand on the part of the public for seats at

her first appearance, that her manager, a shrewd German who had had his education in the Thalia Theater, congratulated himself on his good fortune in having signed her for the entire season. Her first concert was given to an audience that filled the great hall to its doors, while a wild-eyed mob pervaded Fourteenth Street, overflowed into Union Square and Irving Place, and even climbed up on the Washington monument, hoping for a glimpse of the best advertised young woman of that day or, at the least, an echo of her voice. Her manager sought his bed that night firmly convinced that he had a new Patti on his salary list. Her second concert was attended only by the janitor of the building and his family, together with a limited circle of their personal friends, and the vicinage of Fourteenth Street was a waste of emptiness. That night her manager learned the difference between a star with a following and one with nothing but a single hysterical audience.

It happened that on this night when the following was so much in evidence I was reminded of another night when Miss Barrymore played, not to a mere following, but to a real audience, one that was keenly interested in what she did as well as in the drama itself. The play dealt with the great disquieting question of poverty and wealth and with people of real flesh and blood instead of the well-dressed dolls who hovered about the London fortune teller. The following was conspicuously absent, for although it cares nothing about acting, it thinks a great deal about clothes, and now the star was playing the part of a charwoman, born to poverty and uncomplaining toil, illiterate, tied to a brutal husband; but for all that a real woman, with a woman's capacity for suffering and loving—patient, willing and able to endure blows as well as kisses. Stripped of her silks and jewels, her good looks mercilessly sacrificed to the requirements of her part, and with no following in the best seats to applaud and encourage artistic wrongdoing—in short, thrown absolutely on her own resources as an actress, Miss Barrymore gave me absolute assurance that even- ing that my long-tried faith in the genuineness and greatness of her talents rested, at last, on a solid foundation.

"Well, by God, she's proved that she's

got it in her, but they'll not let her do it again!" said an actor in the lobby.

"Who won't let her do it again—her managers?" I asked.

"Her managers? No. You can sometimes convince a manager! But she's got a following that will never stand for that old dress. Why, the people behind me are kicking because she isn't playing a lady. They don't seem to know that she's doing a great deal more than that. She's playing a woman. And she'll do it again, too, if they'll only let her! Damn 'em!"

I went back to my seat wondering if it would be possible to induce the great Barrymore following to give their star a chance to do something worthy of her. The curtain rose and I soon became absorbed in the play. Then a querulous feminine voice behind me exclaimed, "Oh, dear! Isn't she going to wear anything nicer than that?" And I knew that some of the following had arrived—late as usual.

"Very likely she'll improve as she goes along, and come out in the last act looking perfectly beautiful," said another voice, apparently that of the host, for it was conciliatory, apologetic, and expressive of his regret at having taken tickets for such a low entertainment when he might have entertained his guests with Anna Held or Eddie Foy.

"I don't see what she wants to play such an ugly character as that for, anyway," said the first voice, and I noticed that it had lost nothing of its acidity. "Ethel can really do quite nicely sometimes when she plays a lady, and it's not every actress that that can be said of. It takes a lady to play a lady. I said that when I saw her in that lovely play she had a few winters ago. I've forgotten the name of it, but she wore a perfectly stunning picture hat in the last act. Of course, we don't expect Ethel to do any great acting, but she might at least wear some good clothes when her friends come to see her."

"Well, I think she's a fine actress," said a brave young man. "She always pleases me."

"She's a good enough actress off the stage," retorted the querulous one, and the voice of the young man was heard no more that evening.

The very next day, while the recollection of it was still warm within me, I tried

to convey to a woman whose proudest boast is that she is of the Barrymore following some idea of the things that Miss Barrymore had done that had moved me in spite of myself, of the things that she had left undone, thus moving me still more; of the glimpses that she had given us of the divine spark flashing out from beneath her sordid dress and ugly makeup.

"How very interesting!" exclaimed the following. "Do tell me what she had on."

It never occurred to this woman to ask what she had *in* her, and although she went on to say that she didn't think Ethel could act a little bit, although she was a dear, sweet girl, I had lost all interest in the conversation, and even sat meekly by without a word of protest when she announced that it took a lady to play a lady, though I might have doubled the sum of her knowledge of acting and the stage by explaining to her that it takes an actress to play a lady, just as it takes an actress, not a queen, to play *Marie Antoinette*, and an actor, not a blacksmith, to play the *Maitre de Forge*.

That the following of Miss Barrymore—large, brilliant, and well dressed though it be—should have become a serious menace to her career, while that of Mr. George Cohan, for example, is one of the most precious assets of that popular entertainer, may at first blush seem inexplicable. But the Cohanites live and work in the world of to-day, buy their theater tickets with their own hard-earned dollars, and approach the playhouse in the proper spirit—namely, a firm determination to get their money's worth of amusement. The Barrymore following, on the other hand, is made up largely of indolent, luxurious persons who neither toil nor spin, have no real sympathy with our stage, and seldom visit the playhouse except in large herds and at the cost of some one else. Moreover, it usually arrives half an hour late, and is entirely lacking in the spirit of faith that the Bible says can move mountains and that, as we of this day know, can create a George Cohan—which seems to me a far more difficult feat.

Down in the bottom of its little heart her following does not believe that Ethel Barrymore can act. It looks upon her merely as an ornamental young woman whose many charms of person have been accentuated

ated by the golden halo of Fame—or rather of newspaper notoriety, which to them is the same thing. To know her is a delight; merely to be presented, a genuine distinction. It asks nothing of her as an artist save to glide across the stage in correct attire, to utter platitudes in that deep, rich voice of purple velvet, to look out over her audience with dark, dreamy eyes. But of real belief in her powers it has absolutely none. Its cold-blooded and distinctly audible first-night comments on her "good points" suggest the talk of a slave or cattle market, rather than the brilliancy and critical acumen for which reporters give it credit. It concerns itself with the clothes on her back rather than with the soul that lies within; with the length and thickness of her dark lashes rather than with the splendid depths of her

eyes; with her coiffure rather than with her brain—for in the society that the Barrymore following affects the outside of the head is of far greater consequence than the inside, and a massage operator held in higher esteem than a professor of Greek.

Miss Barrymore is now quite able to create a following of her own as loyal and single-minded as that of Mr. Cohan and almost as numerous as that which fills the theater whenever Miss Maude Adams's name stands above the door. Artificial supports, which buy tickets in huge blocks, are excellent, but Miss Barrymore has no more need of them than she has of a cork leg or a crutch, and the sooner she ceases to depend on them, the sooner she will take her place at the head of the genuine following of real believers that is waiting for her.

WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG

By JOHN RANDOLPH STIDMAN

OLD AGE, in the firelight's ruddy gleam
At dying day,
You smile, amused at Love's young dream
And foolish way.
And yet, grayheads, you'd fain repeat
The song that's sung,
For ah! this foolish love was sweet,
When you were young.

You scoff at his impassioned eyes,
And burning speech
Of hopes and dreams beyond the skies,
Far out of reach.
And yet, grayheads, you'd fain recall
Fond words that rung,
For ah! this foolish love was all,
When you were young.

THE LEGITIMATE USE OF CAMPAIGN FUNDS

BY HAROLD BOLCE



THE American theory of government is that the people shall choose officials to whom they delegate the execution of national policies approved by the majority. Under this theory, the first requisite is an intelligent body of voters, fully informed as to the merits of the candidates and the issues. Campaigns are as significant a part of the affairs of America as elections are. What the parties do before the people go to the polls, is no less important than what the officers of government do afterwards. The campaign is an indispensable, fundamental function of representative government. In so far as the campaign funds available are devoted to the spreading of real information for the guidance of voters, they are performing the worthiest sort of work, and no such fund, if honestly gathered and honestly spent, could be called too large.

Clearly, then, campaign funds have their legitimate purposes. They comprise a necessary public tax, like tariff duties and internal revenue. In comparison with the vast sums raised by the government, contributions to campaigns are insignificant, yet all serve the purposes of popular, federal government.

Whatever is wrong in the administration of the campaign fund of any party, is a matter of concern to the people as a whole. A lawless appropriation of money from the Federal treasury would be hardly more serious. But a proper desire to purge politics of tainted funds and improper expenditures should not lead to a confused crusade against contributions in general.

It is likewise fantastic to protest against

the amount of money that must be spent to carry on campaigns. The most prodigal estimates of expense show that the cost of conducting American campaigns, compared with any other of our great national activities, is small. Exposure should follow the wanderings of every dishonest dollar, but it is futile to base the outcry on the total outlay of campaigns.

Any statistical statement dealing with our national affairs looks formidable taken by itself, but placed in parallel columns with other national expenditures, the total cost of conducting Presidential contests—contests vital to the life and progress of our democracy—cannot be very seriously considered in the American balance sheet.

During the last session of Congress a representative from New York presented a compilation showing that the two leading parties in twelve Presidential campaigns had raised an aggregate of \$45,000,000, or less than \$4,000,000, on an average, for each campaign. Whatever part of that may have been obtained or employed corruptly, justified the contention of the representative that federal law should compel publicity of all campaign funds. Equally important is the proposed legislation to determine to what uses campaign funds must be limited. It is unlikely that the amount raised will ever grow materially less. While \$45,000,000 in twelve election years may seem large in itself, it is really insignificant. In the twelve years closing 1907, the Government raised for its running expenses more than \$6,000,000,000. All the gold in the world does not equal that.

The amount raised by Uncle Sam in 1907 from customs and internal revenue

alone amounted to more than \$665,000,000. That sum at the reported rate of the cost of campaigns would defray Presidential contests during the next two centuries. And four years of our tariff plus the internal revenue raised in one administration would finance American Presidential elections at \$10,000,000 each for the next thousand years!

In 1904, as well as in the last McKinley campaign, more than fifteen million votes were cast. All money expended in political contests is a tax which the voters must indirectly but inevitably pay. If \$15,000,000 went into each of these campaigns, it cost every voter on the average one dollar to send an American citizen to the White House. That is not a dollar a year for the privilege of voting for a President in this country, but a dollar once in four years, or twenty-five cents per annum. Thus, at the most liberal estimate of campaign expenditures to-day, the drain upon the American voter to make national elections possible and intelligent is about two cents a month. Surely it should take a theme more serious than that to stir a statesman or economist to excessive speech.

Every great popular movement in America and throughout history has been promoted in the end by political parties. They provide the only working machinery available for putting into operation such ideas and principles as may be promulgated by leaders of national sentiment. The Abolitionists, the Federalists, the Free-soilers, the Democrats, the Republicans, the Gold-Democrats, the Prohibitionists have massed themselves in political associations, and in this way fought for their cause. Bismarck would have been helpless without the National-Liberals and other parties that rallied to make real his dream of German unity. The Jacobins who became the rulers of France were a political society.

Although political parties are as indispensable to the United States as railways are, they have not yet come under adequate government control, and no federal provision is made for financing them. Contributions have been left to chance, and the distribution of these sums the nation has ignored.

As a free and popular government without parties is impossible and inconceivable it is imperative that these parties be

financed, however we may differ as to the use to which political contributions should be put. The first question raised, therefore, is regarding the legitimate sources of these funds.

Already the federal veto has been pronounced against contributions from corporations, and this, in the present frame of public opinion regarding combinations of capital, seems right. Nevertheless, it gives a precedent for Congress to bar out others of various classes who may later incur public displeasure in America.

President Roosevelt has not been blind to this. In a message to Congress during the closing days of last year he dwelt upon the fact that while it is well to prohibit corporations from contributing to national campaigns, and to provide also for the publication of both contributions and expenditures, it is nearing the danger line in the Republic to enact such laws.

The President then added a paragraph which may become historic. He said:

There is a very radical measure which would, I believe, work a substantial improvement in our system of conducting a campaign, although I am well aware that it will take some time for people so to familiarize themselves with such a proposal as to be willing to consider its adoption. The need for collecting large campaign funds would vanish if Congress provided an appropriation for the proper and legitimate expenses of each of the great national parties, an appropriation ample enough to meet the necessity for thorough organization and machinery, which require a large expenditure of money. Then the stipulation should be made that no party receiving campaign funds from the Treasury should accept more than a fixed amount from any individual subscriber or donor; and the necessary publicity for receipts and expenditures could without difficulty be provided.

If the Government ultimately undertakes to provide campaign funds for the purpose of giving the people information on political platforms and candidates, it might not unreasonably go a step further and publish and circulate the matter prepared by all parties for voters. Thus, a political document reaching a remote voter would be looked upon by him as spurious unless it bore the *imprimatur* of Uncle Sam.

Just as the pure food and drug legend goes on unadulterated foods, and on non-toxic medicines designed to cure all ills, so the Government would provide a political stamp of endorsement on party reforms recommended as panaceas for the evils of society.

It appears to be an impractical scheme in this decade, at least. At Republican National headquarters in New York they had not heard of the President's idea; and they laughed when the proposition was outlined.

Yet why the United States should not circulate or provide for the circulation of pamphlets dealing impartially with economic subjects just as it now freely distributes literature fairly by the ton loads on agriculture, fish-culture, and economic entomology is not wholly clear.

It has been suggested that the Government publish during the campaign a daily bulletin in which candidates of all parties should be given space for their views, and that the authorities should see to it that this composite political record should reach every voter in the country.

Even such a programme would be costly in the extreme. It is impossible to get away from the fact that campaigns are necessary and that they will continue to cost the people millions every Presidential year. To get a single letter or sealed document to every American voter costs no less than \$300,000 in postage, and that does not include the cost of stationery or printed material or the clerical force engaged. The cry for campaign funds at party headquarters is obviously not without justification.

At both the Republican and Democratic headquarters it was stated and emphasized that the chief expense is in preparing and sending literature to voters. Chairman Hitchcock, of the Republican committee, says that he considers the literary bureau the most important of all the branches of the Republican party organization. In charge of this work during the campaign has been Mr. R. V. Oulahan, formerly at the head of the Washington Bureau of the *New York Sun*. For the Democratic party no less gifted and conspicuous a journalist than Colonel Henry Watterson, of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, has directed the publicity through the press. Both of these have had the aid of well-

organized staffs of competent newspaper men in the preparation of material for the press and for campaign documents. Both of these publicity departments joined in saying that they knew of no illegitimate uses of campaign money, and that the greater part of the funds was expended in sending out printed matter and circular letters. The wrong uses of campaign contributions take place, if ever, much nearer the polls.

The next largest item of campaign expense is likewise along the lines of publicity; it goes for speaking. And this is a bigger item now than formerly, for all railways must be paid for transporting even political talent. At Democratic headquarters in Chicago Colonel J. G. Johnson, Secretary of the Advisory Committee, told me that they were under such great expense in sending speakers throughout America that only the actual traveling expenses of orators could be paid. Surely there is nothing illegitimate in a party's paying the railway fare of an enthusiastic and gifted talker willing to go from city to city, telling the people why, in his judgment, certain men and certain issues should prevail at the polls.

In addition to printed literature and eloquent speech, the parties spend hundreds of thousands of dollars for cartoons and banners, while probably \$100,000 is set apart by some for music and fireworks. The cost of renting offices and halls, of teams and wagons, and the item of printing the speeches, letter heads, and circular letters all swell the multiplying totals of a campaign.

No doubt many of the methods are spectacular and circus-like; but so is the Fourth of July. A series of talks by William James or other pragmatists would not be suitable or in the slightest degree effective in a political campaign.

The buying of votes is the dark side of the picture. There are no fireworks attending that. It is done quietly enough, when still resorted to, to satisfy the most critical objector to publicity.

It is not new; no sudden and damaging proof of political decadence. In many respects public life was worse in the lauded days of our forefathers than it is now. American congressmen may not now all be as good as the reforms so many of them

delight to champion; but there was a time when congressmen of America were in the pay of France!

Some of our corporations may be no respecters of parties; but Jay Gould said openly that he gave to Republicans in Republican counties; to Democrats in Democratic counties; and to both parties in communities politically in doubt.

If the nominee for the Presidency to-day should write to the National Committee asking how much money the clerks in the departments at Washington were delivering under implied menace of dismissal if they refused, it would provoke a national and sensational indictment of his flagrant abuse of power. Yet so great and good a candidate as James A. Garfield is on record as doing just that.

The times politically reveal a vast improvement over standards even a decade ago. In fact, so wholesome and honest are the sentiments and intentions of the great mass of American voters, that they exalt almost with idolatry the officials or the candidates who stand for civic righteousness.

A further and even more substantial indication of the American movement toward cleaner politics is the public movement, both in and out of official life, to regulate and give publicity to the financial records of campaigns; and otherwise to purge the polls of dishonor.

When the bill recently before Congress providing for the publication of the amounts and sources of campaign funds was under debate, the National Publicity Bill organization, headed by Perry Belmont, John M. Thurston, William E. Chandler, John E. Lamb, and Crammond Kennedy addressed the committee, calling attention to the many organizations throughout America, favoring such legislation. This proposed measure will come up again, for with the example of Great Britain as a guide, Americans will not continue indefinitely the policy of concealing their own business affairs from themselves.

Even in New York a change this year in the law provided for the identification of voters during the four days of registration, and during election day. Formerly unknown sums were paid to gangs of political guerrillas and repeaters. When a man registers now, the law requires him to sign

his name, and this signature must agree with his application for a ballot on election day.

Here is the new ordeal for the voters unable to write:

What is your true name?

What is or was your father's full name?

What is or was your mother's full name?

What is your occupation?

What is the name of your present employer?

If unemployed, what is the name of your last employer?

Where is or was his place of business?

Are you married or single?

Where did you actually reside immediately prior to taking up your present residence; state floor and character of premises.

And the spirit of the times is indicated by the fact that these questions are called aloud within the hearing of the election inspectors and watchers. Anyone prompting a voter subjects himself to arrest on a charge of felony.

Such laws reveal the tendency. A number of the states, notably California, Missouri, New York, and Wisconsin, have new laws more or less effective, compelling the publication of expenses incurred in electing candidates. It is true that some of these, as in the case of the Wisconsin law, were so modified in their passage that sufficient reports of campaign expenditures may be avoided. In some states, for example, no reports are exacted from political committees, so that candidates could subscribe through committees and thus evade individual responsibility.

Yet even if these laws are first made defective enough to cover fraud, they are an indication that the people are moving toward a condition that will compel campaign contributions to serve only their legitimate uses—that of assisting in carrying on the rightful and necessary functions of representative government.

The Democratic party's attitude in declining all contributions in excess of \$10,000, providing for publication before election of all contributions above \$100, and declaring that no contributions above \$100 are to be accepted within three days of election is a conspicuous sign of the times. The Republicans, on their part, have promised to make a public accounting of

their campaign finances after election; and the Independence Party in its platform said:

We demand severe and effective legislation against all forms of corrupt practices at elections, and advocate prohibiting the use of any money at elections except for meetings, literature, and the necessary traveling expenses of candidates. . . . Publicity of contributions is desirable and should be required, but the main matter of importance is the use to which contributions are put.

Personally, all the leading candidates and speakers have voiced sentiments in favor of giving the greatest publicity to campaign methods—to conducting, in short, this normal part of our democratic system just as a national bank or a department at Washington should be run.

As early as May, Mr. Bryan telegraphed from Lincoln to Mr. Taft, suggesting that as candidates for the presidency they join in asking Congress to pass a bill requiring publication of campaign contributions; and Mr. Taft replied expressing himself in favor of such legislation. In his speech of acceptance at Cincinnati, Mr. Taft said that if elected he would recommend the enactment of a law requiring the filing in a Federal office of a statement of the contributions received by committees and candidates in all elections constitutionally within the control of Congress.

Fortunately we can look abroad for an example. Until recent years the purchase of political place in England was the scandal of civilized government. From the days of the rise of the East India Company, corruptionists of that nation bought every needed man, big and small, like so many pounds of British beef. But the public conscience was gradually aroused, as it has been in America. When our colonial forefathers were getting ready to declare America free, political earls were making infamous the "Spendthrift Election," when in the single county of Northampton more than £400,000 were scattered to control less than a thousand

miserable votes. Two of the candidates died in disgrace.

Three years before the present world-famous election law of England was framed, bribery charges confronted ninety-five members of Parliament after they were elected, and many of these politicians were driven from public life.

The Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Act of 1883 provides, for example, that "in a borough election where the electors on the register do not exceed 2,000, the maximum amount that may be legally expended in the campaign is £350, with an additional £60 for each 1,000 voters more."

Another section of this efficient act fixes the time from which a candidate has to keep an accurate account of all its expenses for subsequent filing. From the day a candidate is nominated or announces himself as an aspirant, he must in England keep a faithful record of his expense account.

It has been publicly stated that before the conventions at Chicago and Denver, one of the candidates used more than his salary in long-distance telephoning to political leaders, and that another aspirant spent \$50,000 to reach all the conflicting factions of his party.

Whatever was spent, if we had the English law, would have to be put down in the catalogue of campaign items.

Under the British election law, a proven case of bribery does not limit the consequences to the political underling and the wretched dupe. The candidate's office is forthwith declared vacant! Bribery, in consequence, has passed out of British politics.

Secretary of State Elihu Root, in an address last year at Yale, said of campaign funds, that "there is no more useful expenditure of money from the public point of view, for it is money applied to the political education of voters."

This will be universally true in America when we frame and enforce laws restoring to elections, as the Britons have, the dignity and public purpose intended by the fathers of the nation.

HERSELF AS REASON

BY KEITH BRACKEN

Herself as reason may prevail
Tho' all her pleas and reasons fail.



F Mr. Harrigan would call at the bottle house that afternoon, the message had said, he would learn something to his advantage.

It so happened that it was not Mr. Harrigan's habit to overlook anything that promised to be to his advantage. Indeed, throughout his varied, though always "square," career, as cow-puncher, prospector, faro dealer, and latterly proprietor of the games at the Miners' Exchange, he had, as he would have expressed it, played a system altogether different. Moreover, in this particular instance his interest had been given a fillip by the messenger's remark, as he delivered the note, that it was given him by a lady. For Jack had a gallantry and a susceptibility of which his matter-of-fact exterior gave little hint—except, perhaps, through his limpid, Irish-blue eyes—a heart as soft as his head was hard, which made it difficult for him to refuse any feminine request within the bounds of reason. In only one instance of note in all his recollection had he ever been able to disregard the wishes of a lady, and certainly they had been unreasonable in the extreme. Perhaps even on that occasion he would have capitulated had not the matter been handled at long distance, through the prudent medium of the mails. She was the girl "up north" who refused to marry him on account of his business, though still haughtily acknowledging the existence of an "understanding."

Well, it wasn't such a very high-toned occupation, like banking or the law, for in-

stance, Jack was willing to concede. But as for calling it "a low-down business," that was putting it a little too strong. Gambling was a perfectly legitimate recreation for a man who could afford it, and of course it was a perfectly legitimate business proposition to put that recreation within comfortable and easy reach of the public. But when he had made his pile he would quit and turn promoter, or something else in the higher walks of life. Would *that* suit her? So he tranquilly went on his way, untroubled by ethical considerations, humoring the lady's absurd prejudice by not pressing matters, though steadily continuing the laying up of treasure, always with her ultimate surrender in view. Meanwhile, ladies in distress or ladies dispensing advantageous information could always count pretty surely on an audience with Jack.

Hence it was that, after suitably fortifying himself against the storm, he girded up his strength, hid his stalwart proportions from view in a big overcoat, and fared forth into the snow up Main Street, over to St. Michael, and around the Lucky Boy dump, buffeted by the four winds of March until, in their own good time, he found himself before the myriad-eyed wall of his destination.

That ingenious example of pioneer resourcefulness in the matter of architecture in the early days of the desert camp, when lumber was the rarest of luxuries but beer bottles already plentiful, and when the best of walls was to be had by laying them row on row, butt end out, with adobe mud for plaster to fill the chinks, had been well enough known to Jack at one time. In-

deed, he had once owned it in partnership with Shorty Brewster, its architect and builder, and the two had "bached" there together for months. Even now, though he had long since left it for a more comfortable and conventional abode, the sight of the snug little place gave him a certain sense of homecoming.

"But what the devil I'm here for, God only knows," he puffed amiably as he halted under the shelter of the little porch to shake off the snow he had gathered on his way.

At that moment, before he could knock, a fragile little woman, hardly able to keep her footing in the wind, was almost blown toward him from around the corner of the house. Without attempting to make herself heard, she motioned him to follow her around to the back door, and led him into the kitchen.

It was the same room where Shorty Brewster in the old days had been wont to bake their bannock and boil their beans in the midst of drear untidiness; yet not the same, Jack was vaguely aware even before he was able to see, half-blinded by the snowstorm as he was.

"There!" she panted, struggling to close the door against the wind. "Just take off your overcoat while I get my breath." She sank into a chair with a little spent laugh. "Such a gale!" Her shawl slipped off her head and disclosed a mass of finespun hair wind tossed above and about clear, gray eyes, delicate features, and cheeks rosy from the sting of the weather.

"Now take a chair, do! I've been watching for you. And you won't mind waiting a little, will you? I'm Mrs. Merrick. My husband's asleep in the other room—that's why I brought you around here. He said to call him when you came, but he's only just dropped off, and he hasn't slept for nights." A little troubled look came into the gray eyes. "But you can wait?"

Jack divested himself of his fur wrappings, nearly stumbled over a baby who was playing on the floor, and dropped obediently into a chair near the black-shining stove that was sending forth into the comfortable warmth a deliciously blended scent of spicy baking and burning juniper wood.

"Oh, I can wait, all right, if I ain't goin' to be in your way," he said, striving to lessen the volume of his rumbling bass in imitation of his hostess's hushed voice. "Say, but this fire feels good," and he extended hands of a professional and leisured whiteness to its head. "Ain't this weather a terror, though? Why, it's blowin' ninety miles an hour, and every which way at once."

"Yes; I was afraid you wouldn't get here. It was too bad to have to ask you to come up on a day like this; but Mr. Merrick certainly wasn't able to be out." She stooped to shut the spicy odor into the oven, then raised her face in suddenly doubtful afterthought. "You *are* the gentleman who was coming to see my husband about some work, aren't you?"

Jack, who by dint of much blinking and rubbing was finally getting his eyes open so that he was able to note the entrancing row of tiny freckles across the bridge of her delicate nose, a bewitching patch of flour on one flushed cheek, and other details which at once appealed to his sense of the æsthetic, decided that he was.

"Why, yes, I don't know but I am," he admitted politely, with a mingled air of the caution of a man trained never to show his hand and an inborn desire to come up to the expectations of the fair sex.

"I hope you'll excuse the looks of this room, and I'll go right on with my work. While I'm baking I have to let this young man have his own way, pretty much, to keep the peace."

She turned to her table and Jack settled back in his chair and looked about the room appraisingly; at the old-fashioned braided rugs on the floor, the obviously improvised furniture, the scarlet geraniums a-bloom in the green-painted cans against a background of white-curtained windows, and at the baby playing in the toy-strewn space beside him.

"Ma'am," he said impressively, "don't say a word. It looks good to me. Why it's that homelike, it's elegant. But you'd ought 'o seen it when us boys had it," he went on reminiscently. "Yes, I helped build this house, and me and my partner lived here pretty near a year. It wasn't nothin' like this then, though, I can tell you. Shorty was a first-class cook, but he

wasn't much on keepin' things neat, that's a fact."

The woman, plying her rolling pin, bent over her table with a little smile that rippled the cheek line nearest to Jack. "I guess it missed having a woman to do for it," she said. "My husband says it makes a heap of difference."

"Well, you bet it does," agreed Jack heartily. "There's my house, now. It's a pretty swell little shack for this camp, if I do say it, and I've got a good Chinaman, but the place ain't got the right look and feel, somehow, and never has had. What it needs is folks, I guess." He leaned over the arm of his chair with a hand held out to the baby, who promptly grasped a finger with heart-warming friendliness. "Say, mister, what do you say to bringin' your blocks and choo-choo cars up to my house and makin' me a visit?"

The baby was at an age when babies almost invariably speak in an unknown tongue for their own edification. Perhaps his mother herself could not have interpreted the soft cooings, but there was no mistaking the alacrity with which he struggled to his feet and began to beat Jack's knee with his rubber rattle.

Jack, quite flushing with pleasure, lifted him up.

"Tha-at's the boy. Ride a cock-hoss to Banbury cross!" And with a tiny hand in each of his, he carefully slid the baby down his corduroy-clad leg and began to trot him up and down in time to a softly whistled accompaniment.

The baby wrinkled his nose and displayed four teeth in a wide and somewhat liquescent smile of appreciation.

"Why, that's unusual for him," said the mother, turning from her work with bashful pleasure. "He doesn't often take to strangers."

"Well, we ain't strangers, are we, son? No, you bet not. We're old pals, we are. Want to play with my watch?" And with this somewhat conventional proffer of entertainment, Jack drew the youngster again onto his knee and helped the little adventuring hand in its jerking and tugging at the resplendent gold chain hung across Jack's waistcoat, until the shining repeater came into view and the new plaything was held up to a tiny pink ear while a pair of

wondering and delighted eyes looked up at Jack with a smile of jolliest comradeship.

"Hear the bell ring—ping! And see the wheels go round," and Jack opened the back of his watch before the baby's absorbed gaze.

"Well, I declare—" said the mother presently, pausing on a trip from the table to the stove. The baby, having exhausted the possibilities for diversion afforded by the watch, even to finding the picture inside the cover and to Jack's confusion hailing it vociferously as "ma-ma," and finally losing watch, chain, and all down the neck of his dress, was lolling in lazy enjoyment with his head on Jack's arm. "If he isn't actually at home enough to be almost asleep. It is time for his nap, but I thought I wouldn't take him in to his crib until his father wakes up. Come to mother, mother's own," and she held out her arms. But the baby, with unfilial indifference, which was tempered, however, by a drowsy smile, waved them away and cuddled the closer to Jack.

"Aw, let him, then," begged Jack, red-denied at his own eagerness.

"But he's so heavy to hold."

"Heavy! him?" Jack chuckled. "Don't weigh no more'n a stack o' chips. Wouldn't know I had him. Just you snuggle down there, old fellow, and go by-by as fast as you please. . . . Go to sleep—te tum te tum te tumpy," he hummed, soothingly patting time on the baby's back. "Well, ain't that right?" as he caught the smile on the mother's face, half tender, half amused, but altogether friendly.

"Oh, perfectly! I see you are in practice—"

"Well, no," said Jack, a little regretfully, "not exactly. I ain't *seen* a baby before for I don't know how long. But I've got a little nephew back in Kansas that was just about this little fellow's age, last time I saw him. He was a great chum of mine. . . . There, he's off," he whispered, as a final sleepy sigh came from the little parted lips.

The woman moved softly about, putting away her board and her spices, spreading out an array of crisp brown cakes in their place. Presently she took up some sewing and seated herself in a low rocking chair by the window.

The clock ticked stolidly, the kettle

purled and bubbled. It seemed to Jack as his gaze roved from the little sleep-flushed face pressed against his rough sleeve to the deft fingers of the mother and the pretty head bent above them, apparently quite unconscious of its prettiness, that Shorty's old kitchen had, since he had known it last, become a very attractive place—a place in which one would be willing to spend a whole afternoon, indeed, if necessary.

"I reckon this little chap's a heap o' company for you, ma'am?" he finally hazarded, softly. "This must be a lonesome country for a woman."

The gray eyes lifted, shiningly.

"Oh, he *is*," she murmured eagerly. "It would be *terribly* lonesome in this place—I couldn't *bear* it—if it weren't for having—*home*."

Her ready color mounted again, as if from confusion at having spoken of an intimate secret to a stranger.

"'Home is where the heart is,' you know."

"Yes, I reckon that's so," Jack agreed, looking absently out upon the wind-swept little town to where his own roof showed just over the brow of the hill.

"You see," she went on with a little embarrassed rush back to matter-of-factness, "it doesn't take long to get used to keeping house in two rooms that never *will* stay dusted, and using canned cream, and having to bribe the waterman to come up the hill—when you have your family with you."

Jack thought of the faithful but not altogether satisfying Mongolian, who, with a Scotch collie, constituted his own household, and sighed pensively.

"Of course, we've had some pretty bad luck since we came last fall—what with the carpenters' strike and all the other labor troubles my husband's been out of work for quite a while. But we've been living right along and we haven't had to touch the little nest egg we've got put away—and we're just determined not to."

"I hope your husband's not very sick, ma'am?"

"Why, no, not right down sick. Oh, he'll be able to work," she added hastily. "It's more than half worry, I'm sure. He hasn't been able to sleep lately, and he's had a sort of low fever the last day or

two. It's bothered me a good deal." She sighed and then brightened. "But when he saw your advertisement this morning—he wouldn't tell me a thing about it—but I knew something would come of it. Is it underground work?"

Jack examined the huge diamond on his finger with sudden interest.

"Well, I hadn't just decided yet," he said diplomatically. "I might be able to offer him a choice."

"He's willing to do most anything now we're so hard up," she said with tremulous eagerness. "He's done work outside his trade before, and he's very steady and reliable. He doesn't—doesn't—drink or—gamble, as they say so many men in these camps do. I've got that to be thankful for, if we have had a hard time this winter. That's something I just couldn't bear."

Jack smiled and there was a twinkle in his eyes.

"I reckon you're from the East, Mrs. Merrick," he said. "Well, I don't go much on the drink myself. We bought these bottles empty, you understand, Shorty and me. But as for gamblin'—I've always looked on it as a perfectly legitimate recreation, if a man can afford it, and if he can't and is fool enough to risk his money with such odds against him, a guarden couldn't make him hang onto it. Now, ain't that about so? If he don't play cards or the wheel, he'll play stocks or he'll put it into the ground straight. A minin' country's a gamblin' country any way you fix it."

"Yes, but those saloons—I think they're awful. When we were stopping at the Palace we had to look right down into one, and it was terrible to see the crowds of men in there—lots of them with families, I suppose." She clasped her hands with a little protecting gesture over the tiny garment in her lap, and leaned forward with her gaze fixed on the baby in Jack's arms.

"Why, I know of one case right here in the neighborhood," she went on half absently, "where a man mortgaged his home—actually his home—for money to—get even with, don't they call it?"

Jack looked a little uncomfortable. He smoothed the baby's crumpled dress in some embarrassment.

"Yes, that's what they call it, but it's all nonsense. There's no such thing as comin' out even, in the long run. The man that makes the money"—he paused as if the idea when it came to be put into bald words, struck him as being rather distasteful—"is the man that owns the game. But these men around here will spend their money. It's come easy, go easy, with most of 'em, and you can't get away from it."

"But there ought to be a law against it," she protested with shy persistence.

"Well, in most states there is, and of course where it has to be kept under cover, why, maybe there ain't so much of it. But I'm in favor of havin' everything wide open myself. It's better for the morals. Why, take the gamblers out here. They don't skulk. They're as white as set o' men—" But his glance wavered a little under the evident surprise and disappointment of hers.

She took up her sewing again and went on with it subduedly.

"I think it's awful just the same. I suppose I see a side you men don't. I think of the wives and babies. At least they ought to put a sign up in those places, 'None but bachelors admitted,' and she tried to laugh.

"Well, you see—" began Jack, but a latch clicked and a door opened.

"Bessy!" The voice was a little harsh and strained, a little different, it was apparent from the look on her face, from the tone to which Bessy was accustomed. "I thought you were going to call me!"

A young man stood in the doorway that opened into the bedroom. In spite of his fever-flushed, harassed face and nervous hands, raised as if in pain to his bandaged temples, he looked hardly more than a boy. There was something pitiful and incongruous in the figure he made, standing there in a dressing gown descended from more prosperous days, trying to be dignified when his sickness would not let him be anything but peevish.

"I just wanted you to have a little nap, Dick," she pleaded timidly. "And the gentleman wanted to rest. He didn't mind."

"I should say not," murmured Jack, uncomfortable but polite.

"Well, well, all right," the boy an-

swered her irritably. "But take Richie, won't you? We'll go into the other room. And don't interrupt, please, Bess. We want to talk business, you know."

Jack got to his feet in embarrassed haste, and with awkward care deposited the sleeping baby in the mother's outstretched arms.

He followed his host into the next room. No longer ill at ease now that he was alone with one of his own sex, he sauntered composedly up to the fire, turned his back to the genial warmth, and regarded his host with some curiosity, but without impatience.

"It's too bad I kept you waiting," said the man, half grudgingly.

"O Lord," said Jack cordially. "Take your time. I've got leisure to rent. Besides, I sure was comfortable. The coziest little home in town, I call it—this one of yours. And I wouldn't 've missed the acquaintance of that young man in there for money."

"Money!" The young man had been staring out at the thick-swirling flakes that filled the air, but at the word he wheeled around suddenly and faced his guest. His voice was harsh. "It just happens that that's the very thing I wanted to see you about. I suppose you've been wondering." He strode to a trunk in the corner, unlocked it, and with a furtive glance toward the kitchen, brought out a long, thick envelope, the torn end of which disclosed the green of bank notes, and shoved it across the table to Jack.

Jack stared in amazement.

"Well, I'll—be—damned," he said slowly. "Where in thunder did you get that?"

"I'll tell you—the whole story. But don't, for God's sake, let anything slip before my wife if she comes in." He turned again to the window. "She'd think the gambling itself was bad enough, but I wouldn't for anything in the world have her know how I—got the money back."

Jack walked over to the table, fingered the bills as if to convince himself that he saw and heard aright, laid them down again, and walked back to the fire.

"You're right, there," he said finally, with grave conviction. "If you've been gamblin' she sure mustn't know it—let alone anything else. But what the blazes



Drawn by G. C. Wilmhurst.

"I thought you were going to call me!"

made you want to give it back? That's what gets *me*."

The young fellow faced about again.

"Because I don't want the dirty stuff. I haven't had a decent minute since I took it. I'm no thief, I tell you."

Jack gave a long, low whistle.

"Well, I *will* be damned," he said, as if in confirmation of his former resolution.

"What'd you take it for, then?"

"Because I was sore. It wasn't square dealing—there was a put-up job—and I'd lost all we had in the world."

"Put-up nothin'." Jack's tone was mildly contemptuous. "There's no put-up jobs at my place, not on bank or anything else."

The boy's face grew red at the note of contempt, but his eyes were defiant.

"I tell you there was," he insisted doggedly. "I saw them exchanging signals—the dealer and the casekeeper."

"See here, young fellow," said Jack tolerantly, dropping into a seat. "I ain't a-goin' to call you hard names in your own house, if you do invite it, but the simple fact is that you're away off. I reckon you *think* there was something wrong, all right—a tenderfoot always does when he loses. But I'll just repeat what I said before. There's no crookedness at my place and never has been, and that stands."

"I wasn't saying you knew it, Harri-gan, if there was anything wrong—everybody knows you're square—and maybe there wasn't, but it looked so to me, and to see everything we'd been saving up for these four years wiped out all at once—"

"I don't know how I ever got started in the first place," he went on miserably, after a pause. "I'd never tried it before, myself, though I'd watched the others plenty of times. But I'd dropped in to hunt up a man I was after, and—well, you know that was the night Riley Hicks was playing in such luck, and the whole place went crazy. I got the fever, too, and put up what money I had with me. I won a time or two and then lost the whole thing. Then, like a cursed fool, I drew a check for every cent I had at the bank. I had some wild notion of winning enough to go into business with—I've been out of a job all winter on account of the strike— Well!" He drew a deep breath. "You know how such notions generally work out."

"So you lost the whole thing and you thought you'd been bilked, eh? But you wasn't, boy," said Jack kindly. "The boys wouldn't dare to try such a thing in my place, and they're not that breed, anyway."

"Well, I went up and took one drink after another, and I guess I must have lost my head altogether. Seemed as though I couldn't bear to go home and tell my wife I'd gambled away the money she'd worked so hard to help me save. Five hundred's a lot to us."

"I don't wonder you couldn't," said Jack.

"I hung around for a while. Pretty soon you came in and took the casekeeper's place. It was hot and crowded and you took off your coat and hung it on the back of your chair."

"You're right. I did. I remember now."

"I saw you still had the envelope of bills I'd seen you open at the express office that afternoon. There they were in an inside pocket of the coat you'd taken off—"

"That *was* plumb careless of me, wasn't it?" commented Jack amiably. "I'd ought to 've put it in the safe first thing, o' course, but some way them picture cards never did seem the same as good hard money to me, and I forgot all about it."

"Well, I thought what was to hinder my getting back the money you'd got away from me? And I got it," he added with momentary grim satisfaction. "It was no trick at all to work my way through that crazy pack up to your chair and slip the envelope, for you couldn't have got their eyes off the table if you'd tried. Now all I want is to get the stuff out of the house—I've been afraid she'd find it—and I wasn't up to bringing it down to you."

"I should say you wasn't. Why, you're sick, man. Your wife's a-worryin' about it, too."

"Worrying? She's eating her heart out. She don't know we're broke, but she knows I can't get a job and that I'm mighty near discouraged. Don't think I'm whimpering about losing that money, though. I was just explaining how I came to do it; but to tell the truth I don't understand it very well myself. Well, we can start in again at the bottom," he ended listlessly.

"Pretty hard on your wife to have to

suffer for your foolishness, though," suggested Jack.

The man laughed unpleasantly.

"Oh, I don't know as I'm preachin' at you, particularly," said Jack. "Maybe I'm a-handin' myself a rap on the side."

He slid down in his chair and studied the fire.

"Say," he said at last, with clumsy consideration. "What's the use o' talkin' about returnin' that money, anyway? It's only six hundred; and, Lord, I don't want it. Serves me good and right for bein' so careless. Besides, it didn't cost me nothin' to win it off o' you, so what's the matter with callin' it all off, just as if you'd never played it? The change can go to the kid."

"Of course I'll return it," said the man hotly.

"Then you'd better return it to the rightful owners. I reckon it belongs to the missus and the kid." Jack pushed the envelope toward him. "Wives and babies do make a difference, somehow," he said. "I believe I *will* tack up a sign in my shop, 'No married men need apply.' 'Tain't square, when you come right down to it, to take away the money they need. We got to talkin' about it this afternoon, your wife and me."

"Talking about it!" The boy's eyes were sick with apprehension. "She doesn't know anything, does she?"

"No, she just mentioned casual and mighty proud that you didn't gamble or drink or smoke or cuss, if every other man in town did," Jack responded with a grin. "And she don't know who I am, for she roasted the gamblin' profession to a turn. She thinks it's all dead wrong, don't she? I guess all women's alike. Now, I know a girl that talks just the same way, and do you know—"

There was a premonitory fumbling of the knob. "Chuck that cash," ordered Jack briefly. But when the door opened it was only the fat and blond baby who entered, on a wabbling journey toward Jack, dragging a small cart filled with building blocks.

"Hello, mister," said Jack. "Thought I put you to sleep a while ago. What you goin' to do now? Build a house o' your own?"

The baby gurgled affirmatively, and, apparently having walked as far as he was

able without resting, sat down on the floor with some violence.

"Gosh, Merrick," said Jack, who was on his knees helping to unload the cart, "if I had a family like yours—"

"Yes, God knows they ought to be enough to keep me straight. Well, I'll keep out of your place hereafter, anyway," and he laughed almost good-naturedly. "But about that money—you've got to take it, you know. Of course, it does seem ridiculous—a regular fool trick—stealing it and then giving it back. I don't wonder you think I'm crazy. But I was drunk, I tell you, and as soon as I was sober—Well, it's been a long three days with it in the house."

"Why, no, 'tain't ridiculous, at all," said Jack, trying a new tack and rising to his feet in his eloquence. "It's the natural thing, o' course, for you to want to put back what you walked off with when you wasn't exactly responsible. And that's just what I want you to do. Only, you're tryin' to reimburse the wrong party. Why, man, 'twasn't your money in the first place, as I figger it. You just had it in trust, let's say, for your wife and his nibs here—see? And to-morrow you're goin' to put it back in the bank and leave it there—or I ain't sayin' what I'll do."

"And about that job—" he went on loudly, as a hesitating rap sounded and the door opened a very little way.

"O Dick, excuse me, but may I speak to you just a minute?" And as Merrick slipped out Jack heard through the crack of the door, "Aren't you *ever* going to get through talking business? I'm so lonesome."

"Gosh, I'm lonesome, too, sonny," he said, stooping down to pull up one of Richie's little socks, which under stress of exercise had slipped down around the little fat ankle. "And all because I don't run a meat shop or a livery stable, I suppose." His tone was aggrieved. "What's to be done?"

But Richie, occupied with his blocks, made no response other than a few inarticulate and abstracted murmurs, and showed no disposition to act as oracle, and Jack moved away restlessly to the window.

"God! It *is* lonesome up there," he muttered, staring absently out toward the hill beyond. A few lights had begun to

twinkle in the gathering dusk, and he knew that already Toy, with blank countenance and slipshod feet, must be shuffling about preparing the monotonously insipid evening meal. It was a vision become suddenly even less attractive than usual.

Yes, what the place needed was folks. A man was a fool to live as he did. But what could a man do? If a girl was so blamed unreasonable she wouldn't give in—

The lights on the hill glimmered coldly.

Jack, with hands in pockets, strolled over to where the baby was playing and looked down at him thoughtfully.

"Sonny, do you know it's a mean trick for you and your ma to go doping out all this home influence to me this way?"

The baby made no reply.

"What would *you* do if you was as homesick as I am? Give in yourself?"

"Um-ah," said the baby, looking up and beating two blocks together with emphasis.

Jack regarded his small monitor with increasing admiration.

"Blamed if I don't believe you've got the proper idea. Her notions may be wrong, but *she's* all right—and I'm afraid, sonny, *she's* indispensable."

He turned and went into the kitchen.

"Excuse me, Merrick, but I must be goin'."

"Oh, but can't you stay to supper, Mr. Harrigan?" Mrs. Merrick interposed. "We really can't let you go out into this storm without supper."

"I'd sure like to, thank you, Mrs. Merrick. But you see I'm leavin' town on the midnight train—goin' up north for a few days—and I've got a heap of things to tend to. Yes, a little sudden; only just now decided, in fact, but I got to go.

"And about that job, Merrick, as I was sayin', if you'll report in a day or two—whenever you feel up to the mark again—with this card, at the Oxide Daisy, you'll get a place there as mine carpenter. You'll be under the Miners' Union, not the Carpenters', and this strike won't affect you. And as soon as I'm back, I think we can arrange a little partnership deal I've got in mind. You've got some little capital, I believe you said?"

Merrick reddened and nodded as he took the proffered card.

"And Mrs. Merrick——"

"Oh, Mr. Harrigan," gasped the lady in pink confusion. "I want to apologize. I didn't know this afternoon who you were—my husband only just now told me—or I should have talked on other subjects."

"Apologize, Mrs. Merrick?" Jack said simply. "Why, what for? Oh, you mean what you said about gamblin'? Well, maybe you was right. I don't pretend to know. But anyway, you see, I'm not a gambler any more, properly speakin', or at least I won't be much longer. I've got to be out o' the business before I take that train."

Thus it came about that presently Mr. Harrigan had a session with Brewster, during which Brewster experienced and evinced various emotions, among them astonishment, delight, and fears for his partner's sanity, particularly when he realized to what extent he himself became beneficiary by Jack's eccentricity, and ending with a notarial sealing of sundry papers and a ceremonial slaking of thirst all around; also that a telegram sped "up north" that night, cryptic to the uninitiated and characteristic in its terseness:

Arrive Butte Monday. Be ready. Have quit.



THE FETISH OF THE COUNTRY BOY

BY LYMAN BEECHER STOWE



HERE is a strong prejudice in favor of the country as a place in which to bring up boys. The "barefoot boy with cheek of tan" is considered a more promising presidential possibility than his traditionally pale city counterpart. The little one-room district school is the cradle of American learning, the only university which many of our great Americans ever knew. To guide the plow as a boy has long been looked on as good preparation for guiding the ship of state as a man. That we should feel so about the country and its associations is both natural and easily explained. Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Jay Cooke, Sherman, Grant, and Lincoln are a few only of the many great Americans

whose early training was either on the farm, the plantation, or in the village. Hence, the country boy and the great man stand linked by tradition. Besides this, to every one of us who is more than a drudge or a machine, the call of nature is a very real thing. The ennobling influence of contact with nature has been a theme of poets and philosophers from time immemorial. Nature lies about the country boy not only in his infancy, but throughout his boyhood.

In contrast to this sturdy barefoot boy tradition shows us the pale, hollow-chested, undersized city boy. Instead of brooks and trees, meadows and mountains to ennoble him, he has corner saloons, cheap theaters, dance halls, and gambling dens to debase him. Instead of strengthening muscles and morals with plowing and hoeing, he sharpens his wits in the streets at



the expense of both muscles and morals. Place these two traditional boys side by side and you will readily see that the city boy is, as the slang phrase goes, "down and out" from the start. He not only has no chance of greatness, but a mighty slim chance of honest and efficient manhood.

About one hundred years ago five per cent only of our population lived in cities. According to the last census, over fifty per cent now live either in cities or under city influences. One half or more of the nation's boys, then, must be growing up in cities, instead of a small fraction only, as formerly. Does this mean that more than half the men of the future are now pale and hollow-chested boys from whom little can be expected? Granting the premises which tradition has given us, we must so conclude. If this is correct, the manhood of the nation is indeed in serious peril, and we are in immediate danger of becoming a nation of weaklings and degenerates. More than half our boys without a chance to gain stamina means, little more than a decade hence, more than half our men without manhood.

In Lester Ward's *Applied Sociology* are statistics compiled by M. Odin by which he estimates the number of men of recognized genius per one hundred thousand inhabitants throughout the provinces of France. The Ile de France, dominated by Paris, shows forty-three men of recognized genius to every one hundred thousand persons, while the rural province of Brittany shows five only. Next to the Ile de France comes Lyonnais, with Lyons the second largest city of the country. In short, the figures tend to show that the provinces with the largest cities have produced the largest number of men of genius. For our own country there are no such figures, nor could there be, since cities have not long enough been an important factor in our national life. A reliable newspaper announced last winter that a majority of the persons listed in the current issue of *Who's Who in America* were of city origin. While *Who's Who* is certainly not a list of geniuses, it may safely be called representative of the most successful people in the country. The city boys are no longer outnumbered eighty or ninety to one by their country rivals, they are beginning to appear prominently in the responsible and high places of life.

However, it is not the great, nor even the conspicuously successful, who are of first importance to the nation's future. It is the average citizen, and it is by its influence on the ordinary boy that the city must chiefly be judged—the ordinary boy who is to be the average man. It is well known that the city recruits in the Union army during the Civil War made better soldiers than those from the country. They were quicker, braver, more intelligent; and, what



is more remarkable, could stand more hardship. A Spanish War officer told me that his New York City recruits were the best and bravest men he had, with the exception of some Bowery toughs, who were worse than useless. The tough is the waste product of the modern city.

A certain man runs two trade schools, one in New York City and one near by in the country. The boys in the New York school are rather pale and slight, those in the country school strapping, red-faced fellows. In both athletic and trade compe-

titions between the schools the city boys have almost invariably won. Apparently they can outlast their country rivals both mentally and physically. Instances, such as these, of city boys doing better than was expected of them and country boys not so well, can be duplicated almost indefinitely.

Is popular impression, then, all wrong? It is not all wrong. Wherever there is smoke there was once some fire. This popular impression, like most other such impressions, is simply out of date—out of touch with current facts. A popular belief about any social problem is sure to be at least ten years behind the times, because it takes at least that time for a belief to become popular. And the world is moving all the time. Popular beliefs, also, take note of the obvious only. The advantages of the country are as obvious and undeniable as are the disadvantages of the city. The advantages of the city are as little obvious as are the disadvantages of the country.

A hundred years ago we were substantially a nation of farmers. To-day more than half of us are living in cities. The farm and the village are very simple communities. The modern city is very complex. During this century we have been learning to live in cities. We have learned a great deal, but we have more to learn. Of the many and great problems involved in this change in the balance of population from country to city, the greatest is the upbringing of children. This is fundamental. Upon its solution everything else depends.



The first measures we took to make the modern city a decent place in which to live and bring up children were negative. These measures are now of such long standing that we may see readily their results. About fifteen years ago in the largest cities we started positive or constructive work. The first set of measures aimed to prevent unnecessary death; the second, to make life better worth living. The first had to do with children and adults equally. The second with children almost exclusively. As New York is the largest city, it is the most representative of acute city conditions, and can be cited as typical.

Perhaps the first and most pressing danger of city life is the spread of contagious diseases. The present thorough system of health inspection in New York City was begun in 1895. According to the laws of the Sanitary Code, every physician in the city must report at once to the Department of Health every contagious disease which he finds. An inspector of the department then calls promptly and sees that the patient is properly cared for, and that every precaution is taken to prevent the spread of the disease. Each inspector has under his care a certain number of schools. These he visits at regular intervals, inspects the children, sends home or to hospitals such as are ill, sees that they are suitably cared for, and that the other children are properly protected in case the disease is contagious. As a result of this system the danger from contagious diseases is much less than in rural communities.





A second great factor in which the city has changed from being worse to better than the country is in the matter of food supplies. City milk is better than that used in the country. The standard of the dairies which provide the city is higher than the ordinary farm dairy. These city dairies are under constant inspection by officers of the law. The meat of the city is of greater variety and is freer from the degeneration of age. It is inspected as is the milk, and is consequently better than the uninspected country meat.

The care of the streets, of the sewage, and of decaying matter in the city makes it far safer from these standpoints than the village, where the sanitary conditions are usually vicious. In spite of the sweat shops, in which children are still sacrificed, the general conditions of child labor are now better in city than in country. The chief child-labor abuses are in Southern factories, which are not in cities. In farming communities many children are obliged to work early and late at labor which is beyond their strength. The city schools are far better than those in the country, and through compulsory education laws, the children are forced to attend them regularly, regardless of their own whims or the proper or improper supervision of parents. City children find in their schools, too, a contact with life and the larger world which country children are denied, even though their parents send them to such schools as there are. In all these vital particulars the city is now a better place for children than is the country. As one great result of these precautions in New York City the death rate of persons between the

ages of five and nineteen years has been reduced twenty-three per cent since 1895.

But it is not enough for your boy to be protected from disease and given an education. He must have play and physical exercise. To a realization of these needs city authorities began to wake up about a dozen years ago. They have been waking up more and more ever since. These, like all other public needs, were first demonstrated by private philanthropy. Much of the work is still in private hands, but the governments are rapidly taking it over, as they always do when the public-spirited pioneers are persistent and prove their case. The country boy has all outdoors to play in when he has the time. His labors give him too much physical exercise if anything. The city boy has very limited space for





play and no labors to harden his muscles. Fifteen years ago there were only a few dozen gymnasiums in New York, and most of those were private and expensive, and hence prohibitive to the poor boys—to the boys who most needed them. To-day there are twenty-five hundred, the majority of which are public and free, or almost so. All the new school buildings have gymnasiums, and there is a law that every public-school building erected from now on must have one. In the public schools every child, according to his age, must have from ninety to two hundred minutes of gymnastic exercises a week. This, however, is not enough. There is too little of it. Then, too, there is no particular fun in a dumb-bell drill or a setting-up exercise. It is now well established that dull exercise is vastly less helpful than exercise with interest and amusement.

To provide both more exercise and more fun the Board of Education has opened school playgrounds. Where the congestion is too great to have these adjoining the school building they are on the roof. These grounds are for the most part equipped with gymnastic facilities and are used the year round—by the regular schools during the school year and by vacation schools in the summer. Then, there are recreation centers established in school buildings throughout the city, particularly

in the congested quarters, where they are most needed. These are not for school children, but for all over fourteen—the age limit for compulsory education. There are thirty of these in the city, accommodating from four hundred to one thousand each at one time. They are open every week night from seven to ten o'clock. Each is made up of a series of self-governing clubs, embracing all manner of activities—social, mental, and physical. They were started six or seven years ago. At first the toughs made it so lively and uncomfortable for the supervisors that it looked as though the experiment must fail. It would have failed had not the better boys taken hold and helped the supervisors to keep the others in order.

Not long ago the writer visited one of these centers in a school situated in one of the most congested quarters of the lower East Side. There were one thousand boys playing all manner of games, from checkers to indoor baseball. There were clubs for debating and public speaking; in fact, for all kinds of social and athletic activities. Each was self-governing and conducting its own affairs, with only occasional advice from the supervisors. The head supervisor pointed out a spruce, bright-looking boy of about sixteen who was playing first base in a match game. He said: "Do you see that boy? Well, three months ago he was the leader of one of the worst pickpocket gangs in the city." He went on to say that shortly after this boy first appeared he





got into a fight. As it was plainly his fault, the supervisor told him that he must stay away for two weeks for punishment. A few nights later the boy appeared and begged to be allowed to come back. Upon the supervisor's refusing, the boy showed a knife and threatened to do violence to the supervisor on his way home. Nothing happened. When he first came he had seldom washed and had never brushed his hair. He now takes a shower every night and slabs his hair down like a college freshman. He has been elected to one of the boys' clubs. He is a promising candidate for the captaincy of the next year's baseball team. The last of his gang to hold out in the old life turned up that very night, and laid down his arms, so to speak. A dirty, tough-looking little scamp, driven to respectability by sheer loneliness. This was apparently not at all an unusual case. The supervisor said that such boys were flocking in and undergoing similar transformations all the time.

The churches have had to open gymnasiums and swimming tanks. It is the only way they can get a hold on the boys. The Y. M. C. A.'s have long done an important work in the moral and physical development of city boys. Those in control of the parks, usually under political influence in the narrower sense, have been

forced to open and equip playgrounds in order to reap the political rewards of popularity. Then, in the poorer and more congested districts, the settlements are supplementing the necessarily inadequate public and church provisions for play and exercise.

To supplement all these agencies, four years ago Dr. Luther Gulick started the Public Schools Athletic League. Some of the strongest and most representative men in New York are on the Board of Directors. This league aims particularly to get the average boy into athletics in distinction from the natural athlete. For instance, they award badges to all schoolboys who can fulfill certain requirements, such as chinning themselves a certain number of times, jumping a certain distance, and so on. Four years ago two per cent only of the boys succeeded in meeting the standards, while last year over fifty per cent were successful. Then there are between the various schools interclass competitions in which the class making the highest record wins. At least eighty per cent of all the boys enrolled in the class must enter. As the individual records of the poorest athletes affect the class records quite as much as those of the best, this results in the stronger boys vigorously training and coaching the weaker. Of the one hundred thousand odd boys in the elementary schools of New York,



over thirty thousand took part last year in these athletics. Contrary to what one would naturally expect, the schools in the most congested districts have made the best showing. This is undoubtedly because, through settlements and institutional churches and what not, more has been done for the physical development of these boys than for the more fortunate. While this is no argument for congestion, it clearly shows how successfully its evil effects may be counterbalanced by organized effort. Newark, Jersey City, Baltimore, New Orleans, and Cleveland have organized similar public-school athletic leagues. Several other cities are now planning to follow suit.

Besides these practically innumerable local agencies there is The Playground Association of America, the main object of which is to provide properly supervised playgrounds for city children. Theodore Roosevelt is Honorary President, Jacob Riis, Honorary Vice-president, and Dr. Luther Gulick, Physical Director of the Public Schools of New York, President. So successful has been the propaganda of this society that the assistant secretary is now visiting, by request, fifty-eight cities which wish either to open playgrounds or to enlarge and improve those they have already. There is sweeping over the entire country an epidemic of effective enthusiasm to give the city boy the moral and the physical

chance which he cannot get if left to himself.

There are, too, in a considerable number of city schools to-day what are known as School Cities. These are miniature democracies, modeled on our state and city governments, officered and operated by the children themselves, under the supervision of their teachers. They serve as a kind of apprenticeship in democratic citizenship. They often substitute between teachers and pupils friendly coöperation for unfriendly competition.

All this multifold work for city boys is





organized and supervised, and in that lies its chief value. Any unorganized body is dominated by its worst elements. This is particularly so of a crowd of boys. A crowd of boys is led by the toughest, most brutal and most immoral boy. He is the precursor of the corrupt ward boss. On the other hand, an organization of boys formed for whatever purpose, if properly supervised, is led by its best, by its most civilized member. When left to themselves boys tend to sink to the level of the least desirable among them. When properly organized, the best of them tend to raise the others to their standard. The street gangs illustrate this. They are the city's neglected boys. Their ranks are being thinned by the playgrounds, the athletic leagues, the public gymnasiums, and the recreation centers. They are the city's waste products. Like commercial waste products, they can be made useful. Unlike commercial waste products, they become a public menace and expense if not made useful.

Realizing, as few people have realized, that country boys need organized play and exercise very nearly as much as city boys, Mr. Myron T. Scudder, Principal of the Normal School at New Palz, New York State, formed some few years ago the Country School Athletic League of Ulster County. He found the country boys knew neither how to play nor what to play. Their teachers were as ignorant as they. Parents and school officials objected that the boys were not sent to school to play nor to take part in athletics. When the first physical tests were held not one of the farm

boys could even approximate the standard of the city boys. They were, as a rule, either physically undeveloped or very unevenly developed, and it was some time before even the best of them could fulfill the badge requirements of the Public School Athletic League of New York City.

Apparently country boys are, on the average, physically inferior to city boys. This may not appear so inexplicable if we for a moment lay aside traditions and look at facts. The average country boy must work too hard and too long. Too much exercise is as bad as too little. There is no pleasure for the normal boy in doing tasks. Work without pleasure, even when there is not too much of it, is far less beneficial than interesting work. In farm communities and small villages the boys flock together outside of working hours—the good, the bad, and the indifferent. For lack of healthy interests, drunkenness and all that goes with it is common. The leaders are the older and tougher boys. Sometimes, too, men of low character and ability lead these country-boy gangs. The boys follow and admire them because of their proficiency in vice. Boys always admire proficiency which is within their comprehension. While they are perfectly ready to admire and imitate the achieve-



ments of wholesome leaders, for lack of such leaders they follow quite as readily the most vicious. Boys are hero worshipers. They are extremists. They are unconsciously dramatic. Great athletic ability appeals to them more quickly than anything else. They also admire extreme vices. A boy or man who drinks harder and gambles harder than anyone else appeals to them only less than a great athlete. If they can't have the athlete for a hero, they will take the fellow with dramatic vices. In the country the boys must usually follow the vicious hero for lack of the other.

The air in the poorest tenement is seldom worse than the air in an ordinary farmhouse during the winter. The most refuse-cluttered street of the slums is more sanitary than the open drain back of the ordinary farmhouse. Country boys have, to be sure, outside working hours, the keen joys of fishing, bird's-nesting, hunting, and trapping when they conclude their work. The beauties of nature, however, do not appeal to them. They are taken as a matter of course. They are just the background for their work and play. They notice them no more than does the city boy the marvelous achievements of modern science with which he is surrounded. It is still the fashion in the country to look upon boys as society's natural enemies. Boys have a way of living up to what is expected of them.

Of course, the really fortunate boy is he who can divide his time between the city and the country. But he is so fortunate that he is not a problem to the community. He is a problem to his parents only. Therefore, we may let them deal with him and say nothing further about him.

The neglected city boy has probably less chance in life than the neglected country boy. As says Dr. William H. Maxwell, Superintendent of Schools of New York City: "If the neglected-city boy grows to manhood without being contaminated it is by special grace of Providence." The very extremity of the city boy's need has so awakened the public conscience that he is now usually given a better chance in life

than the country boy. The majority of the boys in the majority of our large cities are now no longer neglected. Dr. Luther Gulick, who is probably the chief authority in the country on this subject, says that city conditions have, during the last decade, so far improved that the average city boy has now a better chance in life than the average country boy.

There are, however, still a very large number of city boys who are affected little if at all by these new opportunities. Now that they are in a minority, their position is, if anything, more pathetic than formerly. There should be in every city many more supervised playgrounds, many more vacation schools, free gymnasiums, and recreation centers. The three city boys who are neglected to-day are even more heavily handicapped in life by reason of the seven who are not. Street gangs still flourish. As everybody knows, they are training schools for criminals. It has been proved that they cannot exist in competition with organized play and supervised athletics. Morals and humanity quite aside, for the city to give all their boys these opportunities would in the end be vastly cheaper than to leave them alone to fit themselves for prisons and almshouses.

The problem of the neglected country boy is much more difficult. All these things take money. There is little money in the ordinary farm or village community. However, the first step toward helping him is to realize that he needs help. Therefore, the sooner we remove the halo which tradition has given him, and see him in the cold light of reality the better for him. Every county in every state should have a country school athletic league as has Ulster County, New York. The country boys still form almost half of our boy population. Their very numbers demand, for the good of the nation, that they be not neglected. "The barefoot boy with cheek of tan," who has no training other than his duties and the district school, is no match in the sharp competition of modern life for the paler city boy with playgrounds, gymnasiums, recreation centers, and organized athletic sports.

MY STORY

By HALL CAINE

III. WITH ROSSETTI IN LONDON



It was in the autumn of 1880 that I saw Rossetti for the first time. Being somewhat reduced in health, I had contemplated a visit to one of the South-coast watering-places, and wrote saying that in passing through London I should like to avail myself of his oft-repeated invitation to visit him. By return of post came two letters, the one obviously written and posted within an hour or two of the other. In the first of these he said:

I will be truly glad to meet you when you come to town. You will recognize the hole-and-cornerest of all existences; but I'll read you a ballad or two, and have Brown's report to back my certainty of liking you.

In the second letter he said:

I would propose that you should dine with me on Monday at 8.30 and spend the evening.

P. S.—Of course when I speak of your dining with me, I mean *tête-à-tête* and without ceremony of any kind. I usually dine in my studio and in my painting coat!

Cheyne Walk was unknown to me at the time of my first visit to Rossetti, except as the locality in which men and women eminent in literature were residing. It was not even then as picturesque as it appears to be in certain familiar engravings, for the embankment and the gardens that separated it from the main thoroughfare had already taken something from its quaint beauty, but it still

possessed attractions which it has since lost, among them a look of age which contrasted agreeably with the spick-and-span newness of neighboring districts, and the slumbrous atmosphere, as of a cathedral close, drowsing in the autumn sun to the murmur of the river which flowed in front, and the rustle of the trees which grew between.

Every foot of the old Walk was sacred ground to me then, for George Eliot, after her marriage with Mr. Cross, had lately come to No. 4; while at No. 5 in the second street to the westward Carlyle was still living, and a little beyond Cheyne Row stood the modest cottage wherein Turner died. Rossetti's house was No. 16, and I found it answering in external appearance to the frank description he had given of it. It seemed to be the oldest house in the Walk, and the exceptional size of its gate piers and the height and weight of its gate and railings suggested to my eye, as an architect, that perhaps at some period it had stood alone, commanding as grounds a large part of the space occupied by the houses on either side.

The house itself was a plain Queen Anne erection, much mutilated by the introduction of unsightly bow windows, the brickwork falling into decay, the paint in need of renewal, the windows dull with the dust of months, the sills bearing more than the suspicion of cobwebs, the angles of the steps to the porch and the untrodden flags of the little court leading up to them overgrown with moss and weed, while round the walls and up the reveals of door and windows were creeping the tangled branches of the wildest ivy that ever grew untouched by shears.

Such was the exterior of the house of the poet-painter when I walked up to it on the autumn evening of my earliest visit, and the interior of the house, when with trembling heart I first stepped over the threshold, seemed to be at once like and unlike the outside. The hall had a puzzling look of equal nobility and shabbiness, for the floor was paved with white marble, which was partly covered by a strip of worn-out cocoanut matting. Three doors led out of the hall, one at each side and one in front, and two corridors opened into it, but there was no sign of a staircase, and neither was there any daylight, except the little that was borrowed from a fanlight which looked into the porch.

I took note of these things in the few minutes I stood waiting in the hall, and if I had to sum up my first impressions of the home of Rossetti, I should say it looked like a house that no woman had ever dwelt in, a house inhabited by a man who had once felt a vivid interest in life, but was now living from day to day.

Very soon Rossetti came to me through the doorway in front, which proved to be the entrance to his studio. Holding out both hands and crying "Hulloa," he gave me that cheery, hearty greeting which I have come to recognize as belonging to him alone, perhaps, of all the men I have ever known. Leading the way into the studio, he introduced me to his brother William, who was there on one of the evening visits which, at intervals of a week, he made then with unfailing regularity.

I should have described Rossetti, at that time, as a man who looked quite ten years older than his actual age (fifty-two), of full middle height and inclining to corpulence, with a round face that ought, one thought, to be ruddy but was pale; with large gray eyes that had a steady introspective look and were surmounted by broad protrusive brows, and divided by a clearly penciled ridge over the nose, which was well cut and had breathing nostrils resembling the nostrils of a high-bred horse.

His mouth and chin were hidden beneath a heavy mustache and an abundant beard which had once been mixed black-brown and auburn, but were now thickly streaked with gray. His forehead was

large, round, without protuberances, and very gently receding to where thin black curls began to roll round to the ears. I thought his head and face singularly noble, and from the eyes upward full of beauty.

His dress was not conspicuous, being rather negligent than eccentric, and only remarkable for a straight sack coat (his "painting coat") buttoned close to the throat, descending at least to the knees, and having large perpendicular pockets, in which he kept his hands almost constantly while he walked to and fro. His voice, even in the preliminary courtesies of conversation, was, I thought, the richest I had ever heard. It was a deep, full barytone, with easy modulations and undertones of infinite softness and sweetness, yet capable, as I speedily found, of almost illimitable compass.

Such was Rossetti, as he seemed to me when I saw him first—a noticeable man, indeed, an Englishman in his stolid build, an Italian in the dark fire of his face, a man of genius in the strength and individuality which expressed themselves in his outer personality without singularity or affectation.

The studio was a large irregular room, structurally puzzling to one who saw it for the first time. Over the fireplace and at either side of it hung a number of drawings in chalk, chiefly studies of female heads, all very beautiful, and all by Rossetti himself. Easels of various size, some very large, bearing partially painted pictures, stood at irregular angles nearly all over the floor, leaving room only for a few pieces of furniture—a large sofa, under a holland cover, somewhat baggy and soiled, two low easy chairs, similarly appareled, a large bookcase with a glass front, surmounted by a yellow copy of the Stratford bust of Shakespeare, two carved cabinets, and a little writing desk and cane-bottomed chair in the corner, near a small window which was heavily darkened by the thick foliage of the trees that grew in the garden beyond.

As I had arrived late and the light was failing, Rossetti immediately drew up an easel containing a picture he wished me to see, and I recall a large canvas full of the bright sunshine of spring, with a beautiful lady sitting reading in a tree that was heavily laden with pink and white blossom.

Remembering the sense of the open air which the picture conveyed, I cannot forget the pallid face of the painter as he stood beside it, or the close atmosphere of his studio, with its smell of paint and the musty odor of accumulated treasures lying long undisturbed in a room that can have been rarely visited by the winds of heaven.

I helped Rossetti to push the big easel out of the way. Then he dropped down on the sofa at full length, letting his head lie low on the cushion and throwing his feet up on the back. In this attitude—which I afterwards saw was a favorite one with him—he began the conversation by telling me with various humorous touches, how like I was to what a well-known friend of his had been at my age, and then he bantered me for several minutes on what he called my "robustious" appearance compared with that which he had been led to expect from gloomy reports of uncertain health. It was all done in the easiest conceivable way, and was so playful and so natural, as coming from a great and famous man on his first meeting with a young fellow half his age, who regarded him with a reverence only modified by affection, that it might fairly have conveyed any impression on earth save the right one, that Rossetti was a bundle of nerves, a creature of emotions all compact, and that, at this period, a visit from a new friend, however harmless and insignificant, was an ordeal of almost tragic gravity to him.

Then one by one he glanced at certain of the more personal topics that had arisen in the course of our correspondence, and I soon saw that he was a ready, fluent, and graceful talker, with an unusual incisiveness of speech which gave the effect of wit even when it was not wit. I remember, among the little things that struck me at that first meeting with Rossetti, a trick he had of snapping his long fingers as he talked, and the constant presence of his hands, which were small and smooth and delicate as a young girl's, with tapering fingers, that he seemed to be always looking at and playing with.

Very soon the talk became general, his brother William, who had hitherto been silent, joining in it at intervals, and then Rossetti spoke, without appearance of reserve, of the few intimate friends who frequented his house at that period, telling

me, among other things, that Mr. Watts (now Watts-Dunton) had a head like Napoleon's, "whom he detests," he said with a chuckle; that Frederic Shields was as hysterical as Shelley, and Ford Madox Brown, whom I had met, as sententious as Dr. Johnson.

I thought Rossetti was amusing himself by bantering his friends in their absence, in the assured confidence that he was doing so in the presence of a well-wisher; but it was interesting to observe that after any particularly lively sally, or dash of personal ridicule, he would pause in the midst of his laughter, which was a deep, full-chested roar, to say something in a sober tone that was intended to convey the idea that he had really said nothing at all.

Contrary to his declared habit, he did not dine in the studio, but when a bright young maid servant announced the dinner, he led the way to one of the two rooms entering out of the hall, a square apartment of moderate size, apparently all green in color, carpet, curtains, walls, and furniture, but also noticeable for many mirrors, most of them round and beautiful.

I remember that as we dined, Rossetti, who seemed to be in the best of spirits, rattled off one or two of the rhymes, now called "Limericks," at the making of which nobody who ever attempted that form of amusement has ever been known to match him. He could turn them out as fast as he could talk, with such point, such humor, such building up to a climax, that even when they verged on the personal, or yet the profane (as I fear they sometimes did), it was impossible to receive the last word without a shout. I recall that on this occasion he recited for my amusement a rhyme he had made on a poet friend who had lost his hair, and with the sting of it still in my mind I should not wonder if the almost fatal facility he had in the writing of satirical doggerel sometimes cost the poet dear.

After dinner, in the studio, I asked Rossetti to fulfill his promise to read some of his new ballads to me. He responded readily, like a man who was glad to read his poetry to an admirer, only apologizing to his brother, who had heard everything before.

Unlocking a section of the big bookcase, and again unlocking an old carved

oak box that stood on one of the shelves, he took out a small manuscript volume, and after putting on a second pair of spectacles over the pair he usually wore, he read "The White Ship."

It seemed to me that I had never heard anything at all equal to Rossetti's elocution, if reading so entirely without conscious art can be called by that name. The poet's deep, rich voice lent music to the music of the verse; it rose and fell in the passages descriptive of the wreck with something of the surge and sibilation of the sea itself; in the tenderer passages, it was as soft and low as a girl's, and in the pathetic stanzas at the close, it was indescribably moving.

The evening had gone by the time the ballad was ended, and when William Rossetti rose to go, I got up to go with him. Then it was arranged that on returning through London after my holiday on the South coast I should dine with Rossetti again and sleep the night at his house. He came into the hall to see us off, and down to the last his high spirits never failed him. I recall some further bantering as I was going out at the door, and the full-chested laugh that followed us over the little paved court between the house and the gate.

Our little night journey, William's and mine, in the hansom cab which was to drop me at the door of the "hole-and-cornerest" of all hotels, which, as a young countryman, ignorant of London, I had somehow ferreted out, is made ever memorable to me by a dazed sense I had of having seen and spoken to and spent an evening with—as I thought him—the greatest man on earth. That is a sensation that only comes once perhaps to any of us, and it was after my first meeting with Rossetti that it came to me.

About a fortnight later I returned to Cheyne Walk, and was welcomed with the same cheery "Hulloa" from Rossetti, who was lying, as I entered the studio in the early evening, in his favorite attitude on the couch. He was alone on this occasion, and notwithstanding the warmth of my reception, I noticed that he was in some respects a changed man, his spirits being lower, his face more weary, even his voice more tired.

In answer to inquiries as to where I had

been to and what I had been doing, I talked, with the animation of a young man interested in life in many aspects, of the delightful Halliwell-Phillips (with whom I had been staying at Brighton) and his group of good old Shakespearean dry-as-dusts, and then of Henry Irving, who was rising into celebrity as a Shakespearean actor. Rossetti lay on the sofa and listened, dropping out occasional observations, such as that Miss Herbert, an actress and a former friend, had spoken long ago of a young fellow in her company named Irving, predicting great success for him.

But it was soon made clear to me that the poet was more amused by the impetuous rush as of fresh air from the outer world which came to him with my company than interested in the affairs of the outer world itself. Indeed, I speedily saw that Rossetti knew very little of what was going on outside the close atmosphere of his own house and the circle of his literary and artistic activities, and he did not care to know.

Expecting my return, he had pulled a huge canvas into a position in which it could be seen, and it was then I saw, for the first time, the painter's most important picture, "Dante's Dream." The effect produced upon me by that wonderful work, so simple in its scheme, so conventional in its composition, yet so noble in its feeling and so profound in its emotion, has probably been repeated a thousand times since in minds more capable of appreciating the technical qualities of the painter's art; but few or none can know what added power of appeal the great picture had as I saw it then, under the waning light of an autumn afternoon, in the painter's studio, so full of the atmosphere of the picture itself, and with the painter beside it, so clearly a man out of another age.

Rossetti told me something of the history of "Dante's Dream"; how it had been commissioned by a friend, and returned in exchange for a replica because of its great size, which made it practically impossible to a private collection. Whereupon I decided, that if any efforts of mine could avail, Liverpool should buy the picture for its public gallery.

"Does your work take much out of you in physical energy?" I asked.

"Not my painting, certainly," said Ros-

setti, "though in earlier years it tormented me more than enough. Now I paint by a set of unwritten but clearly defined rules, which I could teach to any man as systematically as you could teach arithmetic."

"Still," I said, "there's a good deal in a picture like this besides what you can do by rule—eh?"

I laughed, he laughed, and then he said, as nearly as I can remember:

"Conception, no doubt; but beyond that, not much. Painting, after all, is the craft of a superior carpenter. The part of a picture that is not mechanical is often trivial enough." And then, with the suspension of a twinkle in his eye, he added:

"I shouldn't wonder, now, if you imagine that one comes down in a fine frenzy every morning to daub canvas."

More laughter on both sides, and then I said I certainly imagined that a superior carpenter would find it hard to paint another "Dante's Dream," which I considered the best example I had yet seen of the English school.

"Friendly nonsense," replied my frank host; "there is now no English school whatever."

"Well," I said, "if you deny the name to others who lay more claim to it, will you not at least allow it to the three or four painters who started with you in life—the pre-Raphaelites, you know?"

"Not at all, unless it is to Brown, and he's more French than English. Hunt and Jones have no more claim to it than I have. Pre-Raphaelites! A group of young fellows who couldn't draw!" With this came one of his full-chested laughs, and then quickly behind it:

"As for all the prattle about pre-Raphaelitism, I confess to you I am weary of it, and long have been. Why should we go on talking about the visionary vanities of a half a dozen boys? We've all grown out of them, I hope, by now."

We dined in the studio that night, and I recall the suggestion of my host's Italian origin in the thick pipes of macaroni, cooked dry and then smothered in thick layers of cheese, and the red Chianti, diluted with water; but there was no sweet or coffee, and Rossetti did not smoke.

Returning, after dinner, to my inquiry as to whether his work took much out of him, he replied that his poetry usually did.

"In that respect," he said, "I am the reverse of Swinburne. For his method of production, inspiration is, indeed, the word. With me the case is different. I lie on the couch the racked and tortured medium, never permitted an instant's relief until the thing in hand is finished."

Then, at my request, taking the same little manuscript volume from the small oak box in the locked section of the bookcase, he read his unpublished ballad, "Rose Mary," telling me it had been written in the country shortly after the publication of his first volume of poems, that it had occupied only three weeks in the writing, and that the physical prostration ensuing had been more than he would care to go through again.

He then read to me a great body of the new sonnets, which in a forthcoming volume he intended to incorporate in a section to be called "The House of Life." Sitting in that studio, listening to the rise and fall of his wonderful voice, and looking up at the chalk drawings that hung on the walls, I realized how truly he had said in correspondence that the feeling pervading his pictures was such as his poetry ought to suggest.

Once or twice, after the emotion of the written words had broken up his voice, he would pause and laugh a little (a constrained laugh in his throat), and say:

"I dare say you think it odd to hear an old fellow read such love poetry, as much of this is, but I may tell you that the larger part of it was written when I was as young as you are."

I remember that he read, with especial emotion and a voice that could barely support itself, the pathetic sonnet entitled "Without Her":

What of her glass without her? . . .
 . . . Her pillowed place
 Without her? . . .
 What of the heart without her? . . .

The lines came with tears of voice, subsiding at length into something like a suppressed sob, and they were followed by an interval of silence. But after a moment, as if trying to explain away his emotion and to deprive it of any personal reference in my mind, he said:

"All poetry affects me deeply, and often

to tears. It doesn't need to be pathetic, or yet tender, to produce this result."

Then he went on to say that he had known in his life two men, and two only, who were similarly sensitive—Tennyson, and his friend, Bell Scott.

"I once heard Tennyson read 'Maud,'" he said, "and while the fiery passages were given with a voice and vehemence which he alone could compass, the softer passages and the songs made the tears run down his cheeks like rain. Morris is a fine reader, too, and so of his kind, although a little prone to singsong, is Swinburne. Browning both reads and talks well—at least he did so when I knew him intimately as a young man."

I asked if he had ever heard Ruskin read, and he replied:

"I must have done so, but I remember nothing clearly. On one occasion, however, I heard him deliver a speech, and that was something never to forget. When we were young we helped Frederick Dennison Maurice by taking classes at his Workingmen's College, and there Charles Kingsley and others made speeches and delivered lectures. Ruskin was asked to do something of the kind, and at length consented. He made no sort of preparation for the occasion; I knew he did not—we were together at his father's house the whole of the day. At night we drove down to the college, and then he made the most finished speech I ever heard. I doubted at the time if any written words of his were equal to it. Such flaming diction, such emphasis, such appeal! Yet he had written his first and second volumes of 'Modern Painters' by that time."

There was a certain incisiveness in Rossetti's conversation of which I try in vain to convey more than a suggestion. He had both wit and humor, but these qualities during the time I knew him were only occasionally present, while his incisiveness (sometimes giving the surprise of wit) was always conspicuous.

On this night of my second visit we sat up until four in the morning, no unaccustomed hour for him, as I afterwards learned, for he had never at any period been an early riser, and was then more than ever prone to reverse the natural order of sleeping and waking hours.

"I lie as long, or say as late, as Dr.

Johnson used to," he said. "You shall never know, until you discover it for yourself, at what hour I rise."

And now I do not feel that I can omit to mention that just as we were getting up to go to bed, Rossetti revealed a new side of his character, or, more properly, a new phase of his mind, which gave me infinite anxiety and distress. Branching off at that late hour from an entirely foreign topic, he begged me to tell him the facts of an unlucky debate in which I had long before been engaged on a public platform with some one who had attacked him. He had read a short report of what had passed at a time when both my name and the name of his assailant were unknown to him, and now he wished to hear everything. I tried to avoid a circumstantial statement, being forewarned by his brother, on that night ride after my first visit, of the poet's peculiar sensitiveness to criticism; but Rossetti was "of imagination all compact," and my obvious desire to shelve the subject was plainly suggesting to his mind a thousand inferences that were infinitely more damaging than the fact. To avoid this result I told him all, and there was not much to tell.

The lecture on his poetry, which led to the beginning of our friendship, had been presided over on the platform at Liverpool by a public man of more than local celebrity as a patron and critic of art, and at the close of my passionate panegyric, in which I had perhaps dwelt too insistently on the spiritual influences animating the poet's work, my chairman rose, and, as nearly as I can remember, said:

"We have all listened with interest and admiration to the eloquent . . ." (etc.), "but it would be wrong of me not to warn the audience against the teaching of the lecturer. So far from Rossetti being animated mainly, or even largely, by spiritual passion, he is the most sensuous, not to say sensual, of English poets, and in his other character as artist I can best describe him as the greatest *animal* painter alive."

This and a few similar strictures, partly provoked, it may be, by the misdirection of my own eulogy, followed by a heated reply from myself, rapturously applauded by an audience which was probably indifferent to the question in dispute, and interested only in the unusual spectacle of a

stand-up fight between the young lecturer and the city father, with a word or two of brusque characterization aimed at "Jenny," whom I had perhaps dealt with as a soiled Madonna, was all there was to repeat in the way of an attack.

Rossetti listened but too eagerly to my narrative, with drooped head and changing color, and then, in a voice slower, softer, and more charged, perhaps, with emotion than I had heard before, said it was the old story, which began ten years before and would go on until he had been hunted and hounded into his grave.

Startled, and indeed appalled, by so grave a view of what seemed to me, after all, an unimportant incident, and no more than an error of critical judgment, coupled with some intemperance of condemnation for which my own heat had been partly to blame, I prayed of him to think no more of the matter, reproached myself with having yielded to his importunity, and begged of him to remember that if one man held the opinions I had repeated, many men held contrary ones.

"It was right of you to tell me when I asked you," he said, "though my friends usually keep such facts from my knowledge. As to 'Jenny,' it is a sermon, nothing less. As I say, it is a sermon, and on a great world, to most men unknown, though few consider themselves ignorant of it. But of this conspiracy to persecute me—what remains to say except that it is widespread and remorseless? One cannot but feel it."

I assured him that there existed no conspiracy to persecute him; that he had ardent upholders everywhere, though it was true that few men had found crueler critics. He shook his head, and said I knew that what he had alleged was true, namely, that an organized conspiracy existed, having for its object to annoy and injure him, and to hold him up to the public execration as an evil influence on his time. So tyrannical, he said, had the conspiracy become that it had altered the habits of his life, and practically confined him for years to the limits of his own home.

Growing impatient of this delusion, so tenaciously held to against all show of reason, I forgot the disparity of our ages and told him that what he was saying was no more than the fever of a morbid brain, brought about by his reclusive habits of

life, by shunning intercourse with all the world save some half dozen or more intimate friends.

"You tell me," I said, "that you have rarely been outside these walls for years, and meanwhile your brain has been breeding a host of hallucinations that are like cobwebs in a dark corner. You have only to go out again, and the fresh air will blow all these things away."

He smiled, perhaps at the boldness of youth, a sad smile, and then, going on again for some moments longer in the same strain, he came to closer quarters and distressed me by naming as enemies' two public men, one of them the outstanding statesman of the time (who had lately given a pension to the critic who had most savagely abused him), and three or four authors of high repute, who had been his close friends in earlier life, but had fallen away from him in later years, owing to circumstances that had no relation to alienated regard.

"You're all wrong," I said. "I'm sure you're all wrong."

"Ah, well, let's go to bed," said Rossetti; and I could see that his conviction was unshaken and his delusions remained.

We took candles from a table in the hall and went up a narrow and tortuous staircase, which was otherwise dark, to a landing from which many rooms seemed to open, so large was the house in which Rossetti lived alone, except for a cook and two maid servants.

"You are to sleep in Watts' room to-night," he said, and then he suggested that before going to my own bedroom, I should take a look at his. I cheerfully assented, but walking through the long corridor that led to the poet's room, we had to pass another apartment, and after a moment's pause, Rossetti opened the door and we went in. It was the drawing-room, a very large chamber, barely illuminated by the candles in our hands, and full of the musty odor of a place long shut up.

Suspended from the middle of the ceiling there hung a huge Venetian candelabra, from whose facets the candlelight glittered, and on the walls were a number of small water-color drawings in plain oak frames. Rossetti drew me up to the pictures, and I remember that they seemed to me rather crude in color and in drawing, but very touching in sentiment (one in

particular representing a young girl parting from her lover on the threshold of a convent, being deeply charged with feeling), and that I said:

"I should have thought that the man who painted these pictures was rather a poet than a painter—who was it?"

Rossetti, who was standing before the drawing, as I see him still, in the dark room with the candle in his hand, said, in a low voice: "It was my wife. She had great genius."

His own bedroom was entered from another and smaller room, which he told me he used as a breakfast room. The outer room was made fairly bright by a glittering chandelier (the property at one time, he said, of David Garrick). By the rustle of the trees against the windowpane one realized that it overlooked the garden. But the inner room was dark with heavy hangings around the walls, as well as about the bed (a black four-poster), and thick velvet curtains before the windows, so that the candles we carried seemed unable to light it, and our voices to sound muffled and thick. An enormous black oak chimney-piece, of curious design, having an ivory crucifix on the largest of its ledges, covered a part of one side of the room and reached to the ceiling. Cabinets, a bath, and the usual furniture of a bedroom occupied places about the floor, and in the middle of it, before a little couch, there was a small table on which stood a wired lantern containing a candle, which Rossetti lit from the open one in his hand—another candle lying by its side. I remarked that he probably burned a light all night, and he said that was so.

"My curse is insomnia," he added. "Two or three hours hence I shall get up and lie on the couch, and, to pass away a weary hour, read this book" (a volume of Boswell's "Johnson" which he had taken out of the bookcase as we left the studio).

Then I saw that on the table were two small bottles, sealed and labeled, and beside them was a little measuring glass. Without looking further, but with a painful suspicion over me, I asked if that was his medicine.

"They say there's a skeleton in every cupboard," he said in a low voice. "That's mine; it's chloral."

When I reached the room I was to oc-

cupy for the rest of the night, I found it, like Rossetti's bedroom, heavy with hangings and black with antique picture panels, having a ceiling so high as to be out of all reach and sight, and so dark from various causes that the candle seemed only to glitter in it.

Presently Rossetti, who had left me in my room, came back, for no purpose that I can remember except to say that he had much enjoyed my visit.

"If you decide to settle in London," he said, "I trust you'll come and live with me, and then many such evenings must remove the memory of this one."

I laughed, for what he so generously hinted at seemed to me the remotest contingency.

"I have just taken sixty grains of chloral," he said, as he was going out. "In four hours I shall take sixty more, and in four hours after that yet another sixty."

"Doesn't the dose increase with you?" I asked.

"It has not done so perceptibly in recent years. I judge I've taken more chloral than any man whatever. Marshall" (his medical man) "says if I were put into a Turkish bath, I should sweat it at every pore."

As he said this, standing half outside the threshold, there was something in his tone and laugh suggesting that he was even proud of the accomplishment. To me it was a frightful revelation, accounting largely, if not entirely, for what had puzzled and distressed me in the delusions I have referred to.

And so, after four in the morning, amidst the odor of bygone ages, with thoughts of that big and almost empty house, of the servants somewhere out of all reach and sound, of Rossetti in his muffled room, of that wired lantern, and the two bottles of chloral, I fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning, the white daylight was coming into my dark bedroom through the chinks of the closed shutters, which, being opened, disclosed a garden so large and so completely encompassed by trees as to hide almost entirely the surrounding houses. Remembering what I had heard of the menagerie of wild birds and tame beasts which Rossetti used to keep in this garden, I went down before breakfast to look at it.

The garden was of a piece with what I had seen of the house. A beautiful avenue of lime trees opened into a grass plot of nearly an acre in extent. The trees were just as nature made them, and so was the grass, which was lying, in its broad blades, long and dry and withered, in ugly tufts, with weeds creeping up in the dry places, and moss growing on the gravel of the path. The wild birds and tame beasts were gone, but the sparrows were chirping from the trees in the sunshine of the clear autumn morning, and one linnet was singing from a bough of the chestnut that looked in at the window of Rossetti's bedroom, still blind with its closed shutters, though the hour was now late.

A pathway ran near to the wall round the four sides of the garden, and here, as I heard the night before, Rossetti took his only fresh air and exercise, walking six times about the inclosure every day. So quiet, indeed so dead, was the overgrown place that it was difficult to believe it was in the heart of London, and, looking up at that shuttered window, it was easy to wish it was not.

But if the back of the house was silent, the front of it was full enough of life. I breakfasted in the little green dining room—the room of the round mirrors—and it was flooded with sunshine, and even deafened with noise—the rattle of tradesmen's carts and the whoop of the butcher as he was scudding down the Walk.

Before leaving the house I went into the studio again to take another look at the great "Dante," and the silent place, with its faint odor of paint, its canvases full of glorious color, its chalk drawings in black and red of women with beautiful but melancholy faces, seemed to sweep one back again in a moment to some Italian city of three centuries ago.

When I was about to leave the house at a late hour that morning, Rossetti was not yet stirring; but his housekeeper (who was also his cook), an elderly body, nervous and anxious and obviously perplexed by the conditions of her life in that strange

house with a master of exceptional habits, came to me with a letter which she said she had found lying on the table in the outer room where Rossetti took his breakfast. It was a parting message from the poet, probably written in that interval of wakefulness in the middle of the night when, as he had told me, he got up and read on the couch.

I forgot to say—Don't please, spread details as to the story of "Rose Mary." I don't want it to be stale or to get forestalled in the travelings of report from mouth to mouth. I hope it won't be too long before you visit town again—I will not for an instant question that you will then visit me also.

I do not think anybody who has realized (as, indeed, should be most easy) the space that divided me—a young fellow, unknown and but half his age—from this great and illustrious man, will wonder that he was absolutely irresistible to me; but if I have to formulate the emotions which possessed me as I left his house on the occasion of this second visit, I will say that it was not so much his genius as his unhappiness that held me as by a spell.

Before this I had been attracted by admiration of his great gifts, but now I was drawn to him by something very akin to pity for his isolation and suffering. Not that at this time he made demand of much compassion. Health was apparently whole with him, his spirits were good, and his energies were at their best. He had not yet known the full bitterness of the shadowed valley; not yet learned what it was to hunger for any cheerful society that would relieve him of the burden of the flesh. All that came later, and meantime Rossetti was to me the most fascinating, the most inspiring, the most affectionate, and the most magnetic of men.

Next morning I was at work with my drawing-board and T-square in the little office overlooking the builder's yard, busy with workmen and carts and the commonplace traffic of modern life.

(To be continued.)

BEFORE CALAIS

BY ROBERT ADGER BOWEN



BRIGHTLY shone the sun that April morning over Calais the doomed, and brightly it sparkled over the English army lying couchant without, and brightly it gleamed upon the burnished trappings of a gay band of cavaliers, bearing upon their wrists favorite falcons jessed and hooded as they rode forth from the besieging ranks bent upon the pleasures of the chase in the free fields beyond. Clear and sweet rang out the notes of their horns a light defiance to the grim bastions and walls behind which the people of Calais had starved for nearly a year, while at the sounds, closer at hand, the gala preparations for the marriage of Isabel, the king's daughter, with Louis, the Count of Flanders, ceased for the nonce that eager eyes might the better behold the young and noble bridegroom himself as he rode well to the fore of the dashing cavalcade.

Much talk had there been of the coming wedding, for it was no secret that the count made an unwilling bridegroom. Young he was in his rank and honors, for only a few months before had his father died fighting against the English king on the glorious field of Crécy. Not of his choice, but because of the pressure of the Flemish estates, allies to the English Edward, had the young count yielded to the plan to marry him to the fair-haired Isabel, who, so report bruited it abroad, stood second to none in the love of the king, her father. Yet far rather had the Flemish count made common cause with the French king, but overruled by his imperious vassals he had come unwilling and morose to his nuptials, scorning his lovely bride, indifferent to the splendor with which

his approaching marriage was being accompanied, holding himself haughtily aloof, to the ill-concealed wrath of the king, from the festivities arranged in his honor.

Well to the fore he had ridden as the hawking party swept out beyond the confines of the besieging city that had grown up, token of the invincible Edward's determination to starve into submission the Calais which he could not take by storm, and there had not been men wanting to note that the count rode attended strongly by followers of his own so that it had looked almost as though he carried himself distrustful of his hosts. And even so it had come about that in the excitement of the chase the count's party, still keeping sullenly aloof and to the fore, had suddenly been lost altogether in their dash for Paris and King Philippe, until too late for aimless pursuit. And this was the news that Henry, Earl of Derby, and the brave Sir Walter Mauny had taken it on themselves to act as spokesmen in delivering to their liege lord, the king.

Well might they have hesitated in the doing of it! Terrible they knew might be the king's wrath, for terrible was this affront to his pride and majesty. Thus they waited, having told their news, and behind them others with faces serious and disturbed, for the breaking of the storm.

But it seemed as though the king, speechless in his rage, would exhaust his fury by striding to and fro in the large chamber, whose walls displayed gorgeous tapestries from the looms of the Flemish towns, before ever his wrath should break the bounds of speech. Yet even as they watched, silent, with lowered heads, he wheeled upon them suddenly, his clinched fist raised aloft, and swore a mighty oath.

"By the body of God," he cried, "and the wounds of Christ, I swear the Count Louis shall live to rue this day. And you," his voice stinging with fierce scorn, "who have proven yourselves such feeble guardians of England's honor——"

He turned with an impatient gesture as the heavy arras behind him was swung aside, and fell back a pace at the radiant vision which, confronting his angry eye, stepped out into the room, and then, aware for the first time of the dark, silent forms beyond, paused in unaffected maidenly confusion.

"How now!" cried the king, recovering from his surprise. "What means this mask and trumpery, mistress?"

Proudly the girl lifted her delicate head from which the thick golden braids heavily twined with jewels fell over her shoulders, even to the ermine-tipped hem of her flowing skirts. Over the lovely hue of her face and even to her throat, bare to the jeweled corsage of the sumptuous gown she wore, a soft rose color mantled. From her blue eyes there flashed a light akin to the fire that blazed steadily in the king's own. In the tones of her voice, soft and low, there yet rang a note of defiance.

"I knew not that you held audience with these gentlemen, my lord," she said, "and thinking that it might be thy good pleasure to look upon me as my tiring women had arrayed me in my bridal robes, I have ventured here. If I have offended, my lord——"

But the king burst forth at that, seizing the startled girl by the wrist, and drawing her roughly forward, well into the gaze of the low bowing knights.

"Look you, my lords and gentlemen," he cried, and his laugh rang out harshly, "to what you have invited the Lady Isabel, our daughter. A bride without the bridegroom! Thus Flanders hurls his gauntlet in your faces, and thus is France made merry at our discomfiture."

Fiercely he glared by turns upon his courtiers and his daughter, pale now as a white flower in all the gorgeousness of the gold brocade of her robes. With wide questioning in her eyes, she appealed to the king, her father.

"What means thine anger and these strange words, my lord? And whither has gone the Count Louis of Flanders?"

"Ask of these fair gentlemen, mistress," cried the king, his ready anger surging again. "By our Lady, it is a story to be recounted with shame."

Throwing himself moodily into his great chair, the king propped his face in his hand, turning his back upon his daughter and his gentlemen alike, while with his foot he cruelly pushed from him his favorite hound that had settled at his footstool.

Then it was, as no one spoke, perhaps fearing to provoke even further against himself the royal displeasure, that from out of the body of men standing so aimlessly together like chidden schoolboys, a youth stepped forward, and with his arms folded across his corseleted breast, dropped on one knee at the feet of the girl, who had remained standing where the king had left her, her eyes with an ever-waxing bewilderment fixed on the faces of the group before her. Now she let them rest on the upturned face of the young knight, and in their depths came a tender light that she wot not of, while again over the snowy whiteness of her throat and face there crept the rose flush of an emotion she did not comprehend. For Sir Roland de Breux of Triermaine was the beau ideal of a youthful knight, goodly of face and form and of old a playmate and esquire of the Princess Isabel. Wherefore she smiled upon him now out of the growing trouble of her mind.

"Lady," cried the knight, and in his voice as in his glowing eyes there spoke far more than the mere words he uttered, "it has befallen that the caitiff count, Louis le Mâle, seeking to put affront upon the king's majesty, your father, and open shame upon the Lady Isabel, his betrothed wife, has taken horse and fled to the court of King Philippe of France. This evil news had been imparted to the king's majesty close upon the moment of your highness's entrance. Will you, therefore, lady, permit me, Sir Roland de Breux of Triermaine, to proffer you my liege and sword, ever to serve your highness in loyal service and knightly duty while my sword arm holds?"

In the lull that ensued upon the words the silence in the chamber hung heavy. Then the girl's voice, sweet and low, was heard, and the king was seen to straighten

in his carved chair, and slightly turn his ear the better to catch the words.

"I thank thee, Sir Roland de Breux," said Isabel, "for the proffer of thy knightly duty, but methinks, my lord and gentlemen," and here she turned to the king and his courtiers, "that Count Louis of Flanders has done England and England's king no mean service in taking himself away. For myself, my lord king, rather would I be a maid deserted by her bridegroom than live to be a wife scorned by her husband. There be no hearts broken, my lord, in this comedy!"

Bravely she spoke it, seeming to grow taller as she stood before them in the bridal robes for which there was to be no bridal. On the heaving of her breast there gleamed the rich red of rubies and the true green of emeralds, while in the golden splendor of her hair there flashed the light of diamonds. Pure pearls made the girdle she wore, and royal ermine bound the cloth of gold of her trailing robe. A king's daughter she faced them and, as they watched, hands chivalrously crossed on hearts and bared heads bowed low in knightly deference. Then the voice of the king rang out.

"So much the better, mistress, if no hearts be broken, but, by our royal honor, there'll be broken heads enow ere the reckoning for this marriage be settled. Get thee to the queen, thy mother, girl, and remove those trappings of thy shame."

"Nay, my lord king," cried the girl, turning to obey, "rather the joyous garments of my release. Long life to the Count Louis le Mâle." And as she swept her low courtesy to the king, the Lady Isabel's blue eyes caught and rested on the dark, glowing eyes of Sir Roland de Breux of Triernaine.

So it came to pass that as the stern heart of the king hardened day by day against the ill-fated city of Calais, in the hearts of the Lady Isabel, his daughter, and him who had once again become her esquire and perfect knight, Sir Roland de Breux, there grew ever a wonderful joy and lightness that neither yet dared name but which deepened the damask of the rose and made the breath of the wind over the stricken fields of France full of a mysterious sweetness and, as the magical summer

wore away and the long siege of the gallant city neared its end, filled their hearts with a vague, sad foreboding of pain that nevertheless quickened their secret joy.

And all the while the great siege lasted, in the besieging city the English king held brilliant court, and jousts and jollities, tournaments and festivities, feasts and dances, and all the pageantry and glitter of chivalry at its height had full sway. The queen was come over from England and, following her, many ladies, so that while Calais starved, the English hosts held revelry. Nor were dangers lacking, for beyond the camp the French king had posted knights and men at arms in the neighboring towns and castles, and constant were the combats between the foraging English and these bands. And still the Lady Isabel would ride abroad upon her palfry, closely attended always by her esquire and her retinue, red harness gleaming in the sun and caparisons of cloth of gold richly betokening her high estate. And well Sir Roland knew that for the safety of the princess his life would be held forfeit by the king, yet rejoiced he in his opportunity to serve his lady's pleasure and to have free speech with her as they rode, and even had his life been tenfold forfeit, would have held it cheap for the service of her and the joy of his own soul. Yet of a danger greater by far than any that might be awaiting them upon the wind-swept plains, lurking even within the shadows of the royal tent, Sir Roland in the clean chastity of his mind recked not of until the evil flower of jealousy and hate reared its full-grown head against him, aspersing his knightly honor.

For in the king's retinue and close to the king's grace stood Edmund, Earl of Poweis and Baron of Langleat, Royal Almoner and trusted counselor of the king. Rich he was in lands and moneys, and for long had his soaring ambition been flown at yet dizzier heights of preferment and estate. None more than he of those about the king had opposed with greater show of loyalty to England and to England's king the alliance of the Lady Isabel with the Flemish count, and none when that alliance came to naught knew such keen, if withal such secret joy. For no less a guerdon than the princess herself did the proud earl seek to win from the hand

of the king. Wherefore it was that as he witnessed the growing friendship of Sir Roland de Breux and his lady, black wrath against the knight darkened the soul of the earl and evilly stirred his enmity against him.

Yet with all his wicked endeavor could Earl Edmund find no occasion wherein he might do hurt to the knight and provoke against him the disfavor of the king, for never was there knightlier love than that which Sir Roland bore to his lady nor any more open to man's gaze. Very cunningly, therefore, did the earl contrive a plan whereby he might, without his own desire being guessed, find cause for the removing of Sir Roland de Breux from the path of his vaulting ambition.

Wherefore it was that one day as the knight and the lady rode abroad on their accustomed pleasure, followed by the slim retinue that for the greater safety of the princess also rode along, the leader of this band, his willing intentions thereto liberally won by the earl's gold, by almost insensible degrees widened the distance between the lovers and their escort. If aware of this, the knight and his lady welcomed the greater freedom, and as they rode through the golden splendor of the day, held converse on the songs of troubadour and minstrel and talked withal of the new springs of poesy that were welling up in the fair speech of their English tongue. And of other things they spoke, more personal to themselves, and where the lips fell silent the eloquent language of their eyes disclosed visions of joy beyond the loveliness of the smiling day about them. For as yet no words of love had passed the lips of the cavalier, but in that speech which needs no words the Lady Isabel read his knightly devotion and treasured it in her heart.

And so they rode over the dimpling meadows and even within the shadows of the encompassing forests, and heeded not that far behind them lagged the others of their party, till, swift as a hawk upon its downward swoop, there burst out upon them from the body of the woods a band of horsemen of the king of France, who, seizing the bridles of the knight and the lady, dashed headlong away with their prizes, beyond reach of the futile pursuit led by the minion of Earl Edmund.

Then it was that seeking the king in his tent, the earl with great show of loyalty and distress told the story which his base servant brought back to him, and by many crafty insinuations and even bolder accusations, managed to throw upon Sir Roland de Breux the complexion of complicity in this traitorous scheme to seize the Princess Isabel, pointing out with delicate cunning the long-established intimate relations accorded the knight by the lady, whom the earl cleverly represented as having been betrayed by the one in whom she had placed her maidenly trust.

Now was the king swept into a whirlwind of rage. Swift orders were sent out for the assembling of a strong body of horsemen and bowmen to follow in hot pursuit on the path of the fugitives. And all the while these preparations were making the earl lingered near the king, from time to time fanning his wrath by some skillful reminder or yet more subtly, the seeds of his evil suggestion having fallen on fruitful soil, disarming further suspicion from himself by deceitfully counseling to ways of moderation.

"Young blood and hot," thus would he speak, having the ear of the monarch, "forgets alike the claims of honor and conscience, and clemency, sire, is a most royal virtue. Fain would I see full justice done to one who has ever borne himself so worthy of your highness's regard."

But here the king had cut him short.

"If thou valuest thine own dignities, my lord of Poweis, no more of that," he thundered, "else by our knightly honor shall we be forgetful of thine own hitherto loyal services in this countenancing of treason."

Under the assumed humiliation of the rebuke, the earl hid his satisfaction. He hoped that ere this the bandits in his pay had under safe guard and keep Sir Roland and the Lady Isabel in that grim fortalice near Abbeville on the coast where held his ruthless sway Foulke de Liancourt, predatory baron and emissary alike of France or England, at his pleasure and profit, or of any who had gold to buy his services, such gold as Edmund, Earl of Poweis, had in easy profligacy. Yet through this choice of his tool to do his will did the evil plans of the earl miscarry.

For when his followers had brought into

the hall of his castle the captive knight and lady, Foulke de Liancourt having been warily kept by the earl in ignorance of their high degree, used them so scurvily that even his varlets stood abashed before the proud dignity of the princess and her knight, who, unmindful of the coarse taunts against him, yet hurled a swift defiance at the man who dared asperse his lady's honor. For seeing the beauty of his prize, de Liancourt called for tankards of wine and, when they had been brought, raising his goblet aloft, cried out, so that all in the great hall might hear, a jest so dark that few there were but shuddered at the baseness of their lord; but ere the vile toast could be drunk Sir Roland, with eye aflame, swept by a mighty stroke of his arm the beaded cup from the upraised hand of Foulke de Liancourt until the red wine spilled upon the stones lay like blood between them, while his voice rang out above the hubbub of affright:

"Have a care, craven insulter of the pure and weak, how thou affrontest the Princess Isabel, daughter to the king of England."

At the words, those looking on saw the shadow of gray fear chase the first amazement from de Liancourt's face the while he rose from his ponderous chair and made to do obeisance to the Lady Isabel, who, scorn blazing in her eyes, turned full her back upon him and walked apart attended by Sir Roland de Breux of Triermaine.

Wherefore it was that a swift rage stirred within de Liancourt against Earl Edmund, whose victim he had thus unwittingly become, and, finding his pockets already heavy with the English earl's gold and appalled by the discovery of the rank and high degree of the lady he had seized, he repented him of his league with his country's enemy. Nor was the thought of the English king's sure and terrible revenge one that lay lightly upon his mind. Therefore, after the manner of villains of high or low degree, he scrupled not to betray in turn, veiling his treachery, however, with craft that he might still seem to be serving his paymaster, the earl.

Thus it was it came about that early on the morning following upon their capture Sir Roland found himself once again mounted upon his trusty horse with the princess beside him, and surrounded by re-

tainers of their captor, inferior mounted, with orders to ride with the day yet young upon their way to greater safety from the pursuit of the English king.

All that night had Sir Roland paced sleepless the bare floor of the turret chamber in which, prisonlike, he had been placed, pondering deeply the villainy which he suspected lay beneath the fact of the seizure and forcible detention of himself and his lady. Not unknown to him was the notorious fame of Foulke de Liancourt and from certain whisperings overheard in the great hall below and from murmurous silences as he had been seen to listen, he judged somewhat close to the truth; yet never guessed who among his countrymen had played so foul a game, or for what purpose.

But in the morning as they were mounting their steeds to go Sir Roland knew not whither, though, as he surmised, out of the reach of the English king, he, having half craved, half demanded of de Liancourt, who stood nearby, the privilege and right of seating the princess upon the saddle, learned from her sweet lips, as she bent to him while he fixed her stirrup, what she had gathered from the woman who had served her overnight. This was not only that Earl Edmund had planned the strategy, but that de Liancourt had repented of his bargain. So much the woman had learned by hanging about the dais in the hall where Foulke and his cronies had sat late the evening before drinking huge draughts of Burgundian wine and growing each moment more outspoken against the English earl who had brought them to their probable undoing. And this the woman, for liking of Isabel and even more for hate of Foulke, to whom his women were but as bawds to his pleasure, had told the princess ere she slept.

Now began Sir Roland to see some crafty method in the madness of Foulke de Liancourt in sending his prize forth so slimly guarded, for whereas it would likely go hard with him in an effort to escape with the princess from their escort, still it lay feasible for doughty arm and quick wit to win a way to freedom and the English camp, and so would Foulke de Liancourt in any event go unsuspected of the earl and perchance avoid the full vengeance of the king.

And even so, indeed, it all fell out, and often thereafter was Sir Roland heard to lament the ease whereby he carried his point. For when the little cavalcade had gone from the fortress but some few short miles, half of its number riding to the fore against possible surprise and the others following the knight and the Lady Isabel, they reached a narrow and abrupt ascent where the road wound round about a mountain with below them a tempestuous stream in its course. Here, suddenly seizing the bridle of the horse the princess rode, the knight boldly wheeled upon the men who followed him, wresting the lance from him who rode nearest, and charging upon the surprised rider, bearing him backward to the road's precipitous side, down which his staggering horse went sprawling into the stream below. Whereupon, so quickly that the man's companions had no chance to note the simple strategy, the knight, still guiding the lady's horse, bore down upon the remaining two, his keen lance unhorsing the first with well-trained skill and crashing through the open helmet of the other. Then dashing down the steep incline, nor ever pausing to learn whether those who had ridden on before had become aware of his feat, the knight found free road to the open plain beyond.

Now for all his hot impatience, the king had taken time to select with care the men whom he designed to lead in person against the marauding Foulke de Liancourt, intending to make signal punishment of the man and an example to all who might dare offend against the majesty of England.

So the night had worn away and only the next morning found the chosen band, picked men and true, arquebusiers and the bowmen who had turned the tide of battle at Agincourt and Crécy, knights mounted on their champing horses, and the horrid engines of war to throw the deadly missiles, all drawn up before the royal tent where sat the king himself upon his war charger armed *cap-a-pie* in burnished steel, the royal circlet about his helmet gold, and gold the spurs that gleamed upon his feet. Ever beside him hovered the Earl of Poweis, whose sable-hued armor glowed sinister in the brilliant sunshine, and ever and anon he returned to the burden of

his plaint, urged in one way and another since first the news had come to the king's ears of the flight of the Lady Isabel and her lover, yet so skillful was he that he made it seem he sacrificed himself and honor in offering himself to the king as husband to the princess whom now to wed were act of charity on the part of any man.

Grimly the king clinched his teeth at last, and swore that the maid should become a bride within the hour of her recapture, if so his faithful servant, the earl, willed it, while the traitorous head of her lover should be set over the gateway of Foulke de Liancourt's castle to keep company with that of Foulke himself. And heavily sighed the earl, and murmured:

"Perchance 'tis better so, my lord king, albeit it grieves me sore to see a youth of so bright promise come to such base and ignoble end."

But the king, frowning mightily, put his horse in motion, riding up and down the lines of his little army, haranguing them in clarion tones, yet not unmindful that when he spoke bitterly of Sir Roland de Breux of Triermaine as traitor and seducer and ally to the caitiff Foulke de Liancourt, gloom settled like a black veil upon the countenances of his hearers. Heavier gloom at this reflected upon the face of the king. He turned him savagely toward his body of knights and gentlemen, roundly rebuking them.

But the words fell on idle ears, for even as the king spoke there floated out upon the morning air the blare of a herald's trumpet and all eyes turning toward the open plain, there came in sight two galloping horses with riders indistinguishable. Yet over the waiting army there fell a hush like that which precedes the clash of arms with an enemy, and in the silence naught might be heard but the champing of horses' bits and the rippling of the silken folds of banners beaten by the wind. And the eyes of all as the eyes of one man centered on the swiftly galloping horsemen.

Slightly apart sat the king, erect, immovable, and over his gold circled head floated the royal banner of England. Beside him sat Earl Edmund, with face turning ashen as he watched, and next him, eagle eye alert, the young royal hero of Crécy, Edward, the Black Prince, with

three plumes waving above his crowned helm.

And now the distant figures took on clearer shape, and something in the second betokened it a woman. Then might it be seen that the horses were hard spent and staggered as they ran and he who rode slightly to the fore urged both onward by bend of body and stroke of hand.

More erect towered the silent king, and from him there fell apart the ashen-faced earl and the Black Prince, eagle eye alert. And now to a man the army and those who crowded about its flanks knew that the hard-pressed riders were none other than Sir Roland de Breux of Triermaine and the Lady Isabel, daughter to the king.

None moved nor scarce dared draw breath the while the riders, lost to view, entered the wooden town, but all waited expectant their nearer approach. And when at last they drew near, spent horses staggering in their walk, those looking on saw the knight, dust stained but clear of eye, throw himself from his saddle and taking the Lady Isabel from her horse, lead her straight to the silent king, her father.

Then were let loose the vials of the monarch's anger, who, vaulting from his saddle, strode to where the maiden stood, and seizing her by the wrist, thundered forth his anathema.

"Wanton," he cried, "and doubly wanton thus to brave our wrath. Wert not satisfied to be the jilt of one man that thou shouldst become the bawd of another?"

With violence the king threw the girl from him, until she, tottering, was caught within her lover's arms. But ere ever Sir Roland could speak in her defense, she freed herself from his willing clasp, and once more faced the king, marvelous like in her blazing anger, yet heedful still of loyalty and respect.

"Wanton am I not, sir king," and her voice rang out imperious in its pride, "nor yet the jilt of any man, so long as one stands here, loyal and brave, to do me honor"—she swept her arm toward Sir Roland de Breux—"and shame to thee, Edward of England and Knight of thine own Table Round, thus to seek to put despite and ignominy upon a maid, and thine own daughter. 'Tis no knightly act, my liege, for any man!"

"Say you so, mistress?" cried the king, towering rage checking the surprise and momentary admiration with which he had listened to the rebuke. "Then back to the villain who has smirched you! Let him who has despoiled likewise protect."

Scorn curled the girl's lip, and in her words the covert meaning leaped to points of light.

"Where, sire, would richer protection seem to be for traitors and base knaves than close to thy own royal person?"

Swiftly the king turned and his lowering gaze held the fearless eye of his daughter.

"Your meaning, mistress?" he demanded, with scant courtesy.

For reply the Lady Isabel pointed where behind the king cringed craven the trembling Earl of Poweis. Beside him stood the Black Prince, alert of eye, heavy hand upon the shaking shoulder of the earl as though perforce to hold him to his just account.

"There be the traitor and the wanton who has betrayed your Grace!"

At the words, the king flung around, the blank amaze upon his face giving place to the light of a dawning understanding at sight of the poltroon earl. And again the clear tones of the Lady Isabel ran through the portentous silence, mockingly.

"Perchance, my lord, the king, is not acquainted with the form and complexion of base treason. Let him then ask the Earl of Poweis what guerdon it was that bound to him in wavering faith the enemy of England, Foulke de Liancourt, whom this brave gentleman and perfect knight," and here the princess turned and in the gaze of all pointed to Sir Roland de Breux of Triermaine, "defied, and whose minions, at peril of his life, single-handed and alone, he overthrew and so won for his king's daughter her safety and this chivalrous welcome at the hands of the king, her father."

"Peace, mistress," cried the monarch, a gleam of amusement alight in his eye, "thy woman's tongue is quick to seek its revenge. But by our halidame," and right royally spoke the king, "if what thou sayest be so, as thy saying it forsooth proves it to be, no honor that is the king of England's to bestow will rank too high

to fit Sir Roland de Breux of Triermaine."

Slowly the great throng melted away, having witnessed the king withdraw into his royal pavilion, followed by his lords and gentlemen, there to do summary justice upon Edmund, Earl of Poweis, attainted as he stood of base disloyalty and treason to his king, and still the Lady Isabel remained immovable upon the slight eminence before the royal tent, and immovable beside her stood her knight. Thrice had the ladies of the queen drawn near to do her service and thrice had the princess waved them back, yet still remained there, her blue eye scarce seeming to note the salutations of those who passed by near enough thus to show their reverence.

But when the last had gone and only the sound of the steady measured tramp of the sentries before the royal pavilion was to be heard near at hand, the lady turned to the silent knight behind her. In the deep blue of her eyes a lovely light lay, and shy and tender came and went the rose flush in her cheeks, while her voice when she spoke fell into a golden caress as soft as the golden splendor of her hair, sun-kissed and glinting into radiance about the pure beauty of her face.

"Thou hast heard what the king, my father, said. What will be the boon that thou shalt crave?"

Into the dark eyes of the knight there leaped a glowing flame. His strong young body trembled, and his voice pulsed with the surging pulses of his blood.

"Thou knowest, lady," he murmured, "that the boon in all the world which I fain would crave, were my worthiness so great, lies not with the king's majesty to grant but with thyself. Surely thou knowest, lady, that my heart as well as my life is thine own. Yet art thou the king's daughter?"

"Yet art thou my heart's desire."

"As thou, lady, art my life, yet hath a man at times to forego his life at the stern bidding of duty."

Their souls, serious beyond the use of speech, spoke through the glowing ardor of their eyes. Then after a moment's space:

"Thou makest it no easy wooing for me, Sir Roland," and the girl flushed, yet still held the knight's eye, smiling shyly. "Dost not see thy duty no less than thy love commands?"

She held out to him her slim white hand, and he, bowing over it, raised it reverent to his lips. And in his face shone the light of a deathless loyalty.

AT CHANTILLY

By FREDERICK TRUESDELL

AT Chantilly, at Chantilly,
En route to Paris from the sea,
The moon paused with me in my flight,
And bathed the station in its light,
The crickets pulsed in jubilee.

The tree toads, in their lower key
Throbbled out a counter-melody;
The moon swam in the trees that night,
At Chantilly.

That night, that night was Destiny,
And far off though its glories be,
I often catch with blurring sight
The vision of that instant bright,
When Love held out her arms to me
At Chantilly.

ACROSS EUROPE BY MOTOR BOAT

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND

VII. THE WRECK OF THE *BEAVER*



THE sun had disappeared behind the distant peaks of the Balkan Mountains when we heated up the motor, and saying *à bientôt* to our kind friends aboard the *Kelet*, cast off from the little steamer and put to sea.

We three aboard the *Beaver* were not a particularly cheerful crew. To begin with we were thoroughly tired out and beginning to feel the strain of our long and precarious voyage. The Equinoctial gales were overdue; it was the 23d of September; we had been repeatedly warned of the suddenness and terrific force of the storms which sweep down from the steppes of Russia to the northward and lash the almost fresh waters of the Black Sea into a fury where only a very able vessel can live. The *Beaver*, while a good, buoyant sea boat, was not fit for any such ordeal as this; she was entirely open from amidships aft, without any spars or sails, nor did we possess a sea anchor, should it become necessary to heave to. Only two days before our motor had broken down, leaving us almost helpless off Varna, and about fifteen miles out, when we had won our way into the port with the greatest difficulty. Since the accident the motor had been running badly, for we had not wanted to risk losing what might be the last of the good weather in the time spent in overhauling it. Where we should have got at least nine miles an hour out of the boat, we figured that we were getting about six, and we had ahead of us one hundred and twenty-one miles of open sea to the Bosphorus, with no intermediate port.

The darkness came by the time we reached the head of the bay, but the night was clear, and although there was no moon it was not dark. Certainly the weather conditions could not have promised greater favor; for three days the barometer had been steady at 30.50; the breeze was soft, southerly, and the sky cloudless. If it had not been for our motor trouble we would have anticipated with the keenest pleasure a night run with the expectation of raising the coast of Asia the following day, and a little later entering the famous and beautiful thoroughfare of the Bosphorus. Our plan was to call at Kavak to present our papers, and then upon receiving our *firmin*, to proceed to Therapia, where we proposed to lie while visiting Constantinople. Vessels are not permitted to enter the Bosphorus between sunset and sunrise, and, inasmuch as to ignore this little formality would bring down a broadside from the Turkish forts, it behooved us not to loiter too much *en route*.

Therefore, on reaching the mouth of the bay, with the lights of Bourgas twinkling dimly over the stern, we were very much annoyed when the forward cylinder suddenly stopped work. An examination showed that the new spring which we had adjusted to the exhaust valve had jammed in such a way as to bind the valve, thus preventing its free action, but a little manipulation soon cleared it, and the cylinder resumed its beat. A few minutes later the after cylinder also began to "miss."

"This will not do," said Pomeroy, emphatically. "We have got no license to go to sea in this sort of shape. Let's put back."

Ranney agreed with him and so, theoretically, did I. But on the other hand there were certain very strong arguments in favor of going on which I proceeded to point out.

Pomeroy finally agreeing we held on our course. He and Ranney were to take the watch until midnight, when I was to go on until four o'clock. It was then about eight-thirty, so I went below and had just got to sleep when Pomeroy called me.

"Dan's got a grouch," he said. "We're not doing anything at all."

Dan was certainly limping on both feet, but a little manipulation and a general greasing up soon restored him to good nature. I went back to bed but was unable to sleep, and spent the rest of my watch below listening to Dan's occasional "missing" and making frequent tours of inspection. One of these revealed the pleasing intelligence that the forward cylinder lubrication was choked, and as we did not want to stop the motor, it became necessary to pump the lubricating oil in by hand every few minutes. By midnight I came to the conclusion that we had certainly raised the devil with Dan in forcing him to drive the boat all the way into Varna on one hot cylinder from somewhere off the one hundred fathom line, and that he meant to get square with us if given only half a chance.

About ten o'clock our friend the *Kelet* overhauled us, passing close aboard to inquire if all was well. As just at that time we were running smoothly we answered in the affirmative, when they wished us good luck and forged ahead on their way to Constantinople. At midnight Pomeroy and Ranney turned in and I took the watch; as the night was fine and the sea smooth the *Beaver*, true boat that she was, ran a straight course, only needing an occasional glance at the compass and touch to the wheel, so that I was able to leave her pretty well to herself and work at the motor, regulating the air-inlet valves and generally going over things, with the result that before very long the engine struck a fairly smooth gait and held it.

We had laid a course from Bourgas straight for the entrance of the Bosphorus, and as this coast is excellently lighted, there was never a moment's doubt as to our position, which was fortunate, as it is very easy to miss the mouth of the Bos-

porus, and has repeatedly happened to big steamers having every facility for holding a true course. The entrance is narrow, about a mile and a half in width, I should say, and goes in at an angle to the coast, and as the Asiatic side is high land one cannot distinguish any break in the shore line until close aboard. There is a light-ship fourteen miles off shore, but this is not near enough the course from Bourgas for us to have sighted.

At about one o'clock it breezed up ahead, and in half an hour was choppy enough to delay our progress considerably. Toward four o'clock we began to work out across the bight, and when Pomeroy came on deck to relieve me (for we did not think it worth while to wake Ranney), we were well out to sea and the first vague promise of dawn was beginning to glimmer in the east. The wind had dropped and the stars shone dimly. Pomeroy took the wheel while I went below, and, after a glance at the barometer, which was fixed at 30.50, I threw myself down on my bunk and was asleep instantly.

I had been below half an hour when Pomeroy aroused me.

"I don't like the look of things," said he. "Come up and see what you think of it."

I shoved my head up through the hatch and felt a faint, cold draught of air on my face. The sun had not yet risen, but there was a hard light over the sea and a thin, gray veil across the sky.

"Look astern," said Pomeroy.

Just over the horizon to the north there was a black streak which appeared to rise as we watched it. It did not seem to be a cloud bank, but was such a blackening as one observes with a hard snow squall, a gray black, quite different in tone from the lurid purple black which brings up a summer thunder storm.

"We are going to have a change of weather," said I.

Pomeroy nodded.

"We are," said he, looking at me anxiously. We both knew what it meant; even if we had not been warned of the fierce gales which sweep down off the steppes of Russia we would have known. There was a quality in the air, a threat in the cold, thin breeze that warned us of what was coming.



"Cascades of spume came tumbling aboard."

"It is going to blow," said I, "but there's nothing for us to do except to hold on our course. We ought to be pretty near the Bosphorus before it strikes; if we're not we will just have to make the best of it. At any rate, I must have some sleep. If it gets bad call me."

I turned in again, knowing perfectly well that there was a fight ahead of us, and wishing to get some rest before it began, as I was thoroughly tired out. But just as I was dropping off Pomeroy called me again.

"Better come up," said he. "It looks rotten."

It certainly did. The thin veil of mist, which was neither haze nor fog, but a high rushing wind, had obscured the sky and was crowding in the horizon. Although we could see for perhaps ten or twelve miles on all sides, there was no land in sight; nothing in fact but gray, steely looking water, with short, angry, breaking waves. We were running before the wind, which blew over the stern with a hard and steady weight. The black line on the horizon to the north had mounted almost to the zenith, but now it had taken the form of a solid blanket of cloud, blown out along its edge in smoke-colored, claw-shaped wisps. It reminded me for the moment of a painting called *The Tempest*, in which

the gathering storm is represented as a huge black genie, whose vague shape sprawls across the sky, the two clutching hands being alone defined.

The gale overtook us, not in violent squalls, but with a steady and rapidly rising weight of wind, which reared the waves with amazing speed. The velocity of the wind lifted with the same gradual degree, and at the end of an hour was blowing very hard. I would never have believed it possible that a sea could rise to such a size in so short a time; what height the waves actually reached I shall not attempt to say, as I would be sure to exaggerate it, and also because waves are only appalling from their character. The water, which we speedily found ourselves in, was different from anything which Pomeroy or I had ever seen. We were cutting across a great eddy, formed by the littoral current from the Danube, sweeping around the bight on its way to the Bosphorus, and as the water was almost fresh, the sea was straight up and down. In an hour's time it was threatening to break over our stern and fill us up, while at the same time it was breaking back over the bow. A Great Lake sailor might have found himself at home, but it was new to us. As Pomeroy said, the waves flattened out on top and fell back both ways—the terrible "hacking

waves," for which the Black Sea is justly dreaded.

Ranney had not awakened, and as there was nothing for him to do we let him sleep. To keep the sea from breaking into the cockpit we had rigged out our heavy canvas side and after-awning curtains, which acted admirably as weather cloths. The motor had got over its "grouch" and was running steadily, and for a while the boat behaved so well that we began to have hopes of making the mouth of the Bosphorus, which we judged to be about forty miles away.

But presently a new difficulty presented itself. The weather thickened so that we could not see for more than two or three miles, and we began to wonder if we should be able to distinguish the mouth of the Bosphorus when we reached it; we wondered also how near we were to being on our course, having run for some hours on dead reckoning and through strong currents, while our compass, although remarkably accurate, must have been to some extent influenced by the motor.

"If we miss the entrance," said Pomeroy, "we are done! There is nothing beyond it but the bald coast of Asia, with never a place to duck in."

I observed that we need not worry about the coast of Asia, as we would never live to strike it. Pomeroy was of the opinion that we ought to edge in and pick up the Turkish coast, but I objected to this on the ground that it was a lee shore. "If we should have to heave to," I said, "we should be in the reefs before morning."

So there we were; off shore we stood a good chance of missing the Bosphorus, whereas if within sight of the land we would not dare to heave to.

As we were discussing the situation we sighted a small brig, hull down, ahead of us, and presently three more, tiny gray blurs through the wind haze. They appeared to be running on a course about two degrees east of ours.

"Those boys are going to the Bosphorus," said I. "The best thing that we can do is to trot along behind them."

"They can't be," said Pomeroy, studying our dripping chart. "They are heading too far to the eastward."

"They have got to be," said I. "There is no other place for them to go."

So we decided to follow them. As a matter of fact we were both right; these little charcoal brigs were running for the entrance, but first they were getting off shore and out of the bad water in the bight before it got any worse.

It was by this time about eight o'clock, and, being very empty, we roused Ranney and asked him to see if he could get coffee and bacon. He came up rubbing his eyes and looking about in bewilderment. Indeed, it must have been a good deal of a shock after turning in on a quiet, peaceful night to "break out" and find the boat in momentary danger of being swamped. He looked inquiringly at Pomeroy and me, and finding us outwardly calm, apparently decided that if we could stand it he could, whereupon he got out the stove, secured it as best he could and set about getting breakfast.

The sea by this time was very bad; we had swung the *Beaver* up so that she took it on her quarter, but she rode as lightly as a big canoe. We were congratulating ourselves on her fine behavior when there came a big comber which broke full on the quarter, flinging the stern bodily out of the water and throwing the boat almost broadside to. There was a shock, a jar, the wheel spun uselessly, showing that the steering gear had parted. I had been expecting this, and jumping aft, clambered along outside the awning stanchions, reached the tiller and managed to swing the boat off before the sea in time to avoid being filled. The wave had knocked the stove clear, flinging our breakfast into the bilge, and as Ranney was trying to rescue the bacon, the parted tiller line was caught in the shaft and immediately wound up. Ranney, observing this, tore up the cockpit hatch to try to clear it, and I, fearing that he would be thrown down into the machinery and badly injured, began to yell at him to leave it alone. Pomeroy was laying aft to help me, but finding that I could handle the tiller alone he swarmed up forward, and at the momentary risk of being swept off the bow, cleared away the ratline stuff which we had provided for spare tiller lines, and which was at the time in use as an extra lashing for the big anchor. He and Ranney then set about to reeve it in, a very tedious job, as the flooring of the cockpit had to be ripped up and all of the

dunnage cleared out of the lazarette. It took about half an hour and was finished none too soon, as it was very difficult to steer by hand with the short iron tiller.

"This will not do," said Pomeroy. "We are not going to be able to run much longer."

The fact was very evident. Every few minutes now there would come a sea which threatened to fill us. We had been obliged to get directly off before the wind, and we did not know exactly how near we were to the land, a bold coast with line after line of reefs between the sea and the beach. Therefore I got forward to rig the sea anchor, which proved to be an awful job and took over an hour to accomplish, as the wind by this time had reached such a velocity that it was hard to work and at the same time keep from being blown off the deck. A difficult detail was getting the big anchor off the bow and lashing it on top of the sampan while the sea was playing "diabolo" with the boat, all of which had to be done single-handed. The sampan itself I rigged in a bridle, so that it would drag broadside on and on its beam ends, and in doing this, as slacking the lashings which held it down was quite out of the question, I was obliged to rig it wrong side before and had a great deal of trouble in getting the repeated turns under and around the boat.

When I looked astern from the bow I wondered how the *Beaver* managed to live. I have spent many weeks on the China Sea and have seen some bad water there as well as in the English Channel and the Gulf of Mexico and other seas, but never have I known such a nasty mess as there was about us. It was only Pomeroy's alert and skillful steering which kept us afloat, and several times as I glanced back and saw a big comber rearing itself over the stern I thought for the moment that it was all up. But each time the *Beaver*, wonderful sea boat that she was, would leap away from under the tumbling water, shipping at the most only a few bucketsful of spray.

The sampan was almost ready when the wind haze ahead thinned out a bit and we caught a glimpse of a bold coast with high cliffs, which appeared to rise sheer from the sea. As we were driving directly upon it we saw that if we hoped to weather out the gale riding to our drag we should

have to get more offing. But it was many minutes before there came a patch of water in which we dared try to round up. Even then it was touch and go; broadside on a sea struck the boat and knocked her on her beam ends; she staggered up, and before the next big one hit her was all the way around and nosing her way to windward. For a while we hoped that we were going to be able to poke into it, but before we had got far there came a comber which swept us from bow to stern. The *Beaver* struggled through, hung poised, and then fell into the trough as if pushed off the edge of a wall; the following sea broke across her, but as her weather side was rolled high up she took but little water, the velocity of the wind carrying the bulk of the heavy spray clean across. We came up blinking and gasping and wondering whether we were afloat or foundering.

Pomeroy put his mouth to my ear.

"This is no good!" he shouted. "We've got to heave to!"

It did not strike me that there was much choice, as the reefs were not many miles under our lee. But it was evident that we could not last long as we were going, and there was always the chance that the gale might ease enough to let us start the motor again and work off. So I went forward and drew my knife across the lashings of the drag, and the next sea took the whole thing over the side.

It speedily appeared, however, that owing to her trim and the height of her bow the *Beaver* would not lie head to sea. Instead she took it a little forward of the beam, and seeing that we were in danger of being swept again, we started oiling the sea with the heavy cylinder oil, of which fortunately we had two big five-gallon drums. The effect was wonderful; almost immediately we found ourselves in a patch of big, hurtling seas, the crests of which were barely breaking. A little later the *Beaver*, forging ahead as she rose on a wave, came down across her cable which she snapped like thread, and we were entirely adrift. But as she lay broadside on making good water of the oiled patch, we did not go to leeward much faster than we had before.

For three trying hours we wallowed about in this way, drifting steadily toward the land. At the end of this time Pomeroy, searching the horizon with his glass, made

out a lighthouse on a point of land some distance down the coast to the eastward.

"There's the entrance," said he.

It did not seem as if it could be so near, but we had run fast before the gale and it was possible. The outline of the shore was very vague and half hidden in haze, but it was evident that the land put in deeply behind this point.

"We must start the motor," said I.

Pomeroy shook his head. "No use," said he. "The sea is worse than it was. The moment we got outside of this oil patch we should be finished."

When everything was ready I took hold of the crank and heaved my hardest, but without result. Relieving the compression, I tugged until my joints cracked, but Dan refused to budge. Either the forward cylinder had gripped from lack of cylinder oil or perhaps there was some other reason; at any rate there was no yielding. The gale was lashing the water across the boat, threatening to douse our lamps and render our work of the last hour futile; every few moments we found ourselves wallowing in a vortex of white, tumbling water. One could not see for the spray driven over the



"We were unable to get her out."

Ranney and I did not agree with him, or at least, while not doubting the truth of his words, we thought it better to finish that way than to land up among the reefs. By this time we could see what looked like miles of breaking water between us and the shore, so we set to work to start the motor. This proved to be a trying job as the flying water put out the starting lamps as fast as we got them going, and also cooled off the combustion chambers, but by sheltering them with our bodies we managed after an hour of hard work to get the engine hot enough to start. During this struggle Ranney was knocked into the motor by a sea and burned his wrist very badly.

surface of the sea. Those few moments were like a confused and horrid nightmare. It seemed that the one slight chance of saving our lives lay in starting the motor; there was only room for one man at the crank, although Ranney was able to help by getting his feet against the fly wheel. We strained and strained, gasping for breath and blinded by the spume; we shouted to Pomeroy not to be so stingy with his oil; the spray was greasy as it was. Dan at last held us in his soulless power. He braced his ton-and-a-half of heartless metal and defied us. I cursed him and pulled with more strength than was in me, and the only result was that after several

minutes of futile struggling I became violently seasick.

The wind was lashing across us in solid sheets of water, and it looked as if we might fill and founder from the spray alone. For the moment I think that we were in the vortex of an eddy. A clumsy, half-blind examination of the motor showed nothing which might help us. I realized fully that the fault was mine in urging that we put to sea without overhauling the motor, after the rough treatment which we had given it working into Varna on one hot cylinder. I do not wish to throw the blame of our position on the engine; a careful or experienced motorist would not have acted as I had, and I knew it.

But regrets were useless; there was apparently nothing left but for us to take our medicine. I flew the ensign reversed and told Ranney to break out the life preservers. I also suggested that as we might possibly reach the shore alive it would be a good plan to secure our valuables, letters of credit, passports, etc. The life preservers were of kapok and very light and soft. As I tied the bands of Ranney's for him he observed with a mournful grin: "When I tried this thing in swimming in the Danube I little thought how soon I'd be wearing it in the Black Sea!"

We took Pomeroy's aft to him and at first he refused to put it on. "I don't mind drowning if I have to," he shouted, for the roar of the wind and the water was deafening, "but I don't intend to be battered to pieces on the rocks!" We had a heated argument with him. "You put it on anyway!" we yelled. "Put it on, do you hear?" We forced it on him, baling him up in it while he growled at such folly. When he had worn it a few minutes he began to grin. "I would have put it on hours before if I had known it was so nice and warm," he said.

As it looked as if we might hit the beach with nothing but the clothes we wore, I went below and shifted throughout, putting on heavy flannels and my most serviceable outer garments. Then being thoroughly tired out and wishing to gain a little strength for the final rub, I wedged myself in my bunk and got about half an hour's refreshing sleep.

Pomeroy called me, shouting that we were getting very close to the reefs. Dead

to leeward there was a strip of sandy beach, and behind it a low building which looked like a boathouse. In the hope of attracting attention I fired several shots from our gun, which sounded like a popgun in the blast of the rushing wind. As we drifted farther in it looked as if the breakers directly in shore were less violent than on each side, and it occurred to me that if we could only get the boat off before the wind with some steerage way, we might perhaps be able to beach her.

But there was no time to lose, so I yelled to Pomeroy to rip off the side awning curtains, as these kept the stern from swinging to the wind. He whipped out his knife and slashed them free, and at the same moment I put the helm hard up. The gale caught our high bow and swung her off; heavy sprays swept across the stern, but we began to gather way, and a moment later we were scudding at good speed through a smother of breaking water. Yelling to Ranney to take the wheel I got out our second big drum of lubricating oil, uncorked it, and holding it across the gunnel let it run full bore, about an inch and a half stream into the sea. The effect was quickly evident; as the big combers hurtled past, their crests, instead of curling high and breaking, crumbled off in boiling masses of yellow spume. Before we reached the outer reef there was a big oiled patch astern of us.

"Here we go . . .!" yelled Pomeroy, and the *Beaver* leaped forward into the moving water. A wave crashed against the stern and drove us ahead like a maul; the next instant we were in a roaring, leaping, spouting chaos of breakers which tossed the boat in air and spun her around as if she had been a toy, yet driving her always furiously ahead. Cascades of spume came tumbling aboard, but the buoyancy of the boat kept her above the solid water. All about us the surf seemed to be a lashing maelstrom of yellow froth. Everything was greasy, but the drum of oil was nearly empty. Ranney, clinging to the wheel, was unable to keep his footing; once he fell and the boat started to broach to, but he clung to the spokes, and Pomeroy reached down and grabbed the wheel with him, straightening us out before the next sea broke. It looked to me as if any following sea might roll us over, and I yelled

at them to jump back to windward if she filled; otherwise they would have been rolled under her, and either crushed on the rocks or drowned. My drum of oil ran empty, so I threw it overboard and reached around to take the wheel, shouting at Ranney to get out from under the awning stanchions, and I remember being furiously angry when he merely grinned and shook his head and yelled: "All right! All right!"

Pomeroy kept shouting: "No! No! Hold on! Not yet! Not yet!"

Oddly enough there was nothing at all terrifying about this part of it. After the hours of cold and helpless inertia waiting for what we thought would be certain death it acted as a stimulant and seemed to bring back all of our force. It was wild, exhilarating, tremendous, like the rush of a racing automobile, or a cavalry charge, or artillery going into action. Twice the crumbling crests of the breakers came boiling over our stern, but the good, stout canvas held and kept us from filling. The uproar of the sea was deafening; we were all howling together at the top of our lungs, and when we saw that we were through the worst of it we began to laugh and shout. Almost ashore we came down with a crash upon a reef, knocking a hole the size of one's head in the starboard bilge, but so great was the drive of the following sea that we did not sink.

Suddenly from the long, low building

behind the beach there came running a gang of swarthy men, half naked, with huge bulging muscles and red fezes on their heads. They were carrying a surf line, and out into the breakers they came, squatting through the surf like a pack of retrievers. But when they saw that we were racing ashore in style and needed no help they fell back upon the beach, shouting.

In we drove. We grounded. A sea broke under the boat and flung her up on the beach. The next sea threw her higher. The Turks rushed out in the water, caught a turn on the sampson-post with their surf line and hove ahead. We splashed out waist deep, scrambled ashore and lent a hand. A wave broke into the boat and we suddenly thought of our duffle. A line was quickly formed, the stuff handed out, baled up in our blankets and carried back from the beach. In ten minutes the *Beaver* was filled chock-a-block with sand.

It appeared that we had driven ashore directly in front of the last station to the westward of the International Life Saving Service at a place called Darboz, and the only spot for many miles, as we afterwards learned, where we could have won our way to the shore alive. The building on the beach was the boathouse; the station was at the top of the hill, and thither we were conducted by the *umbashi* or coxswain of the life savers. There was also a Turkish military guard quartered there, and the



"Forlorn and forsaken she looked."

lieutenant in command, who was not over-intelligent, confiscated our effects and gave us to understand that we were prisoners. In his eyes our gun and cartridges made a very bad case against us. When I attempted to take some photographs immediately on landing he tried to interfere, but I posed him in front of the camera and took his picture before he knew just what was up.

The Turks could not make us out at all, as they did not know a word of the five languages with which Ranney spattered them. We proceeded to make ourselves at home in the station, and the life savers, who are a magnificent corps, were very kind and hospitable. They gave us dry clothes and brandy and tobacco, and made us hot tea and offered us such food as they had, which consisted of bread, olives and onions.

It was getting dark; we could not find out where we were nor how far from civilization, but it was evident that we had landed in a very wild and savage country, utterly uninhabited and remote. Back of the cliffs there was a patch of sandy desert, with distant forest-covered hills and a lake two or three miles long. Ranney finally made the *umbashi* understand that he wished to send a note, and accordingly wrote out a brief statement of our condition which he addressed to the American ambassador at Constantinople, with whom he was personally acquainted.

We were given comfortable beds at the station, and the next morning Captain Russell, an Englishman and the chief of the International Service, arrived from his headquarters, the station at Kilios, at the entrance of the Bosphorus. Captain Russell told us that the messenger with our dispatch had arrived at Kilios, a little tramp of twenty-three miles, at two o'clock in the morning. The man had been unable to describe the *Beaver*, but said that it was similar to a lifeboat, having neither sails nor steam nor oars, and propelled by "something alive" inside it. Captain Russell had set off immediately on horseback, and had ridden all through the tempestuous night, arriving at our station, which was at a point called Darboz, at eight-thirty A.M. Part of the way the trail led along the beach, and as the gale had driven the water in he had once or twice been obliged to ride through the surf.

We spent three days at Darboz trying, with the assistance of Captain Russell and a big crew of his men, to get the *Beaver* high up on the beach, where we might be able to repair her and float her off again. The boat had been badly mauled. Her seams were sprung, her cabin house was shifted, there was a hole punched in her side, and some of her frames were broken. Working hard for three days with a trained wrecking crew, stout gear and two yoke of buffalo, we were unable to get her out of the hole into which she had settled. No doubt we could have done so as soon as the gale abated entirely and the water stopped settling her in the sand, but the whole job promised to be lengthy and expensive. We did not see how we were going to float her over the reef where we had come in, and also we were a month behind our schedule, and by the time we were ready to go on the season would be too far advanced for us to hope to finish our voyage. In the end we accepted an offer for the wreck made us by Captain Russell.

The day after we had come ashore the Turkish military commandant of the *vilayet* called upon us and left instructions that we were to be treated with every courtesy. Your genuine Turk who is not corrupted by metropolitan life is an exceedingly admirable person, being honest, temperate to the point of abstemiousness, scrupulously clean in his person, deeply and honestly religious and of a kindly, cheerful, but dignified disposition. I have never seen more splendid physical specimens of men than the life savers and the fishermen along the coast of Turkey bordering on the Black Sea. The life savers were as curious as children, and tremendously interested in all of our little effects. The whole crew assembled to see Ranney shave himself with his safety razor, following the process with grave faces and little clicks of admiration. They implored me to play them a tune on my little typewriter, and when they discovered that it was not a musical instrument, but a writing machine, they were charmed, and every man jack of them begged to operate it. When we unpacked our things they clustered about, picking up each little object and passing it from hand to hand, but always returning it to its place. Not a thing was stolen by this corps, but I cannot say as much for the



"A small blue streak at the water's edge."

soldiers, who were a low-grade mongrel lot of conscripts.

The station was located in a very malarious district, and most of the men were suffering from fever. As I had saved the medicine chest, which was well stocked with quinine, arsenic, calomel, etc., I was able to treat all hands and to leave them well supplied with the necessary drugs. One old fellow, in whom I diagnosed a serious intestinal condition, told Captain Russell that Allah had cast the American doctor upon the shore in answer to his prayer that his life might be saved. Perhaps he was right. Ahmed himself had saved many a life from the Black Sea, and I like to think that his God may have used us as an instrument for bringing his succor from the same source. The loss of a motor boat is not a high price for the life of a brave man, and as Captain Russell told me that he would have Ahmed removed to the hospital, it is possible that the prayer of the Turk has been answered.

Our friend the *Kelet* tried to send a vessel to our aid, but no one would venture out. This we learned afterwards from Mr. Kuhl.

And so ended ingloriously our ambitious undertaking. The *Beaver* was not insured, so there was no chance of our attempting to finish our voyage. The beach was strewn with our many effects. I picked up one of the sidelights two hundred yards from where we struck; the sampan, the little boat which we had built in Pomeroy's studio on the Rue des Sablons, we found miles down the beach, stove to pieces. It was a sad sight to see our little domestic belongings scattered here and there along the water's edge, soggy and full of sand. Everything had washed out of the cockpit, including a very fine compass and my new marine glasses. Ranney was disposed to criticise us for bemoaning our property when we should have been grateful for having saved our lives, but the *Beaver* and everything aboard her, except Ranney, belonged to Pomeroy and me, and represented many months of hard work and preparation; besides this, there is always a certain melancholy about the shipwreck of a boat aboard which one has lived for some time.

But such is the luck of the sea, so we loaded what duffle we had saved into an *araba* drawn by buffalo, and set out on

our overland journey for Constantinople. The country which lay between was very wild and there was no road, so we were obliged to follow the beach around. With Captain Russell as our guide we made the first day's journey on foot, winding between the sand hills and along the cliffs to the next station at Kara Burnu.

This was the point which Pomeroy had taken for the Bosphorus entrance, as many, many navigators have done before to their doom. It marks what is known as the "False Entrance," and has been the death trap for many a vessel. Indeed, this whole coast is an exceedingly dangerous one. Captain Russell told us that he has had ten big ships ashore in a single night. Fortunately, the International Life Saving Service is a remarkably efficient one; its

splendid work would require volumes for the telling.

Our second day's journey, on horseback, brought us to Kilios, whence we rode across some beautiful country to the Bosphorus, where we caught a boat for Constantinople.

But our farewell to Darboz was a sad one. Far down the lonely beach we turned for a last look at the little *Beaver*, a small, blue streak at the water's edge. Forlorn and forsaken she looked with her brave little bow shoved defiantly at the gray cliffs, while the swirling water dug her sandy grave.

An honest little boat, she put up a plucky fight against heavy odds, and saved the lives of those who trusted in her, even though it cost her own.

THE END

THE EMPTY HOUSE

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

THE lawn flows smooth and the hedge is trimmed,
 The garden shines in a blush of bloom,
 The door swings wide on a hall undimmed,
 And the glad sun halos the well-kept room.
 Yet about the whole is a soulless air,
 And the spirit within one blights and warps;
 Is it, perhaps, that the windows stare
 Like the open eyes of a friendless corpse?
 Or is it, perhaps, that the curtains stir,
 Touched by the ghost of her—of her. . . .

In every room is a subtle change,
 And every chair stands aloof, alone;
 The kettle sighs on the kitchen range,
 And the children play in a half-hushed tone.
 The naperied table spreads its wares
 Like the victualing place of a sordid inn;
 From the music room the piano glares,
 Showing its teeth in a ghastly grin.
 And from dawn to dusk and dusk till dawn
 The house cries out, "She is gone—is gone."

THE EQUITY OF REDEMPTION

BY EDMUND CASKIE HARRISON



It was such a restful, innocent-looking freehold, all green fields, trim woodlands, and thrifty crops, lying on the sunny swells of the foothills, you would never have thought it capable of causing anybody a pang. You came upon it seven miles from Isham's crossroads, after taking six successive turns to the right and one to the left at the Cool Spring Episcopal Church; and at the first glimpse it positively gave you a thrill of pleasure, so outspoken was it of the close kinship between man and land.

But—there was the mortgage; and if you looked at it in one way, the chronicle of Kingsgift was nothing more than the story of the mortgage. It was a very old mortgage, older than the house, except for a few bricks in the left wing; so old that it regarded the United States as the veriest parvenu among the powers that control men's thought and action. It was far older than the little red courthouse ten miles off, where it was officially inscribed, and where on his twenty-first birthday each Edmund Bradshaw was taken and formally introduced to it. And a solemn ceremonial that was, to be sure.

It was a very tender little lien to start with. Its father was the Edmund Bradshaw who hung in the hall near the front door, of the period 1677-1720, and who took such keen pleasure in gratifying his wife's wish to have his handsome features and becoming frills perpetuated by a famous painter that he could not wait for a prosperous year. A little later he could have plucked it out with less trouble than he picked his morning sprig of mignonette for his buttonhole, but he did not do it. Because it was not really a mortgage at

all. Oh, no; it was just a little—well, just a healthy little irritant to mark New Year's day.

There were other portraits in the hall of Kingsgift—other Edmund Bradshaws, and Anns and Marys, their wives. The story of the mortgage was written in these pictures so clearly that anyone could read it. You could follow its career, generation by generation, as inevitably as you can trace any nondescript young person's progress from pinafore to pompadour, by the photographs her grandmother years over on the bureau. For, though the proud look was in all the faces, the happy look dwindled at every step you took, so that the pictures at the end of the hall showed lines and care in the young faces which should have been as happy as the original Edmund Bradshaw's of the handsome features and becoming frills.

From the very beginning it was a wide-awake mortgage and a thoroughgoing opportunist. The Bradshaws gave it many opportunities, because it was an inheritance with them to take the left in any crisis; that is to say, to range themselves against the *status quo*—a reaction, perhaps, from their loyalty to Charles I. The mortgage fed on the difficulties of Bacon's rebellion, when the Bradshaws borrowed money to fight taxes they could easily have paid without borrowing. It grew strong on the profligacy of one Barstable Bradshaw, a younger son and very catholic churchman, who took orders at Oxford and made disorders in his woodland parish, and particularly in the breast of his mother, poor lady! by hiccupping drunken sermons from his colonial pulpit, and finally losing her Majesty Queen Anne's communion silver in an unlucky wager. It smacked its lips over the heroic sacri-

fices the Bradshaws, who were always true to the Stuarts, made to help the young Pretender keep up his ignoble pretense. It gorged itself on the doubtful and confused years of the American Revolution. The Edmund Bradshaw of that time having put his name to a traitorous paper, of which his family were rather proud, lost no time in putting his name to other papers with the money lenders, which he was free to acknowledge took a great deal more courage. He never spoke of this till just before his death, when he called his son to him.

"Our name and our land are trusts, my son," said the sad old man, "but they are already pledged to our principles, whether we will or no."

And his son had tried hard to fight against the family enemy, as many other Edmund Bradshaws had done. But he was badly beaten by it in the end. And later, that is to say in the year 1860, when the contemporaneous Edmund felt constrained to arm and equip a battalion from his own pocket, it passed into a stage of fatty degeneration, bloated and torpid, and too swollen to do anything but smother its victim.

And then came Edmund, who was born in the year 1875. He understood the workings of the mortgage quite early in life, because he had on a certain day looked it up at length in the book he had seen his father consult before performing his duties as county squire.

"Then," he cried, with quick humiliation, "we are only the *equity of redemption*!"

His father turned away quickly from the library table without answering, and the shame of the silent admission entered the bosom of the younger Edmund like iron.

This was the moment when Edmund resolved to fight and conquer the mortgage. He was then eleven years old. It was the fall after his mother's death, and the blow had jolted him into an early maturity. When he took stock of his personal capital, however, he found that he had but six hens and a weanling calf, which he perceived to be but a feeble foundation.

"But I am going to pay it off, Aunt Lavinia," he announced, with shining eyes. Aunt Lavinia was older than Aunt Ed-

monia, but he somehow felt more confidential with her.

"It is your land, Edmund," she said, with grave Bradshaw courtesy.

"My equity of redemption," he corrected, winking back the tears. "I won't have my mother buried just in an equity of redemption."

Later he told Aunt Lavinia how easily money was to be made.

"Why, just in eggs—" he began, but paused, guiltily.

"I won't have any more for my breakfast," she hastened to say.

And then he had to argue artfully that that was not what he meant at all.

He was a very little boy to fight anything. But he was always sure of himself, which counts for a great deal. And it did not take him long to work out for himself a simple programme of finance. When he forecasted his annual budget, which he began to do before he was twelve, he saw that he must not allow for any outgoings at all. That meant that he must do all the work possible with his own hands. Because he undertook a good deal more of it, of various odd kinds, than a boy of twelve generally contemplates, at first he could contrive no time for the preparation of those lessons which he had with Aunt Edmonia after supper. But soon he found, with grateful surprise, that he could go over his Latin verbs while he followed the plow. From that time on he made it a rule to engage his mind with the humanities while his hands were busy with agriculture.

And naturally, because there was no other time, bedtime became his time of recreation. He taught himself to use it in the most helpful, economical way; to shut out care with the coverlet, and step into a world which, quite early, he began to know how to create.

Gradually there began to be people in this world of his fancy—two of them young and fair—and almost instinctively, from their first appearance, he knew who they were. They were the ladies of his bygone generations; not like the two little ladies he knew by day, though perhaps Aunt Edmonia and Aunt Lavinia had once been as clear-skinned and slender as they. And night after night, as he lay in his great four-poster bed, they came to him,

to inspire him, he knew, and, most of all, to keep up his courage about paying off the mortgage.

It was curious, however, that whenever he was low in his mind and depressed by droughts and freshets, another lady, quite a different little lady, would come in the stead of these. She was a smiling little thing, with radiant brown eyes; and she was not proud or dignified or clever or wise; but it became apparent to Edmund that she had the gift of liking one a very great deal. And night by night, through the medium of her brown eyes, he began to see how much this could mean to a man.

So, on the nights when it hurt him to try to live up to the proud serenity of his ancestral ladies, he had found it very pleasant to let his thoughts slip dancing out to her. The year that he was twenty-five, which was the year that the big snow decimated his crops, there were so many sad, despondent nights that the little lady managed to make for herself the central place in his dreams. The ladies of his line receded more and more, and finally almost left him altogether.

The situation worried Edmund, because he knew that the brown-eyed lady knew nothing about the mortgage, and would not try to keep him up to paying it, and because he guessed that the easy way was not the best, even in dreams.

So he asked his aunts about it.

"Do you think that just being liked is what men want better than anything else?" he inquired, casually, at the breakfast table.

Aunt Edmonia, after a start of surprise, admitted that it was quite possible.

"But I should like to know if you think that they like it best; better than succeeding in what they undertake, or—doing any—any great work?" he persisted, because he really wanted to know.

And this time Aunt Edmonia's affirmative was unconditional.

Aunt Edmonia's lover had died after reaching the second line of grim fighters drawn up on Little Round Top Hill at Gettysburg. Edmund thought that she ought to know about these matters. So he straightway jilted the brown-eyed sprite and banished her forever from his dreams. For it was evident to him that being liked was no part of his business, and that the

real purpose of his life had no concern with her, but only with the tall, fair ladies who were Bradshaws.

But the brown-eyed lady was not to be so easily disposed of; for, on the very next Sunday, she rustled into his church, very late, and sat across from him, and he knew that she was real.

II

COOL SPRING CHURCH was built on a corner cut from Kingsgift, and it was such a pleasantly drowsy place on bright Sundays that it seemed unbelievable to Edmund, when he was little, that by night it should be haunted by such terrifying ghosts. A fine-eyed old clergyman held services there—not every Sunday, but on a schedule of first and fifth Sundays that was bewildering to forecast. Edmund was brought up in the very lap of the church as a most devout son, but he smiled rather sadly over some of the things that this old friend told him from the pulpit.

A mile away from the church, on Wheatlands land, a band of capitalists had just built a wonderful little club house on the hill beyond the church, and attached to it a ridiculous complement of English grooms and English horses and hounds. For the local society, which regarded them with suspicion, they took no thought beyond considering it as they would consider a defunct business proposition. They were headed by an elderly gentleman, who made it a custom to rest every autumn after completing the arduous task of supplying several continents with their next winter's flannels, strictly graded according to the climate—such, as it chanced, being his destiny in this world of commerce. He, as a pioneer, had discovered that the air did his asthma good, and he had organized the club. And on the Friday, as all the community knew, his handsome private car had noisily revealed itself on the station siding.

On Sunday, when the choir, which was not what it had been in the days when Miss Lavinia sang soprano in it, was pulling breathlessly through the *Te Deum*, a girl, never seen in that country before, suddenly appeared in the pew across the aisle from him.

She seemed wholly unconscious that people turned to look at her, and it took her some time to settle into tranquillity. She wore a dress of faint lavender, with a very wide lace hat and very long white gloves. Edmund noted these things, and that she dusted daintily the prayer book she took from the pew before she stood up and he could see her face. . . .

So he had not, it appeared, committed murder when he had forbidden her to be. She had always been too alive and out of his reach to be exterminated by any mere act of his mind.

Miss Lavinia and Miss Edmonia watched her delightedly through the rest of the service. Edmund, who saw this, knew that their delight came from their fastidiousness. It would suffer visible diminution when they knew that her father, the asthmatic president, traced himself no farther than his boyhood, when he began, in ways that would not have been ways at all to them, to make his money; at first, indeed, only by selling things to hungry soldiers off the rear end of a wagon.

For the lady of his dreams, in life, happened to be the daughter of John Kempis, a man with no ancestors worth speaking of, and the man who, for reasons best known to himself, at present owned the mortgage on Kingsgift.

If anything else were needed as proof to Edmund that it was really she, it was vouchsafed him when he handed the plate for her bill to flutter lonesomely down among the dimes and nickels. Under her wide lace hat she raised her eyes, and it almost seemed as if she smiled straight at him. And that, of course, had been the one salient, invariable trait of the dream girl—her joyousness, a joyousness born of the knowledge that she was always to like the world, and the world was always to like her.

Just in the last week, because things had not been very happy at Kingsgift, Edmund had weakly extended to her a sort of non-resident membership to his dream—as one would send a visiting friend a card to his club. But, after a long afternoon of idleness, and an evening when the highly moral book Miss Lavinia read aloud could not quite still his thought, he took back the privilege that night.

But little she cared for that.

The road which limits the Kingsgift acres on the east takes for its other boundaries the barren fields belonging to Wheatlands, which sold thirty of its acres to the Carlton Club. The road takes a number of tortuous turns to do what a path across the fields would do with no ostentatious calling of attention to itself.

It was one of those turns that hid her the next day from Edmund until she was almost upon him, where he leaned over the rail fence, going over and over the ways to make his tobacco crop pay better than anybody else's.

She appeared unannounced and unbidden, and drew rein opposite to him, for she was riding; and, even as he caught his first glimpse of her, she addressed him:

"I don't know which direction I ought to take! I can't think where the sun rises—or sets, or *anything*. Isn't this Wheatlands?" She indicated, with a tailored arm and a dainty little crop, the stretch of yellow fields behind him.

"The sun's habits happen to be among the few things that I am perfectly familiar with," said Edmund; and he added: "Anybody standing on the Carlton Club piazza, to see the sunset now—would be looking straight at you."

"Oh!" Her eyes flashed into a smile. "Then that is the west, over *there*! And—this?"

"This? Well, this is Kingsgift, and I"—he bowed gravely—"am Edmund Bradshaw."

"Oh! Then this is Fishwife—shouldn't I tell you?—and I am Theodora Kempis."

He bowed again.

"Kingsgift," she repeated, musingly, for she knew something of that.

"Kingsgift. As far as you can see, and farther. The land on this side belongs to Kingsgift."

She let her eyes—they were radiant, brown eyes—go past him and take in the yellow fields and patches of deep woodland, gilded in the October days. Then, unexpectedly, she turned them on his face.

"Did the king really give all of that to the—to your ancestors?" she demanded.

So she understood already the things that were likely to be told to a stranger about Kingsgift!

"It is only a little part of it that you can see from here," explained Edmund.

"You see, the debt which the king owed my ancestors could not have been paid by anything smaller than many, many acres."

Once more her eyes left him to take in the land behind him.

"Then it ought never, *never* to have been mortgaged," she cried, vehemently. And, saying this, she touched her horse, and abruptly galloped off.

Beyond the curve, by an odd placing of misshapen trees, Edmund could still see her; and he saw that she kept her eyes turned on the fields and patches of woodland which went to make up Kingsgift.

The next day but one he saw her again.

When the wife and three little daughters of the original Bradshaw died, he chose for them to rest in a spot which would not, he said, keep him constantly reminded that there remained any part of them mortal, but yet beyond his touch and sight. The Kingsgift cemetery, therefore, touched the farthest boundaries of the estate. The later Bradshaws, for their part, would have preferred their graves close to the house, beyond the pretty flower garden.

Edmund could not have told what turned his footsteps into the cemetery as he passed it that day. There was not really time for it, but he pushed open the stained and ancient stone gate, and entered the quiet sanctuary. It seemed to him always that the very essence of death lay here, waiting to judge him for what he proved himself. But it was not death, but life, which startled him now.

Standing beside the tomb of the first Bradshaw lady, her riding skirt half hidden by the carpet of periwinkle, he saw John Kempis's daughter.

He stood still, the determination to turn and go away fighting with something else, when all at once, for no reason, she turned her head and saw him.

She turned fully at once, her brown eyes now suddenly full of apology.

"I knew I had no right, but I wanted to see them so much! I will go away at once."

But Edmund's voice arrested her.

"Don't leave. I do not want you to."

A quick surprise warred with the apology in her eyes. And then she said what Edmund knew Miss Lavinia and Miss Edmonia might have considered very delicate indeed.

"But, knowing who I am, you must resent seeing me here."

"That; of course, is the odd part of it," said Edmund. "I don't."

She came nearer, the daughter of Kempis, and rested her little gloved hand upon the tomb of the first Bradshaw lady.

"I know all about it, you see," she said, "because when I asked father how he knew so much of Kingsgift, so many facts and figures, and about even this cemetery, he told me. Of course, I could not blame you for not wanting me here. But what I told you yesterday was true. It was wicked to mortgage such a place."

"Assassinating a king may have been a worse crime," said Edmund, "but the probability is that it was not."

He was conscious, and angrily conscious, that he did not mind speaking of this to her. But this, he thought, was because she was as simple as a child.

"To barter all these rolling hills, these fine trees, these lovely meadows—the king's gift!" She let her clear, brown eyes sweep over the still, little cemetery. "To barter even *this*!"

Edmund winced. "He was my great-grandfather's great-grandfather. Let us not speak of him so, if you please."

"Your great-grandfather's great-grandfather! I should like to say a few words to *him*—!"

She strolled a little away, looking about her. Presently she came to an even, green mound, run over with late fall roses. It was not marked by any stone, because, as Edmund had seen it, she would have preferred his putting everything into the mortgage, since that was what he had set out to do.

The brown-eyed lady looked at Edmund, and the look was like a timid inquiry.

"My mother," said Edmund.

"Oh!" And after perhaps a minute she added, half under her breath: "And even this isn't his land."

"My equity of redemption," said Edmund. "My mother is buried in my equity of redemption."

The cemetery was very quiet. It seemed as if they had been cut off from the rest of the world, almost as if they were alone in one of those lands the magic of his dreams had so often conjured up for her.

Now she dropped on her knees by the unmarked grave, and made as if she were straightening the roses and the grass a little; but when she stood up, he saw the brightness of tears in her eyes.

"My mother was buried at sea," she said, with the simplicity which marked her in dreams or awake, "when I was a very little girl. Of course, I'll never know the place. It is not good to have even our grave not belong to us, is it?"

"It is not good," said Edmund. And then, because he had talked enough about that, he added: "Your father has come here for three years, but you——"

"Have lived my life hidden in the convent at Paris. This," she said, "is my first little peep into the world."

"But this is not the world here. Surely, the convent taught you better than that."

"It is your world, isn't it? Tell me—for, of course, there is gossip in the village—shall you pay off this mortgage?"

"Yes."

"How long will it take?"

"My lifetime."

"And will that do it?"

"The probability is," said Edmund, "that it will not."

"It will be a fine thing to have tried for, anyway," she said, and sighed. "Trying is the main thing, after all, isn't it?"

She came nearer, holding out her hand, from which she had stripped the glove, and looking at him with clear, level eyes—a trick she had had with him for many years.

"Good-by, Mr. Bradshaw! And thank you very much for letting me stay. It has meant a good deal to a person who hasn't, as you might say, any ancestors at all."

"But you have a far better thing," said Edmund, meaning her sweetness, and then paused, a little terrified by such an admission.

But she only nodded brightly, and went away. Edmund, left alone in the Kings-gift cemetery, considered the fact that this was the first time any outsider had ever discussed his personal affairs with him. Hard upon that came further knowledge. No matter how many days John Kempis's daughter spent at the Carlton Clubhouse, he, Edmund, must not see her again.

But, as before, she appeared indifferent to his resolves about her; for in the next

four days he saw her three times, and each time she was the center of red-coated huntsmen, and more particularly esquired by a not too young gentleman who was not the asthmatic president. Then came a day when he met her again, face to face, when she was emerging from the little brick courthouse in the square.

This was after she had had long talks with her father, who adored her, and the not too young attorney at law, who admired her greatly. Both gentlemen had resisted her as far as they had courage. But she had carried her point with both of them, because her heart was set, and that helped to explain the long, brown envelope which she held in her hand as she halted before Edmund.

She had approached him with a child's grace, but with resolute purpose in her eyes.

"Here, Mr. Bradshaw," she said, quickly, and then she stopped, because she was a little frightened.

"Ought I to open it?" asked Edmund, taking the envelope with some surprise.

"Yes."

Edmund did so. On the second reading of the papers therein he became assured that his impression on the first reading was correct. Theodora Kempis had become the owner of a valid and subsisting lien on that certain tract or parcel of land known as Kingsgift.

He raised his eyes, and at the look in them, the owner of that certain tract or parcel began in a rush:

"You make me start in the middle, and it's very embarrassing to appear intrusive—but will you let me tell you?"

"If there is anything to tell," said Edmund, holding out the envelope. "But why should there be?"

But at the envelope she shook her head, and then drew a long breath and began:

"Well, in the beginning, my father—he is very rich, you know, and he is very badly spoiled, and he has asthma very badly—you can't think how badly—so you will not think hard things of him?"

Edmund looked at her questioningly. "I am sure he is a very admirable gentleman," he said, slowly, "and I do not like to think hard things of anybody."

She hardly waited for him to finish.

"He began making money during the Civil War. He wasn't a soldier," she ex-

plained hurriedly, and colored a little, "but he used to sell things to the soldiers from a wagon—I forget what you call it."

"The name is of no consequence," said Edmund.

"Well, then, after the war he began making the Thomas à Kempis brands, you know—just a tiny little factory at first. And then my mother died, and he was all alone, with nothing but his business. And it's natural for him to look at everything as business."

She paused a minute, and her eyes met Edmund's fearlessly.

"Surely you do not need to apologize for this to me," he reassured her.

"The night I came to Virginia, Mr. Bradshaw, he told me about you and your family and Kingsgift. He did not mean to interest me in the story, because he only told it incidentally. But he said that the water was better at Kingsgift, and he liked the view. So he was going to have the mortgage foreclosed and buy Kingsgift for himself, and—improve it."

Edmund smiled the careless superiority with which tradition always regards commerce up to the death grapple.

"He would hardly be able to foreclose our mortgage," he said. "It is two hundred years old."

"But would that make any difference?" she doubted. "Oh, I am sure he knows! I think he must have foreclosed a great many mortgages before," she said; and Edmund, thinking of the foreclosed people's aunts, murmured, "God forgive him!"

"Anyway," she rushed on, "he thought he could, and he was going to try. But I did not want that to happen, because I knew that the king meant this land for the Bradshaws and not for the Kempises. Catch the king giving anything to the Kempises! So I made him let me go to see Mr. Dulaney—in there! And he was nicer than anybody else has ever been, and telegraphed to a bank somewhere, and then it was all settled. It was just my birthday money, you know, and I already had lots. And now," she said, her eyes as eager as a child's, "you will take it, won't you?"

"Take it!" cried Edmund, stunned.

"That," she said, with sudden dismay, "was what I bought it for."

The shock of the insult stung him for a moment, but then he saw that she had no idea what she had done, and he made his voice gentle.

"Why," he said, "you don't quite understand, Miss Kempis. My family, today, stands for a fight against a mortgage. It might be said that my family is a mortgage. To give up that, in this way, would be to give up our identity."

"Oh," she said, "that is not logic. Why—"

"No," said Edmund, "it is not logic. If I were to let you do this sweet and generous thing," he went on, and then his voice grew unconsciously haughty, "I should be giving you all that I have left to be proud of. Why should I make so great a sacrifice for you? How can you ask me to do you so great a favor?"

She did not quite understand this, but in it she dimly glimpsed fine things which there had been neither tradition nor experience to teach her.

"Oh!" she said, drawing back a little, "I had not understood that you would think of it like that."

"That is why I am not feeling angry. How could you understand without having borne the burden for all these years?"

She took the envelope from his hand, and looked far off down the sunny road. Her under lip trembled, very slightly.

"Well—have I hurt you?"

"No," said Edmund; "you have touched me."

She tapped the envelope with her slender fingers, and smiled resolutely. "I'll keep this," she said, "until you can take it in your own way. If it can be foreclosed, it never shall be. *That* shall go into my will. But as long as I own it, I shall never stop hating myself. You might as well remember that. Good-by."

"And I shall never stop thinking of you as a lady as sweet as ever lived," said Edmund. "Good-by." And he said that as one who says a farewell indeed.

III

THE month that followed was one of those periods of enforced idleness which harry the farmer's life, and it was not easy to keep thought at bay. However,

Edmund was not used to expecting easy things of life.

Because he kept away from all the places where she could possibly be, he never saw the owner of his ancestral mortgage in these days, though once or twice he thought he might have glimpsed her from some distant field, as the red-coated hunting party tore down the road. And the tall, fair ladies of his earlier dreams were even more remote. They seemed to have faded back forever into the nothingness from which they had come, and it was in vain that he lay awake night after night and tried to summon them. They were not. Edmund thought this inconsiderate in them, to say the least. He thought, further, that it argued insincerity and lack of purpose on their part; for, if there ever had been a time when he needed their help about everything, that time was now.

A day came in early November when he mounted his horse at dawn and galloped away. The blood of the mare was as blue as Edmund's own, and she could sometimes bring the help which a sleepless night denied him. To-day he rode fast and far. Ten or twelve miles from Kingsgift there bubbles a mineral spring, once frequented, but now supposed to be infected and left to drip away its life in solitude. Thither, while the morning was yet very new, Edmund turned his horse's feet; and there he found that loneliness which he wanted, and which he thought that no spot could hold so completely as this one.

But he stayed there rather longer than he had meant; and the November sun, with a poor-spirited half-heartedness, was already high enough to warm the frosty earth before he was on the road back to Kingsgift. And five miles from home, there was borne to him on the still air the noise of an approaching cavalcade, which told him that Carlton hounds were abroad that day.

Edmund drew off the road into a little grassy grove, for he had no wish to be seen of them. Soon they came, gay splotches of color strung out along the road, dancing by at a gallop. And when the last straggler was gone by, and she was not among them, the thought rushed over him that she had gone away.

He sat awhile, still musing, disposed to

pity himself, but, of course, sure that he regretted nothing. Across the road, farther down, was the old mill, abandoned and dropping to pieces. It stood in his mind for failure. All about him were the thinning trees, fast losing the bright raggedness of late October. They stood for self-sacrifice. The world was a gray place to him, and he could find no smiling heart with which to face his patient aunts.

He picked up his reins and started slowly on. But the little mare, with blood as blue as his, had hardly taken ten steps before she suddenly pricked up her ears. Edmund was as quick as she. Far down the road, but growing swiftly nearer, rose the sound of frightened, flying thuds, and intermingled with it the whirling and bumping of wheels. And the speed of those thuds and wheels was such as not even Jehu, the son of Nimshi, could have dared with impunity.

Edmund understood in a flash. So did the little mare. They were at the side of the road in a leap, and the next second he was off her. She could not help in this, he thought, and there was no need to hurt her for nothing.

He stood in the middle of the road and waited. In a minute, at the farthest, they swept around a bend in the road beyond, and he saw them.

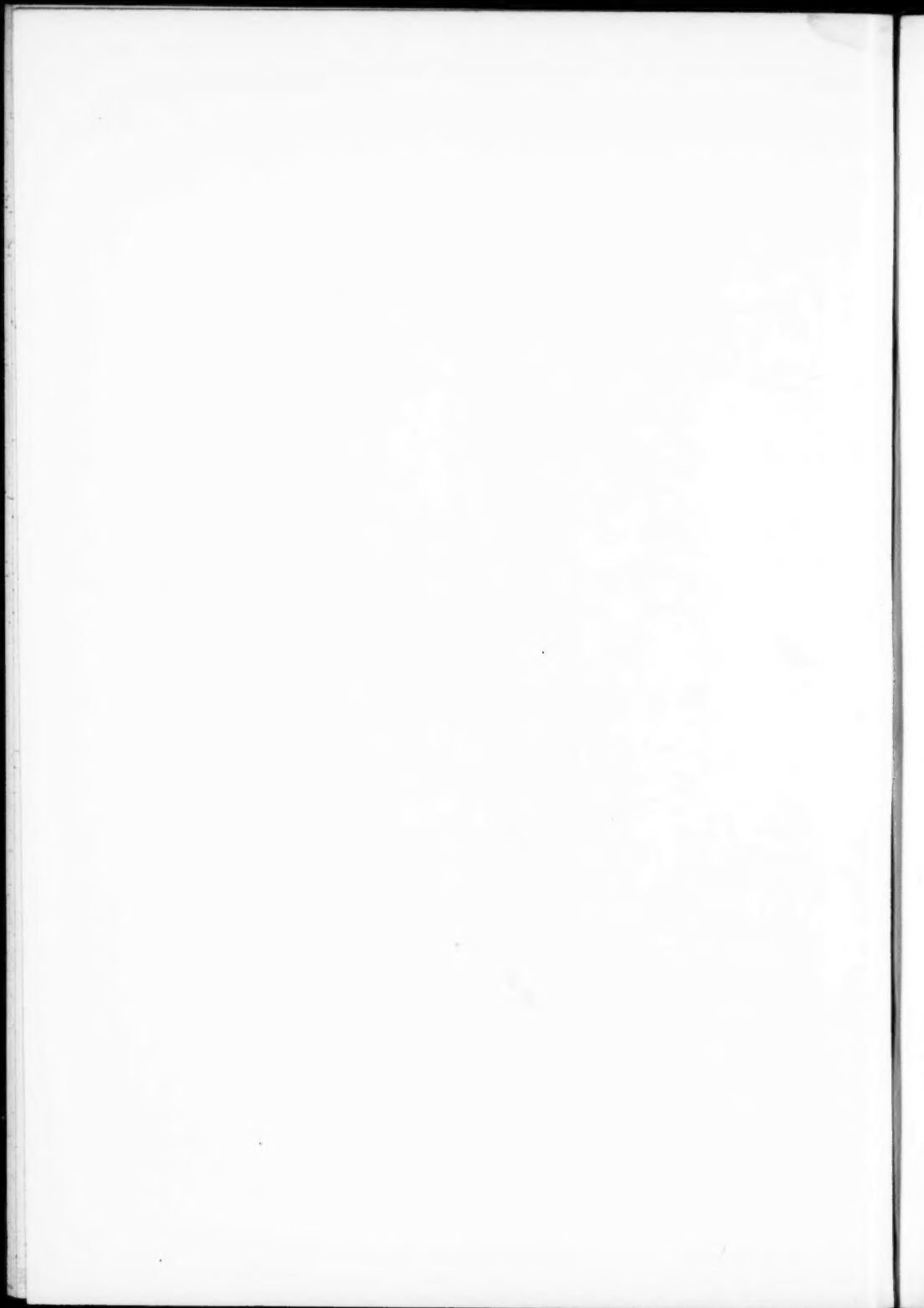
Two terrified horses, heads down and feet flying wildly, whirled forward a smart dogcart at a sickening pace. Upon the driver's seat rolled John Kempis, the asthmatic president, his face purple with his futile tugging at the reins. By him sat his daughter, who owned the Kingsgift mortgage, erect and still, looking very little, and a shade pale, as though she knew the steep and rocky hill waited for them just beyond. Behind both appeared a Hibernian groom, clinging madly to the rumble, his tense face the color of ashes.

All this Edmund saw in the first flash. After that he saw nothing but the face of Theodora Kempis, who was looking straight at him with that clear, level gaze which she had always used toward him in his dreams. Above the din of the wheels and the hoofs, he thought that she called out something to him, but he could not hear her; and with that look in his eyes and his heart, he flung himself forward to meet the rushing horses.



Drawn by George Breton.

"To barter all these rolling bills—the king's gift!"



After a time that might have been forever, but was only a long minute, he opened his eyes. She knelt beside him, her blue dress ground into the dirt; her right arm beneath his head, which was aching terribly; her left hand upon his forehead, which did not appear to ache at all.

"Ah," she said at once—and her left hand moved into something which was neither a pat nor a stroke, yet which had all the sweetness of both—"you are not dead! I knew it."

"If I am," said Edmund, "I hope to remain dead a long time."

The look in his eyes made her think that he was not hurt at all, and this made her bold to say: "Now we are *quits*! And that makes me so happy!"

"Quits?" said Edmund.

"You have given me," said Theodora, "far more than the cheap little money thing I offered you once. And I take it from you so proudly."

But just then the pain in Edmund's leg, from the knee to the point of his toe, grew excruciating, and he was compelled to close his eyes.

Thirty yards down the road the groom was still extricating himself from a whirl of yellow cushions, yellow wood, and shining leather. Edmund had managed to stop the horses somehow, it seemed, before the wheel struck him and flung him clear of the road; but, after waiting considerably just long enough for the two in the seat to tumble out, the frightened animals had kicked the dogcart to pieces and bolted again. In the middle distance was John Kempis, a wreck as to clothes, slowly limping nearer.

When Edmund opened his eyes again the president was bending over him.

"How do, Mr. Bradshaw?"

"How do you do, Mr. Kempis?"

"It's your leg, the left one"—as though Edmund needed that!—"crumpled up pretty badly, I guess. Thank God, it was no worse."

"Yes, I'm rather glad of that myself."

Mr. Kempis cleared his throat. After that he blew his nose. "Mr. Bradshaw," he said, puffing badly—"why, hang it, sir, you did a fine thing. I never saw a pluckier, nor a neater. Our lives weren't worth two cents—with that piece of road ahead

of us. I want you to know, sir, that I won't forget it. Never!" And he hobbled away to dispatch his groom for help.

"But you mustn't think he is going to offer you the mortgage," said Theodora, with shining eyes, "because he isn't!"

She had whisked a wrap under his head for a pillow by this time, and Edmund thought this a great mistake; and she had risen, which was, if possible, a worse one.

"Come closer," said Edmund.

"I only did that," she said, kneeling down by him again, "while my father was here."

"You do not appear to understand," said Edmund, "that my head aches outrageously."

Her cool hand fluttered down upon his forehead. "And does that make it feel better, then? Oh," she said, "I could beg you to take the mortgage now—take it from me, who have taken so much from you. But I will not. No, I belong to those who must always take in this world, but are never permitted to give."

She turned away from him a little, but not so quickly that Edmund had not caught the look in her eyes. And at it, for the first time in his life, he slipped from under the pall of his burdens and into the kingdom of unincumbered youth.

"You know," said Edmund, "there is only one way I—we—that is, I could take that mortgage."

"Yes," she cried, hope springing into her voice, "and that is?"

"That is—well, that is—for us to own it together."

"Oh!" said the little brown-eyed lady, and she took her hand from Edmund's forehead, and a quick color streamed into her cheek.

"Will you marry me?" said Edmund.

"Oh—would you want that?" she asked, faintly; "and could you take it that way?"

"That way I could take it," said Edmund, drawing her down toward him and kissing her upon the lips, "as proudly as I take this."

"Oh!" said Theodora again.

"Don't you suppose," said Edmund, "that I have done that a thousand times in the dreams of all these years?"

And, of course, the explaining of that remark made quite a long story.

INNOCENT UNTIL PROVED GUILTY?

By JOHN P. RYAN



VERY American, at some time in his life, exhibits one phase of the national character by boasting of his cherished institutions, the freedom of thought and conscience, personal liberty, and impartial enforcement of the laws. There were days when his boast was founded on fact, but if he has kept in touch with recent events he will begin to wonder and be troubled, especially when he reviews the Grand Jury system.

There has been a wild desire among Grand Jurors, apparently, to make records, to show a spirit harmonious with that which demanded the sacrifice of good names and honest men to the needs of the occasion, political or personal; there has been a substitution of public clamor for legal evidence, with a resultant abuse of the Grand Jury system and the process of indictment.

An eminent jurist said recently that the United States to-day is the most lawless country on the face of the earth. He added that defiance of law by rioters is mild compared with disregard of legal rights and the liberty of citizens, the usurpation of power and abuse of functions. He said that the Grand Jury system had been converted from an institution designed to protect the citizen into an agency used in many instances for private vengeance, for the placing of a stigma on honorable men, and for the bolstering up of political ambitions.

This seems harsh criticism of an institution which King John grudgingly granted and English-speaking nations have since jealously guarded as the real foundation of their liberties. Yet if you will take the files of your newspaper for the past three or four years and note the names of citi-

zens indicted and subsequently exculpated of all wrongdoing, you will find a subject for serious thought. An unjustified indictment is not wiped out by being brushed aside as farcical by a judge with a knowledge of the law and common sense. It remains on the records. The public has grown to accept it as proof of guilt. Justice McLean, in characteristic language, pointed out in one of his decisions a short time ago the evils of the hurriedly found indictment, of the farce that is played by solemnly quoting that innocence is assumed until guilt is proven. He said:

"It is a great credit, it is a greater boast, in Anglican jurisprudence, that the accused is accompanied by the presumption of innocence until and unless he has been found guilty by a competent tribunal; that it surrounds him with all the precaution, and, curtailing and counteracting the always overweening position and power of the prosecution, goes so far as to give him an equal chance. How needful and yet how inadequate are the best precautions hardly needs setting forth. Despite the presumption of innocence, mere arrest puts the accused at a disadvantage, awakening popular prejudice, as recognized by the pettifogger's impertinent query of a witness whom he wishes to discredit. Indictment raises the moral impediment manifold."

Back in 1850 David Dudley Field, David Graham, and Arphaxed Loomis were concerned with the revision of the Code of Criminal Procedure, and their work was in substance adopted by the Legislature. David Graham was a deep student, a philosopher, and a man of brilliant attainments. One of his notes on the Grand Jury system, made public after his death, is both illuminating and prophetic and worthy of being quoted. He said:

"The Grand Jury was designed to be a body of discreet and thinking men, called together to protect the public interests and not to be converted into instruments for private cupidity and revenge. Instead of being an accusing party, it is, and ought to be, a judicial tribunal. Instead of acting hastily and unadvisedly upon an accusation against the citizen, and placing him upon trial for the gratification of private feeling, it should be made to stand upon the higher ground of vindicating the dignity of the public law. To do this, limits must be set to the extent of its powers, and restrictions must be placed upon their exercise. Without these—rendered necessary by the secrecy by which the Grand Jury is surrounded—the full assurance cannot exist that public and private interests are safe in its hands. Within the sphere of what they choose to consider their duties, the Grand Jury is omnipotent. Indictments may be preferred upon slight evidence or upon no evidence, and the action of the Grand Jury is beyond the reach of the law. And, in short, acting as it does, without responsibility, there is no slight reason to fear that, from being conservative in its aims, it may ultimately degenerate into an object of private aversion. From the abuses of which it is susceptible, and which have been too often practiced under its unconscious sanction, it is not to be disguised that even now its moral power is waning."

What would David Graham say to-day, were he alive, with the records of the indiscriminate indictments of the past few years before him? What comment would he make on the misuse of its sacred functions? Would he agree that it has preserved inviolate its attributes, described by an eminent New York jurist in 1857 in this fashion:

"From its earliest organization it (the Grand Jury) seemed to have been invested with the attribute and character of mercy, and to have had for its *principal object* the security of the subject against unfounded, malicious, and oppressive accusations."

This sounds like a superb bit of sarcasm, applied to-day. One must needs feel that way if he looks into the records. We shall give a few specific examples later on—just a few out of many—showing the difference between the principal object actually to-day and theoretically fifty years ago.

Perhaps the citizens of the county of

New York have less to complain of in the matter of the perversion of Grand Jury functions than many other counties and districts, but their contentment with the system is usually in an inverse ratio to their knowledge of its workings. There is no desire to exploit adverse features of the New York system, but there are some facts that are interesting. From time to time there is a wild outburst of public clamor in New York, mostly senseless, the chorus of which is "Indict, indict." There is no knowledge of the real facts, no desire for justice, just a sort of blood-lust for criminal proceedings which is apparently satisfied when the victims are indicted and haled before a justice. The prosecuting officer who attempts to stem the tide with a presentation of the law in the case is overwhelmed with abuse, and it requires a thick skin, an entire absence of feeling, and no desire for political preferment to withstand it. When he gives way to it, the chances are that he lends himself to an act of injustice which only a competent and fearless Grand Jury can rectify.

District Attorney Jerome was all but crucified for refusing to indict when there was a public clamor, yet a careful, impartial, judicial investigation has proved that he was merely respecting the responsibilities of his position; living up to his solemn oath of office. There have been few Jeromes. In the report of Commissioner Hand, who investigated the multitudinous charges preferred against the District Attorney, we find:

"But the unreasonable expectation of the crowd has been impossible of gratification, and, therefore, as is too common to excite surprise in any student of human nature, many who shouted loudest for Mr. Jerome are now full of bitterness toward him, because he has not done what they desired and imagined he would be able to do. With this feeling, no regard is had for what he has done; no appreciation of the difficulties of doing; but the one thing occupying their minds has been that all which they have desired and hoped for has not been accomplished, and Mr. Jerome meets with the common fate of an idol of the people."

It seems to be an impressive fact that those who are closest to the workings of the Grand Jury have the greatest contempt

for it, particularly for its pliability, its inability to appreciate its own functions.

There is a man in one of the parts of the Court of General Sessions in New York who has been a student of the Grand Jury, its methods, its weakness, its servility at times, its ignorance often, and its childish acquiescence in the directions of prosecuting attorneys. He has no illusions and a sharp tongue. Talking with him one day about the Grand Jury system, he said:

"Occasionally we have a Grand Jury that knows its business, or, to put it differently, that possesses common sense and uses it. The theory of most Grand Juries is that they are there to indict, to 'pass it along,' to put it up to the petit jury. We have had Grand Juries here who were tickled to death when they handed up thirty indictments in a day. Just imagine thirty indictments for less than three hours' work. Their chief concern was the making of statistics.

"We have twenty-three men on a Grand Jury, each theoretically intelligent, alive to his duties, eager to do exact justice. Actually, not more than five on an average take any real part in the deliberations. With the others the say-so of the District Attorney counts for everything. A competent foreman sometimes wakes them up. When the Grand Jury is carefully charged there is a reduction in the number of indictments. But indictments are turned out with the utmost ease—so easy that I wonder if the oath which the Grand Jury men take is not absolutely superfluous."

During the year 1907 there were returned in the county of New York 5,295 indictments, and there were disposed of, 4,573 indictments. It sounds good to record that out of that 4,573 indictments there were 2,848 convictions, or a ratio of .6228. But if we analyze a little further we find 49.55 per cent of the convictions resulted from pleas of guilty, criminals caught red-handed, the indictment being more or less a matter of red tape. So it is really with the other 50.45 per cent we are concerned. It is these indictments that go to trial or fail to be presented because of the obvious lack of necessary evidence. The record shows that in 1907 the ratio of convictions to verdicts was only 12.73 per cent, the highest, by the way, in eight years with one exception. Thus (taking those

indictments where there was any doubt of the guilt of the defendant and excluding the pleas of guilty altogether) only 25 per cent of convictions resulted. Why were the others indicted? Was the evidence sufficient to warrant the branding of these persons with the stigma of an indictment, or was it a case of "pass it along"?

Figures for eight years, from 1900 to 1907 inclusive, show the same results. The total number of indictments returned during these years was 33,232, and the total number disposed of 32,731. The ratio of convictions for these eight years, 60.07 per cent, and the ratio of pleas of guilty, 48.13. The convictions on indictments returned, where the case should have gone to trial or did go to trial, show a percentage of 23.88.

Arthur Train, in his extremely interesting book, "The Prisoner at the Bar," says that the time which could be given by the Grand Jury to any particular case under the present circumstances would average *six minutes*. This is justice while you wait, but liberty is our cheapest unprotected product. He makes another significant statement—and who can doubt this intimate knowledge of his subject—that if an indictment is not absolutely defective it is sustained by the higher courts. And yet we hear tirades against the quashing of indictments by the higher courts.

The insurance investigation is history, and we are getting far enough away from it to get a clear perspective. The record of 1907 shows about 60 indictments returned against insurance men. The Grand Jury had acted "fearlessly"! The man who read the headlines must still think that nothing less than grave crimes had been committed. There was a howl of satisfaction when such men as Charles S. Fairchild and George W. Perkins were indicted. The Grand Jury was to be congratulated and the community wondered whether such men could be spared for the sacrifice to the mob rule and mob spirit. It wondered how many more of its honored names would be stained with indictments for technical offenses. But what has happened to these indictments? Take a "notorious example": George Burnham, Jr., counsel for the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company, was convicted and sentenced to two years in prison. He could not get a

certificate of reasonable doubt from a judge in this State, and he went to prison pending his appeal. That was December, 1906. The conviction was reversed on May 31, 1907, by the Appellate Division, with the statement that the evidence did not justify his conviction.

Walter R. Gillette, Vice President of the Mutual Life, was indicted and convicted on a charge of perjury. He made a statement before the Grand Jury, and subsequently corrected it. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for six months. He appealed. The Appellate Division reversed the verdict, quashed the indictment, and Justice McLaughlin wrote an opinion which contains much that might be heeded by Grand Juries, prosecuting attorneys, and those who clamor "indict, indict."

"Ours is a government of law, and public clamor, no matter how loud or long continued, is not evidence, nor is it a justification for judicial action. It is a matter of the highest regard to the people of the State that persons who commit crimes should be punished, but no more so than that they should be punished in a legal way. If the Constitutional and statutory provisions have to be violated in order to inflict the punishment, then it had better not be done, because to do so would be nothing less than the act of the mob under the guise of the law."

Judges of the Court of General Sessions, some of them at least, are keenly alive to the haphazard fashion that characterizes the work of some of the New York City Juries, and they have been careful to warn the jurors of their duties. Judge Warren W. Foster has been particularly active in this good work, which is bearing fruit. A month or so ago he warned the Grand Jury against returning too many indictments, and told them this story to illustrate the effect of an indictment:

"In selecting this Grand Jury I purposely presented the name of a man who had been indicted. There was no foundation for the indictment, and as soon as the District Attorney heard of it he had the indictment dismissed. I told all of this to the board which selected the Grand Jury, but because of this unjust indictment—because of this stigma, I believe—this man was not put on the Grand Jury list."

It should be explained to the lay reader

that in New York City the board which selects the Grand Jury is composed of two Judges of General Sessions, two Supreme Court Justices, and the Mayor. Judge Foster took cognizance also of the apparent desire on the part of Grand Juries to make records by returning indictments wholesale, charging them:

"Statistics are but a poor measure of your usefulness; but I think I can safely say that your usefulness to the community will not be measured by the number of indictments that you find, and perhaps not by the number of dismissals that you hand down, but rather by the good sense and the good judgment which you show in indicting and dismissing."

It may seem to some that the Grand Jury acts only when there is some evidence, possibly sufficient to justify an indictment. Unfortunately, that does not seem to be the case. It is not a far cry back to the days of the Nan Patterson trial. The District Attorney wanted Nan Patterson's sister, Julia Patterson Smith, and J. Morgan Smith, her husband, as witnesses. They were out of the State, so he could not subpoena them. He went before the Grand Jury, had them indicted for conspiracy, secured a bench warrant and extradition papers and haled them back to New York. Their attorney immediately took their case before Judge Foster, and if you care to dig it out you will find this scratched in vigorous hand on the cover of one of the papers in that case:

"The Grand Jury had no right to find an indictment when there was no evidence to support it! I can only explain the fact that an indictment was found on the theory that because the defendants, who were without the State, were needed as witnesses in an important case, the Grand Jury forgot both the law and their judicial position, and feeling that the *end justified the means*, indicted the defendants that they might be brought here by extradition."

One other opinion of Judge Foster is worth noting, because of its broad hint to Grand Juries. In the Stern case he said:

"A careful examination of the entire record shows that there was before the Grand Jury no legal evidence whatever of the wrongdoing, much less of crime, on the part of the defendant Stern. The indictment ought never to have been found as

against him. It appears, indeed, to have been a careless use or a flagrant abuse of its great powers by the Grand Jury."

What applies to the Grand Jury of New York County applies equally well to the Grand Juries of other districts. Prosecuting attorneys are possibly equally to blame in their efforts to secure indictments. They resort to means that are oftentimes illegal, and justify themselves on the ground of public policy. Although Grand Juries, State and Federal, are warned against permitting themselves to be influenced by anything except the evidence submitted, how often does it happen that the prosecuting officer indulges in stump speeches before the jurors—begs, demands, pleads that a man be indicted? One of the most celebrated charges to a Grand Jury was that of Mr. Justice Stephen J. Field of the United States Supreme Court in August, 1872, and he urged the importance of securing Grand Juries against outside influence and improper interferences, which, he said, if allowed would introduce a flood of evils disastrous to the purity of the administration of justice and subversive of all confidence in the action of this legal body. How would the learned justice feel if he read an unexpurgated edition of the minutes of some of our modern Grand Jury proceedings where public clamor and political ambition were the whip and spur to the prosecuting officer? How many prosecuting officers in their efforts to get indictments in what may be a *cause célèbre*, keep this strict injunction of a great authority on criminal law in mind:

"The least attempt (on the part of the District Attorney) to influence the Grand Jury in the decision upon the effect of the evidence is an unjustifiable interference," said Judge Field, "and no fair and honorable officer will ever be guilty of it. It is very common, however, for some one of the Grand Jury to request the opinion of the Public Prosecutor as to the propriety of finding the bill; but it is his duty to refrain from giving it or even any information on the subject, but in all cases to leave the Grand Jury to decide independently for themselves."

That seems to be clear enough. But that rule of conduct does not always or usually prevail. No one knows the law that applies to Grand Juries better than

District Attorney Jerome. An examination of the "Minutes taken upon the Hearing against John Doe and others, May 7th, 1906, et seq." reveals an incident which shows how he urged his own views on the Grand Jury at that time. This was the Grand Jury which returned indictments against Granniss and Gillette of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. Undoubtedly Jerome was influenced by a desire to prevent the return of an indictment that would not hold in Court. But was it not in contravention of the rigid rule just quoted? Jerome did not talk to the Grand Jury as prosecuting attorney. He had himself sworn as a witness as the Minutes found on page 907 and subsequently of the stenographer's record show. He pointed out the improbability of conviction under an indictment already ordered against Richard A. McCurdy, at the same time expressing his judgment that Mr. McCurdy was guilty of what he was charged with. He stated frankly that he did not want any indictments, as far as he could control them, found, upon which he did not believe that he could convict, and recommended that the jury reconsider the action and void the order directing the signing of the bill.

If there has been high-handed procedure in bringing indictments under state jurisdiction, what must be said of the Federal situation? There are scores of cases on the Federal records that substantiate the assertion that the process of indictment has been abused, that show either the asininity or pliability of Federal Grand Juries, and the utter disregard of even casual respect for human liberty and right.

Let me tell you a homely little story of a little fellow with no powerful friends, against whom the force of the government was turned in an effort to annihilate him. I cannot give his name, as he is still in the government service and it would hurt him still more—they crippled him but did not beat him. Let us call him Brandon.

Brandon was in the Treasury Department at Washington, in the office of the Supervising Architect. He got \$1,800 a year, had a wife and six children, and owned a little home of his own across the Potomac in Virginia. He was an ideal employee and husband. He came originally from Missouri, and one day his Chief directed him to go to certain towns in

Missouri to select sites for public buildings. Brandon packed his grip and headed for his home state.

Word had been received that the Treasury agent would soon arrive to select the sites, and every patriot in each town who had a piece of real estate was anxiously awaiting to sell it to the government. Brandon had a cousin, Vernon by name, a sort of itinerant dentist in Missouri, who lived largely by his wits. He heard of Brandon's coming and the purpose thereof, and decided that he could net an honest dollar out of it for himself. He attached himself to Brandon and tried to make himself agreeable. But as they struck each town, Vernon located the anxious patriots with land to sell and sought each personally.

"I am a cousin of that Treasury agent," he would remark quietly, "and my word goes with him. Isn't it worth five hundred to get your land accepted?"

This worked first rate and Vernon reaped a harvest.

Brandon returned to Washington and made his report. Missouri heard of it and immediately a howl went up from the disappointed ones. The howl reached Washington and a special Commission was sent out to investigate Brandon's report and the charges of graft. The Commission reported that Brandon selected the most desirable locations from every point of view in every instance. But they heard all about Vernon. Vernon was indicted, tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. Then the Grand Jury indicted Brandon, without a scintilla of evidence that he had even indirect knowledge of Vernon's crookedness.

Immediately upon his indictment, the Department of Justice sent a demand to the Secretary of the Treasury that he be removed. The Post Office also demanded his removal. He had one friend, a former officer of one of the Departments, who heard of these demands, and sought the Secretary. He asked that Brandon be not dismissed.

"Mr. Secretary," he said, "you are too good a criminal lawyer to accept an indictment as proof of guilt."

"That is so," answered the Secretary, "but it goes a long way with me; besides, the Department of Justice insists."

Brandon was dismissed. He mortgaged his home to get money to defend himself. He peddled books for money for bread for his family. He made eleven trips to Missouri before his case came to trial. Finally it came to trial, and the Judge directed an acquittal without any defense. Brandon was cleared. But he had lost his home and lost his grip.

One incident in connection with the case is interesting. About a month before the trial Brandon's friend noted in the papers that a United States marshal in Oklahoma had been indicted for some serious offense. The paper said that he had been a Rough Rider. It quoted also a decision by the Department of Justice that an indictment did not mean that the man must be guilty, and announced that he would be retained in office. The moment he read that, Brandon's friend rushed to the Treasury Department and laid it before the Secretary. He read it carefully, rang a bell for a stenographer, and dictated an order immediately reinstating Brandon. It was the one touch of humanity in a sordid case.

Another instance that might be cited that should give pause to any right-minded citizen, is that of United States Senator W. E. Borah, of Idaho. This was a case of the use of the Grand Jury for political purposes. Borah had antagonized certain elements in his own party, and it so happened that he ran foul of the prosecuting attorney. The result was an indictment. Borah refused to take advantage of any technicalities and demanded a speedy trial. He refused to plead the statute of limitations or even to allege irregularities in the Grand Jury room. The Trial Jury acquitted him on the first ballot.

Showing the utter absurdity of the work of the Grand Jury in that case, aside from the absolute injustice done to Borah, it is the fact that the same Grand Jury indicted with Senator Borah former Governor Steunenberg. The real farce lies in the fact that Steunenberg had been dead for some time, but as one writer put it, "his ghost was brought to the bar of justice."

F. Dumont Smith, of Kinsley, Kansas, had an experience with the Federal Grand Jury of his district which is not calculated to inspire him with any reverence for justice as administered in this country, or those who know the facts with any awe for the inspir-

ing functions of the Grand Jury. Smith was a State Senator and he had trouble with certain politicians. He was indicted by the United States Grand Jury for an alleged violation of a Federal statute. Judge Phillips wrote an opinion which was a scathing arraignment of the Grand Jury and quashed this indictment summarily, stating in substance that if every allegation submitted to the Grand Jury were true, there was absolutely no violation of the law.

Coming back to the State courts for a minute, is there a greater case of absurd action by the Grand Jury than in the case of Speaker John N. Cole, of Massachusetts? It appears that the Boston and Maine Railroad has a ticket known as the student's ticket, which, for the sum of about \$17, they sell to any person under the age of eighteen, good for daily trips for three months, the person to be actually a student at one of the institutions of learning at Boston. Cole, it seems, requested the railroad to sell the tickets to certain persons, students at Boston and residents of Lawrence and Andover. It developed that some of these persons were over eighteen years of age. He was indicted by the Essex County Grand Jury. When the motion came before the Superior Court the indictment was incontinently quashed.

One might go on indefinitely citing cases where the process of indictment has been abused. Philadelphia has had some experiences. John W. Hill, an eminent engineer, was indicted in that city for con-

spiracy to cheat and defraud the city. He was submitted to the humiliation of a trial, not a scintilla of evidence was produced against him, and he was acquitted under order of the Court. Philip H. Johnson, a well-known architect, was indicted with others for conspiracy to cheat and defraud. The trial was a farce and the Court directed acquittal.

But why continue to note specific violations of the rights of citizens and individuals? The basis of the Republic is the liberty of the individual citizen. He is the unit of the community, and to the extent that his rights are preserved are the aggregate rights of the entire community preserved, no more and no less. The personal protection of the citizen is the highest function of the government. The Grand Jury is, or should be, a prime factor in such protection.

Those who read into this article a plea for the abolition of the Grand Jury system are mistaken. The Grand Jury can be all that the most ardent devotee of individual rights and human liberty believes it to be; but if it does not perform its natural functions, if its work in most instances is perfunctory, then it ignores the effect its actions may have on the citizen which it indicts. The Grand Jury should be supreme, but in too many instances it is a tool for the promotion of the ambitions of others; a means of exciting public clamor or of gratifying the ever-living lust for public sacrifices.

THE ROSES

By J. CLARENCE HARVEY

THE white rose whispers pure love, true;
The red rose breathes of passion;
The pink rose tangles up the two,
In most enticing fashion.

The pink rose once was white, 'tis said,
Content as God had formed it,
But almost wanted to be red
When love's first kiss had warmed it.

CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Cap'n Eri," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII

CONGRESSMAN EVERDEAN



PROBABLY no other Bayporter, in recent years, has started for Washington on such short notice or with so ill-defined a programme as Captain Cy. He went because he felt that he must go somewhere. After the conversation with Asaph, he simply could not remain at home. If Phoebe Dawes called, he knew that he must see her, and, if he saw her, what should he say to her? He could not tell her that she must not visit the Cy Whittaker place again, yet he was firmly resolved not to permit her to compromise her life and her future by friendship with a social outcast like himself. As for anything deeper and more sacred than friendship, that was ridiculous. If, for a moment, a remark of hers had led him to dream of such a thing, it was because he was, as he had so often declared, an "old fool."

So Captain Cy had resolved upon flight, and he fled to Washington because the business of the "committee of one" offered a legitimate excuse for going there. The blunt message he had intrusted to Georgianna would, he believed, arouse Phoebe's indignation. She would not call again. And when he returned to Bos'n, it would be to take up the child's fight alone. If he lost that fight, or *when* he lost it, he would close the Cy Whittaker place, and leave Bayport for good.

He had been in Washington once before, years ago, when he was first mate of a ship and had a few weeks' shore leave. Then

he went there on a pleasure trip with some seagoing friends, and had a jolly time. But there was precious little jollity in the present visit. He had never felt so thoroughly miserable. In order to forget, he made up his mind to work his hardest to discover why the harbor appropriation was not to be given to Bayport.

The city had changed greatly. He would scarcely have known it. He went to the hotel where he had stayed before, and found a big, modern building in its place. The clerk was inclined to be rather curt and perfunctory at first, but when he learned that the captain was not anxious concerning the price of accommodations, but merely wanted a "comfortable berth somewheres on the saloon deck," and appeared to have plenty of money, he grew polite. Captain Cy was shown to his room, where he left his valise. Then he went down to dinner.

After the meal was over, he seated himself in one of the big leather chairs in the hotel lobby, smoked and thought. In the summer, before Bos'n came, and before her father had arisen to upset every calculation and wreck all his plans, the captain had given serious thought to what he should do if Congressman Atkins failed, as even then he seemed likely to do, in securing that appropriation. The obvious thing, of course, would have been to hunt up Mr. Atkins and question him. But this was altogether too obvious. In the first place, the strained relations between them would make the interview uncomfortable; and, in the second, if there was anything underhand in Herman's backsliding on the appropriation, Atkins was too wary a bird to be snared with questions.

But Captain Cy had another acquaint-

ance in the city, the son of a still older acquaintance, who had been a wealthy shipping merchant and mine owner in California. The son was also a congressman, from a coast State, and the captain had read of him in the papers. Captain Cy's original idea had been to write to this congressman. Now he determined to find and interview him.

He inquired concerning him of the hotel clerk, who, like all Washington clerks, was a walking edition of "Who's Who at the Capital."

"Congressman Everdean?" repeated the all-knowing young gentleman. "Yes. He's in town. Has rooms at the Gloria; second hotel on the right as you go up the avenue. Only a short walk. What can I do for you, sir?"

The Gloria was an even bigger hotel than the one where the captain had his "berth." An inquiry at the desk, of another important clerk, was answered after a time by word that the congressman would be down in a few moments. The captain beguiled the interval by leaning on the rail and regarding the clerk with an awed curiosity that annoyed its object exceedingly. The inspection was still on when a tall man, of an age somewhere in the early thirties, walked briskly up to the desk.

"Who is it that wants to see me?" he asked.

The clerk waved a deprecatory hand in Captain Cy's direction. The newcomer turned.

"My name is Everdean," he said. "Are you—hey?—Great Scott! Is it possible this is Captain Whittaker?"

The captain was immensely pleased.

"Well, I declare, Ed!" he exclaimed. "I didn't believe you'd remember me, after all these years. You was nothin' but a boy when I saw you out in 'Frisco. Well! well! No wonder you're in Congress. A man that can remember faces like that ought to be President."

Everdean laughed as they shook hands.

"Don't suppose I'd forget the chap who used to dine with us and tell me those sea stories, do you?" he said.

The congressman insisted that they should adjourn to his rooms. An unmarried man, he kept bachelor's hall at the hotel during his stay in Washington. There, in comfortable chairs, they spoke of old

times, when the captain was seafaring and the Everdean home had been his while his ship was in port at 'Frisco. He told of his return to Bayport, and the renovation of the old house. Of Bos'n he said nothing. At last Everdean asked what had brought him to Washington.

"Well," said Captain Cy, "I'll tell you. I'm like the feller in court without a lawyer; he said he couldn't tell whether he was guilty or not 'count of havin' no professional advice. That's what I've come to you for, Ed—professional advice."

He told the harbor appropriation story. At the incident of the "committee of one" his friend laughed heartily.

"Rather put your foot in it that time, captain, didn't you?" he said.

"Yup. Then I got t'other one stuck tryin' to get the first clear. How's it look to you? All straight, do you think? or is there a nigger in the wood pile?"

Mr. Everdean seemed to reflect.

"Well, captain," he said, "I can't tell. You're asking delicate questions. Politicians are like doctors, they usually back up each other's opinions. Still, you're at least as good a friend of mine as Atkins is. Queer *he* should bob up in this matter! Why, he—but never mind that now. I tell you, Captain Whittaker, you come around and have dinner with me to-morrow night. In the meantime I'll see the chairman of the committee on that bill—one of the so-called 'pork' bills it is. Possibly from him and some other acquaintances of mine I may learn something. At any rate, you come to dinner."

At eight the next evening Captain Cy and his Western friend sat down at a corner table in the big dining room of the Gloria.

The captain began to ask questions as soon as the soup was served, but Everdean refused to answer.

"No, no," he said, "pleasure first and business afterwards; that's a congressional motto. I can't talk Atkins with my dinner and enjoy it."

"Can't, hey? You wouldn't be popular at our perfect boarding house back home. There they serve Heman hot for breakfast and dinner, and warm him over for supper. All right, I can wait."

The conversation wandered from Buenos Ayres to 'Frisco and back again until the

cigars and coffee were reached. Then the congressman blew a fragrant ring into the air and, from behind it, looked quizzically at his companion.

"Well," he observed, "so far as that appropriation of yours is concerned——"

but— If I was in politics I'd make a law to cut 'But' out of the dictionary."

"Well, we had a rather long conversation. I discovered that the Bayport item was originally included in the bill, but recently had been stricken out."



"The captain did not answer."

He paused and blew a second ring. Captain Cy stroked his beard.

"Um—yes," he drawled, "now that you mention it, seems to me there was some talk of an appropriation."

Mr. Everdean laughed.

"I've been making inquiries," he said. "I saw the chairman of the committee on the pork bill. I know him well. He's a good fellow, but——"

"Yes, I know. I've seen lots of politicians like that; they're all good fellows,

"Yes, I see. Uncle Sam had to economize, hey? Save somethin' for a rainy day."

"Well, possibly. Still the bill is just as heavy. Now, Captain Whittaker, I don't *know* anything about this affair, and it's not my business. But I've been about today, and I asked questions, and—I'm going to tell you a fairy tale. It isn't as interesting as your sea yarns, but— Do you like fairy stories?"

"Land, yes! Tell a few myself when

it's necessary. Sometimes I almost believe 'em. Well?"

"Of course you must remember this is a fairy story. Let's suppose that once on a time—that's the way they always begin—once on a time there was a great man, great in his own country, who was sent abroad by his people to represent them among the rulers of the land. So, in order to typically represent them, he dressed in glad and expensive raiment, went about in dignity, and——"

"And whiskers. Don't leave out the whiskers!"

"All right—and whiskers. And it came to pass that the people whom he represented wished to—to—er—bring about a certain needed improvement in their—their beautiful and enterprising community."

"Sho! sho! how natural that sounds! You must be a mind reader."

"No. But I have to make speeches in my own community occasionally. Well, the people asked their great man to get the money needed for this improvement from the rulers of the land aforementioned. And he was at first all enthusiasm, and upon the—the parchment scroll where such matters are inscribed was written the name of the beautiful and enterprising community, and the sum of money it asked for. And the deal was as good as made. Excuse the modern phraseology; my fairy lingo got mixed there."

"Never mind. I can get the drift just as well—maybe better."

"And the deal was as good as made. But before the vote was taken another chap came to the great man and said: 'Look here! I want to get an appropriation of, say, fifty thousand dollars, to deepen and improve a river down in my State'—a Southern State, we'll say. 'I've been to the chairman of the pork bill committee, and he says it's impossible. The bill simply can't be loaded any further. But I find that you have an item in there for deepening and improving a harbor back in your own district. Why don't you cut that item out—shove it over until next year? You can easily find a satisfactory explanation for your constituents. And you want to remember this: the improvement of this river means that the—the—well, a certain sugar-growing company—can get their stuff to market at a figure which will send

its stock up and up. And you are said to own a considerable amount of that stock. So why not drop the harbor item and substitute my river slice? Then—' Well, I guess that's the end of the tale."

He paused and relit his cigar. Captain Cy thoughtfully marked with his fork on the tablecloth.

"Hum!" he grunted. "That's a very interestin' yarn. Yes, yes! don't know's I ever heard a more interestin' one. I presume there ain't a mite of proof that it's true?"

"Not an atom. I told you it was a fairy tale. And I mustn't be quoted in the matter. Honestly, the most of it is guess work, at that. But perhaps a 'committee of one,' dropping a hint at home, might at least arouse some uncomfortable questioning of a certain great man. That's about all, though. Proof is quite another thing."

"Humph!" the captain grunted again. "It's one thing to smell a rat and another to nail its tail to the floor. But I'm mighty obliged to you, all the same. Say! I can see one thing—you don't take a very big shine to Heman yourself."

"Not too big—no. Do you?"

"Well, I don't wake up nights and cry for him."

Everdeen laughed.

"That's characteristic," he said. "You have your own way of putting things, Captain, and it's hard to be improved on. Atkins has never done anything to me. I just—I just don't like him, that's all. Father never liked him, either, in the old days; and yet—and it's odd, too—he was the means of the old gentleman's making the most of his money."

"He? Who? Not Heman?"

"Yes, Heman Atkins. But, so far as that goes, father started him toward wealth, I suppose. At least, he was poor enough before the mine was sold."

"What are you talkin' about? Heman got his start tradin' over in the South Seas. Sellin' the Kanakas glass beads and calico for pearls and copra—two cupfuls of pearls for every bead. Anyhow, that's the way the yarn goes."

"I can't help that. He was just a common sailor who had run away from his ship and was gold mining in California. And when he and his partner struck it rich father borrowed money, headed a company, and bought them out. That mine was the

Excelsior, and it's just as productive to-day as it ever was. I rather think Atkins must be sorry he sold. I suppose, by right, I should be very grateful to your distinguished representative."

"Well, I do declare! Sho, sho! Ain't that funny now? He's never said a word about it at home. I don't believe there's a soul in Bayport knows that. We all thought 'twas South Sea tradin' that boosted Heman. And your own dad! I declare, this is a small world!"

"It's odd father never told you about it. It's one of the old gentleman's pet stories. He came West in 1850, and was running a little shipping store in 'Frisco. He met Atkins and the other young sailor, his partner, before they left their ship. They were in the store, buying various things, and father got to know them pretty well. Then they ran away to the diggings—you simply couldn't keep a crew in those times—and he didn't see them again for a good while. Then they came in one day and showed him specimens from a claim they had back in the mountains. They were mighty good specimens, and what they said about the claim convinced father that they had a valuable property. So he went to see a few well-to-do friends of his, and the outcome was that a party was made up to go and inspect. The young fellows were willing to sell out, for it was a quartz working and they hadn't the money to carry it on.

"The inspection showed that the claim was likely to be even better than they thought, so, after some bargaining, the deal was completed. They sold out for seventy-five thousand dollars, and it was the best trade father ever made. He's so proud of his judgment and foresight in making it that I wonder he never told you the story."

"He never did. When was this?"

"In '54. What?"

"I didn't speak. The date seemed kind of familiar to me, that's all. Seem's if I heard it recent, but I can't remember when. Seventy-five thousand, hey? Well, that wasn't so bad, was it? With that for a nest egg, no wonder Heman's managed to hatch a pretty respectable brood of dollars."

"Oh, the whole seventy-five wasn't his, of course. Half belonged to his partner. But the poor devil didn't live to enjoy it. After the articles were signed and before

the money was paid over, he was taken sick with a fever and died."

"Hey? He died? With a fever?"

"Yes. But he left a pretty good legacy—for a common sailor, or second mate; I believe that's what he was—thirty-seven thousand five hundred is doing well. It must have come as a big surprise to his heirs. The whole sum was paid to Atkins, who—What's the matter with you?"

Captain Cy was leaning back in his chair. He was as white as the tablecloth.

"Are you ill?" asked the congressman, anxiously. "Take some water. Shall I call—"

The captain waved his hand.

"No, no!" he stammered. "No! I'm all right. Do you—for the Lord's sake tell me this! Do you know the name of this partner that died?"

Mr. Everdean looked curiously at his friend before he answered.

"Sure you're not sick?" he asked.

"Well, all right. The partner's name? Why, I've heard it often enough. It's on the deed of sale that father has framed in his room at home. The old gentleman is as proud of that as anything in the house. The name was—was—"

"For God sakes," cried Captain Cy, "don't say 'twas John Thayer! 'Cause if you do I shan't believe it."

"That's what it was—John Thayer. How did you guess? Did you know him? I remember now that he was another Down Easter, like Atkins."

The captain did not answer. He clasped his forehead with both hands and leaned his elbows on the table. Everdean was plainly alarmed.

"I'm going to call a doctor," he began, rising. But Captain Cy waved him back again.

"Set still!" he ordered. "Set still, I tell you! You say the whole seventy-five thousand was paid to Heman, but that John Thayer signed the bill of sale afore he died, as half partner? And your dad's got the original deed and—and—he remembers the whole business?"

"Yes, he's got the deed—framed. It's on record, too, of course. Remembers? I should say he did! He'll talk for a week on that subject, if you give him a chance."

The captain sprang to his feet. His chair tipped backward and fell to the floor. An

obsequious waiter ran to right it, but Captain Cy paid no attention to him.

"Where's my coat?" he demanded. "Where's my coat and hat?"

"What ails you?" asked Everdean. "Are you going crazy?"

"Goin' crazy? No, no! I'm goin' to California. When's the next train?"

CHAPTER XIX

THE TOPPLING OF A MONUMENT

THE HONORABLE HEMAN ATKINS sat in the library of his Washington home, before a snapping log fire, reading a letter. Mr. Atkins had, as he would have expressed it, "served his people" in Congress for so many years that he had long since passed the hotel stage of living at the capital. He rented a furnished house on an eminently respectable street, and the polished doorplate bore his name in uncompromising capitals.

The cheery fire was very comforting on a night like this, for the sleet was driving against the window panes, the sidewalks were ankle deep in slush, and the wet, cold wind from the Potomac was whistling down the street. Mr. Atkins should have been extremely comfortable as he sat there by the fire. He had spent many comfortable winters in that room. But now there was a frown on his face as he read the letter in his hand. It was from Simpson, and stated, among other things, that Cyrus Whittaker had been absent from Bayport for over two weeks, and that no one seemed to know where he had gone. "The idea seems to be that he started for Washington," wrote Tad; "but if that is so, it is queer you haven't seen him. I am suspicious that he is up to something about that harbor business. I should keep my eye peeled if I was you."

Heman dropped the letter in his lap and sat thinking and twirling his eyeglasses at the end of their black cord. His thoughts seemed to be not of the pleasantest. The lines about his mouth had deepened during the last few months. He looked older.

The telephone bell rang sharply. Mr. Atkins came out of his reverie with a start, arose and walked across the room to the wall where the instrument hung. It was

before the days of the convenient desk 'phone. He took the receiver from its hook and spoke into the transmitter.

"Hello!" he said. "Hello! Yes, yes! stop ringing. What is it?"

The wire buzzed and purred in the storm. "Hello!" said a voice. "Hello, there! Is this Mr. Atkins's house?"

"Yes; it is. What do you want?"

"Hey? Is this where the Honorable Heman Atkins lives?"

"Yes, yes, I tell you! This is Mr. Atkins speaking. What do you want?"

"Oh! is that you, Heman? This is Whittaker—Cy Whittaker. Understand?"

Mr. Atkins understood. Yet for an instant he did not reply. He had been thinking, as he sat by the fire, of certain persons and certain ugly, though remote, possibilities. Now, from a mysterious somewhere, one of those persons was speaking to him. The hand holding the receiver shook momentarily.

"Hello! I say, Heman, do you understand? This is Whittaker talkin'."

"I—er—understand," said the congressman, slowly. "Well, sir?"

"I'm here in Washin'ton."

"I have been informed that you were in the city. Well, sir?"

"Oh! knew I was here, did you? Is that so? Who told you? Tad wrote, I suppose, hey?"

The congressman did not reply immediately. This man, whom he disliked more than anyone else in the world, had an irritating faculty of putting his finger on the truth. And the flippancy in the tone was maddening. Mr. Atkins was not used to flippancy.

"I believe I am not called upon to disclose my source of information," he said, with chilling dignity. "It appears to have been trustworthy. I presume you have 'phoned me concerning the appropriation matter. I do not recognize your right to intrude in that affair, and I shall decline to discuss it. Yes, sir. To my people, to those who have a right to question, I am and shall always be willing to explain my position. Good night."

"Wait! Hello! Hold on a minute. Don't get mad, Heman. I only wanted to say just a word. You'll let me say a word, won't you?"

This was more like it. This was more



"The receiver fell from the congressman's hands."

nearly the tone in which Mr. Atkins was wont to be addressed.

"I cannot," declared the Honorable, "understand why you should wish to speak with me. We have very little in common, very little, I'm thankful to say. However, I will hear you briefly. Go on."

"Much obliged. Well, Heman, I only wanted to say that I thought maybe you'd better have a little talk with me. I'm here at the hotel, the Regent. You know where 'tis, I presume likely. I guess you'd better come right down and see me."

Heman gasped, actually gasped, with astonishment.

"I had better come and see you? I—! Well, sir! *well!* I am not accustomed——"

"I know, but I think you'd better. It's dirty weather, and I've got cold somehow or other. I ain't feelin' quite up to the mark, so I cal'late I'll stay in port much as I can. You come right down. I'll be in my room, and the hotel folks'll tell you where 'tis. I'll be waitin' for you."

Mr. Atkins breathed hard. It might be well to hear what his enemy had to say. But as to going to see him—that was out of the question.

"I do not," he thundered, "I do not care to continue this conversation. If—if you

wish to see me, after what has taken place between us, I am willing, in spite of personal repugnance, to grant you a brief interview. My servants will admit you here at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. But I tell you now, that your interference with this appropriation matter is as useless as it is ridiculous and impudent. It is of a piece with the rest of your conduct."

"All right, Heman, all right," was the calm answer. "I don't say you've got to come. I only say I guess you'd better. I'm goin' back to Bayport to-morrer, early. And if I was you I'd come and see me to-night."

"I have no wish to see you. Nor do I care to talk with you further. That appropriation——"

"Maybe it ain't all appropriation."

"Then I cannot understand——"

"I know, but I understand. I've come to understand consider'ble many things in the last fortn't. There! I can't holler into this machine any longer. I've been clear out to 'Frisco and back in eleven days, and I got cold in those blessed sleepin' cars. I——"

The receiver fell from the congressman's hand. It was a difficult object to pick up again. Heman groped for it in a blind, strangely inadequate way. Yet he wished to recover it very much.

"Wait! wait!" he shouted anxiously.

"I—I—I dropped the— Are you there, Whittaker? Are you— Oh! yes! I didn't— Did you say—er—'Frisco?'"

"Yes, San Francisco, California. I've been West on a little cruise. Had an interestin' time. It's an interestin' place; don't you think so? Well, I'm sorry you can't come. Good night."

"Wait!" faltered the great man. "I—I—let me think, Cyrus. I do not wish to seem—er—arrogant in this matter. It is not usual for me to visit my constituents, but—but—I have no engagement this evening, and you are not well, and— Hello! are you there? Hello! Why, under the circumstances, I think— Yes, I will come. I'll come—er—at once."

The telephone enables one to procure a cab in a short time. Yet, to Heman Atkins, that cab was years in coming. He paced the library floor, his hand to his forehead and his brain whirling. It couldn't be! It must be a coincidence! He had

been an idiot to display his agitation and surrender so weakly. And yet——

The ride through the storm to the Regent Hotel gave him opportunity for more thought. But he gained little comfort from thinking. If it was a coincidence, well and good. If not——

A bell boy conducted him to the Whittaker room "on the saloon deck." It was a small room, very different from the Atkins library, and Captain Cy, in a cane-seated chair, was huddled close to the steam radiator. He looked far from well.

"Evenin', Heman," he said, as the congressman entered. "Pretty dirty night, ain't it? What we'd call a gray no't-easter back home. Sit down. Don't mind my not gettin' up. This heatin' arrangement feels mighty comf'table just now. If I get too far away from it I shiver my deck planks loose. Take off your things."

Mr. Atkins did not remove his overcoat. His hat he tossed on the bed. He glanced fearfully at his companion. The latter's greeting had been so casual and everyday that he took courage. And the captain looked anything but formidable as he hugged the radiator. Perhaps things were not so bad as he had feared. He resolved not to seem alarmed, at all events.

"Have a cigar, Heman?" said Captain Cy. "No? Well, all right; I will, if you don't mind."

He lit the cigar. The congressman cleared his throat.

"Cyrus," he said, "I am not accustomed to run at the beck and call of my—er—acquaintances, but, even though we have disagreed of late, even though to me your conduct seems quite unjustifiable, still, for the sake of our boyhood friendship, and because you are not well, I—er—came."

Captain Cy coughed spasmodically, a cough that seemed to be tearing him to pieces. He looked at his cigar regretfully, and laid it on the top of the radiator.

"Too bad," he observed. "Tobacco gen'rally iles up my talkin' machinery, but just now it seems to make me bark like a ship's dog shut up in the hold. Why, yes, Heman, I see you've come. Much obliged to you."

This politeness was still more encouraging. Atkins leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs.

"I presume," he said, "that you wish

to ask concerning the appropriation. I regret——"

"You needn't. I guess we'll get the appropriation."

Heman's condescension vanished. He leaned forward and uncrossed his legs.

"Indeed?" he said slowly, his eyes fixed on the captain's placid face.

"Yes—indeed."

"Whittaker, what are you talking about? Do you suppose that I have been the representative of my people in Congress all these years without knowing whereof I speak? They left the matter in my hands, and your interference——"

"I ain't goin' to interfere. I'm goin' to leave it in your hands, too. And I cal'late you'll be able to find a way to get it. Um—hum, I guess likely you will."

The visitor rose to his feet. He raised the mighty right arm. But Captain Cy spoke first.

"Set down, Heman," said the captain quietly. "Set down. This ain't town meetin'. Never mind the appropriation now. There's other matters to be talked about first. Set down, I tell you."

Mr. Atkins was purple in the face, but he sat down. The captain coughed again.

"Heman," he began, when the spasm was over, "I asked you to come here to-night for—well, blessed if I know exactly. It didn't make much difference to me whether you came or not."

"Then, sir, I must say that, of all the impudent——"

"S-s-h-h! for the land sakes! Speech-makin' must be as bad as the rum habit, when a feller's got it chronic as you have. No, it didn't make much difference to me whether you came or not. But, honest, you've got to be a kind of Bunker Hill monument to the folks back home. They kneel down at your foundations and look up at you, and tell each other how many foot high you are, and what it cost to build you, and how you stand for patriotism and purity, till—well, I couldn't see you tumble down without givin' you a chance. I couldn't; 'twould be like blowin' up a church."

The purple had left the Atkins face, but the speechmaking habit is not likely to be broken.

"Cyrus Whittaker," he stammered, "have you been drinking? Your language

to me is abominable. Why I permit myself to remain here and listen to such——"

"If you'll keep still I'll tell you why. It'll be best for you, Heman. Your cards ain't under the table any longer. I've seen your hand, and I know why you've been playin' it. I know the whole game. I've been West, and Everdean and I have had a talk."

Mr. Atkins had again risen from the chair. Now he fell heavily back into it. His lips moved as if he meant to speak, but he did not.

"I know the whole business, Heman," went on the captain. "I know why you was so knocked over when you learned who Bos'n was, the night of the party. I know why you took up with that blackguard, Thomas, and why you've spent your good money hirin' lawyers for him. I know about the mine. I know the whole thing from first to last. Shall I tell you? Do you want to hear it?"

The great man did not answer. A drop of perspiration shone on his high forehead, and the veins of his big, white hands stood out as he clutched the arms of his chair. The monument was tottering on its base.

"It's a dirty mess, the whole of it," continued Captain Cy. "And yet, I can see—I suppose I can see some excuse for you at the beginnin'. When old man Everdean and his crowd bought you and John Thayer out, 'way back there in '54, after John died, and all the money was put into your hands, I cal'late you was honest then. I wouldn't wonder if you *meant* to hand over the thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars to your partner's widow. But you waited, thinkin' maybe that you'd fetch it to Emily when you come yourself. But you didn't come home for some years; you went tradin' down along the Feejees and around that way. That's how I reasoned it out these last few days on the train. I give you credit for bein' honest first along."

"But, never mind whether you was or not, you haven't been since. You never paid over a cent of that poor feller's money—honest money, that belonged to his heirs, and belongs to 'em now. You've hung on to it, stole it, used it for yours. And you thought you was safe, I cal'late. And then Bos'n turns up right in your own town, right acrost the road from you! By the big

dipper! it's enough to make a feller believe that the Almighty does take a hand in straightenin' out such things, when us humans bungle 'em—it is so!

"'Course I ain't sure, Heman, what you meant to do when you found that the child

Anyhow, you wanted to get the child as fur out of your sight and out of my hands as you could—ain't that so? And when her dad turned up, you thought you saw your chance. Heman, you answer me this: Ain't it part of your bargain with Thomas



"He was on his knees beside the bed."

you'd stole that money from was goin' to be under your face and eyes till you or she died. I cal'late you was afraid I'd find somethin' out, wa'n't you? I presume likely you thought that I, not havin' quite the reverence for you that the rest of the Bay-porters have, might be sharp enough or lucky enough to smell a rat. Perhaps you suspicioned that I knew the Everdeans.

that when he gets his little girl, he shall take her and clear out, away off somewhere, for good? Ain't it, now—what?"

The monument was swaying, was swinging from side to side, but it did not quite fall—not then. The congressman's cheeks hung flabby, his forehead was wet, and he shook from head to foot; but he clinched his jaws and made one last attempt at defiance.

"I—I don't know what you mean," he declared. "You—you seem to be accusing me of something. Of stealing, I believe. Do you understand who I am? I have some influence and reputation, and it is dangerous to—to try to frighten me. Proofs are required in law, and——"

"S-s-h-h! You know I've got the proofs. They were easy enough to get, once I happened on the track of 'em. Lord sakes, Heman, I ain't a fool! What's the use of your pretendin' to be one? There's the deed out in 'Frisco, with yours and John's name on it. There's the records to prove the sale. There's the receipt for the seventy-five thousand signed by you, on behalf of yourself and your partner's widow. There's old man Everdean alive and competent to testify. There's John Thayer's will on file over to Orham. Proofs! Why, you thief! if it's proofs you want, I've got enough to send you to state's prison for the rest of your life. Don't you dare say 'proofs' to me again! Heman Atkins, you owe me, as Bos'n's guardian, thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, with interest since 1854. What you goin' to do about it?"

Here was one ray, a feeble ray, of light.

"You're not her guardian," cried Atkins. "The courts have thrown you out. And your appeal won't stand, either. If any money is due, it belongs to her father. She isn't of age! No, sir! her father——"

Captain Cy's patience had been giving way. Now he lost it altogether. He strode across the room and shook his forefinger in his victim's face.

"So!" he cried; "that's your tack, is it? By the big dipper! You go to her father—just you go to him and tell him! Just hint to him that you owe his daughter thirty-odd thousand dollars, and see what he'll do. Good heavens above! he was ready to sell her out to me for fifty dollars' wuth of sand bank in Orham. Almost ready, he was, till you offered a higher price to him to fight. Why, he'll have your hide nailed up on the barn door! If you don't pay him every red copper, down on the nail, he'll wring you dry. And then he'll blackmail you forever and ever, amen! Unless, of course, I go home and stop the blackmail by printing my story in the *Breeze*. I've a precious good mind to do it. By the Almighty, I *will* do it! unless you come off that high horse of yours and talk like a man."

And then the monument fell, fell prostrate, with a sickly, pitiful crash. If we of Bayport could have seen our congressman then! The great man, great no longer, broke down completely. He cried like a baby. It was all true—all true. He had not meant to steal, at first. He had been led into using the money in his business. Then he had meant to send it to the heirs, but he didn't know their whereabouts. Captain Cy smiled at this excuse. And now he couldn't pay—he *couldn't*. He had hardly that sum in the world. He had lost money in stocks; his property in the South had gone to the bad! He would be ruined. He would have to go to prison. He was getting to be an old man. And there was Alicia, his daughter! Think of her! Think of the disgrace! And so on, over and over, with the one recurring burden—what was the captain going to do? what was he going to do? It was a miserable, dreadful exhibition, and Captain Cy could feel no pride in his triumph.

"There! there!" he said, at last. "Stop it, man; stop it, for goodness' sakes! Pull yourself together. I guess we can fix it up somehow. I ain't goin' to be too hard on you. If it wa'n't for your meanness in bein' willin' to let Bos'n suffer her life long with that drunken beast of a dad of hers, I'd feel almost like tellin' you to get up and forget it. But *that's* got to be stopped. Now you listen to me."

Heman listened. He was on his knees beside the bed, his face buried in his arms, and his gray hair, the leonine Atkins hair, which he was wont to toss backward in the heated periods of his eloquence, tumbled and dragged. Captain Cy looked down at him.

"This whole business about Bos'n must be stopped," he said, "and stopped right off. You tell your lawyers to drop the case. Her dad is only hangin' around because you pay him to. He don't want her; he don't care what becomes of her. If you pay him enough, he'll go, won't he? and not come back."

The congressman raised his head.

"Why, yes," he faltered; "I think he will. Yes, I think I could arrange that. But, Cyrus——"

The captain held up his hand.

"I intend to look out for Bos'n," he said. "She cares for me more'n anyone else in

the world. She's as much to me as my own child ever could be, and I'll see that she is happy and provided for. I'm religious enough to believe she was sent to me, and I intend to stick to my trust. As for the money——"

"Yes, yes! The money?"

"Well, I won't be too hard on you that way, either. We'll talk that over later on. Maybe we can arrange for you to pay it a little at a time. You can sign a paper showin' that you owe it, and we'll fix the payin' to suit all hands. 'Tain't as if the child was in want. I've got some money of my own, and what's mine's hers. I think we needn't worry about the money part."

"God bless you, Cyrus! I——"

"Yes, all right. I'm sure your askin' for the blessin' 'll be a great help. Now, you do your part, and I'll do mine. No one knows of this business but me. I didn't tell Everdean a word. He don't know why I hustled out there and back, nor why I asked so many questions. And he ain't the kind to pry into what don't concern him. So you're pretty safe, I cal'late. Now, if you don't mind, I wish you'd run along home. I'm—I'm used up, sort of."

Mr. Atkins arose from his knees. Even then, broken as he was—he looked ten years older than when he entered the room—he could hardly believe what he had just heard.

"You mean," he faltered, "Cyrus, do you mean that—that you're not going to reveal this—this——"

"That I'm not goin' to tell on you? Yup; that's what I mean. You get rid of Thomas and squelch that law case, and I'll keep mum. You can trust me for that."

"But—but, Cyrus, the people at home? Your story in the *Breeze*? You're not——"

"No, they needn't know, either. It'll be between you and me."

"God bless you! I'll never forget——"

"That's right. You mustn't. Forgettin' is the one thing you mustn't do. And, see here, you're boss of the political fleet in Bayport; you steer the school committee now. Phebe Dawes ain't too popular with that committee; I'd see that she was popularized."

"Yes, yes; she shall be. She shall not be disturbed. Is there anything else I can do?"

"Why, yes, I guess there is. Speakin' of popularity made me think of it. That harbor appropriation had better go through."

A very faint tinge of color came into the congressman's chalky face. He hesitated in his reply.

"I—I don't know about that, Cyrus," he said. "The bill will probably be voted on in a few days. It is made up and——"

"Then I'd strain a p'int and make it over. I'd work real hard on it. I'm sorry about that sugar river, but I cal'late Bayport'll have to come first. Yes, it'll have to, Heman; it sartin will."

The reference to the "sugar river" was the final straw. Evidently this man knew everything.

"I—I'll try my best," affirmed Heman. "Thank you, Cyrus. You have been more merciful than I had a right to expect."

"Yes, I guess I have. Why do I do it?" He smiled and shook his head.

"Well, I don't know. For two reasons, maybe. First, I'd hate to be responsible for tippin' over such a sky-towerin' idol as you've been to make ruins for Angie Phinney and the other blackbirds to peck at and caw over. And second—well, it does sound presumin', don't it, but I kind of pity you. Say, Heman," he added, with a chuckle, "that's a kind of distinction, in a way, ain't it? A good many folks have hurried over you and worshiped you—some of 'em, I guess likely, have envied you; but, by the big dipper! I do believe I'm the only one in this round world that ever *pitied* you. Good-by. The elevator's right down the hall."

It required some resolution for the Honorable Atkins to walk down that corridor and press the elevator button. But he did it, somehow. A guest came out of one of the rooms and approached him as he stood there. It was a man he knew. Heman squared his shoulders and set every nerve and muscle.

"Good evening, Mr. Atkins," said the man. "A miserable night, isn't it?"

"Miserable, indeed," replied the congressman. The strength in his voice surprised him. The man passed on. Heman descended in the elevator, walked steadily through the crowded lobby and out to the curb, where his cab was waiting. The driver noticed nothing strange in his fare's ap-

pearance. He noticed nothing strange when the Atkins residence was reached and its tenant mounted the stone steps and opened the door with his latch key. But, if he had seen the dignified form collapse in a library chair and moan and rock back and forth until the morning hours, he would have wondered very much indeed.

Meanwhile Captain Cy, coughing and shivering by the radiator, had been summoned from that warm haven by a knock at his door. A bell boy stood at the threshold holding a brown envelope in his hand.

"The clerk sent this up to you, sir," he said. "It came a week ago. When you went away, you didn't leave any address, and whatever letters came for you were sent back to Bayport, Massachusetts. The clerk says you registered from there, sir. But he kept this telegram. It was in your box, and the day clerk forgot to give it to you this afternoon."

The captain tore open the envelope. The telegram was from his lawyer, Mr. Peabody. It was dated a week before, and read as follows:

Come home at once. Important.

CHAPTER XX

DIVIDED HONORS

THE blizzard began that night. Bayport has a generous allowance of storms and gales during a winter, although, as a usual thing, there is more rain than snow and more wind than either. But we can count with certainty on at least one blizzard between November and April, and about the time when Captain Cy, feverish and ill, the delayed telegram in his pocket and a great fear in his heart, boarded the sleeper of the east-bound train at Washington, snow was beginning to fall in our village.

Next morning, when Georgianna came downstairs to prepare Bos'n's breakfast—the housekeeper had ceased to "go home nights" since the captain's absence—the world outside was a tumbled, driving whirl of white. The woodshed and barn, dimly seen through the smother, were but gray shapes, emerging now and then only

to be wiped from the vision as by a great flapping cloth wielded by the mighty hand of the wind. The old house shook in the blasts, the window panes rattled as if handfuls of small shot were being thrown against them, and the carpet on the floor of the dining room puffed up in miniature billows.

School was out of the question, and Bos'n, her breakfast eaten, prepared to put in a cozy day with her dolls and Christmas playthings.

"When *do* you s'pose Uncle Cyrus will get home?" she asked of the housekeeper. She had asked the same thing at least three times a day during the fortnight, and Georgianna's answer was always just as unsatisfactory:

"I don't know, dearie, I'm sure. He'll be here pretty soon, though, don't you fret."

"Oh, I ain't going to fret. I know he'll come. He said he would, and Uncle Cy always does what he says he will."

About twelve Asaph made his appearance, a white statue.

"Godfrey scissors!" he panted, shaking his snow-plastered cap over the coal hod; "say, this is one of 'em, ain't it? Don't know's I ever see more of a one. Drift out by the front fence pretty nigh up to my waist. This'll be a nasty night along the Orham beach. The life-savers'll have their hands full. Whew! I'm about tuckered out."

"Been to the post office?" asked Georgianna, in a low tone.

"Yup. I been there. Mornin' mail just this minute sorted. Train's two hours late. Gabe says more'n likely the evenin' train won't be able to get through at all, if this keeps up."

"Was there anything from——"

Mr. Tidditt glanced at Bos'n and shook his head.

"Not a word," he said. "Funny, ain't it? It don't seem a bit like him. And he can't be to Washin'ton, because all them letters come back. I—I swear to man, I'm beginnin' to get worried."

"Worried? I'm pretty nigh crazy! What does Phoebe Dawes say?"

"She don't say much. It's pretty tough, when everything's else is workin' out so fine, thanks to her, to have this happen. No, she don't say much, but she acts pretty solemn."

"Say, Mr. Tidditt?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"You don't s'pose anything that happened betwixt her and Cap'n Whittaker that afternoon is responsible for—for his stayin' away so, do you? You know what he told me to tell her—about her not comin' here?"

Asaph fidgeted with the soft cap.

"Aw, that ain't nothin'," he stammered. "That is, I hope it ain't. I did say somethin' to him that—but Phoebe understands. She is a smart woman."

"You haven't told them boardin' house tattletales about the—Emie, you go fetch me a card of matches from the kitchen, won't you—of what's been found out about that Thomas thing?"

"Course I ain't. Didn't Peabody say not to tell a soul till we was sure? S'pose I'd tell Keturah and Angie? Might's well paint it on a sign and be done with it. No, no! I've kept mum and you do the same. Well, I must be goin'. Hope to goodness we hear some good news from Whit by to-morrer."

But when to-morrow came news of any kind was unobtainable. No trains could get through, and the telephone and telegraph wires were out of commission, owing to the great storm. Bayport was buried under a white coverlet, three feet thick on a level, which shone in the winter sun as if powdered with diamond dust. The street-shoveling brigade, meaning most of the active male citizens, was busy with plows and shovels. Simmons's was deserted in the evenings, for most of the regular habitués went to bed after supper, tired out.

Two days of this. Then the wires were in order again. The first message to come over them to Bayport was from Lawyer Peabody, saying that Captain Cyrus Whittaker was at his home in Ostable, sick in bed, and threatened with pneumonia.

Captain Cy, hurrying homeward in response to the attorney's former telegram, had reached Boston the day of the blizzard. He had taken the train for Bayport that afternoon. The train had reached Ostable after nine o'clock that night, but could get no farther. The captain, burning with fever and torn by chills, had wallowed through the drifts to his lawyer's home and

collapsed on his doorstep. Now he was very ill and, at times, delirious.

For two weeks he lay, fighting off the threatened attack of pneumonia. But he won the fight, and, at last, word came to the anxious ones at Bayport that he was past the danger point and would pull through. There was rejoicing at the Cy Whittaker place. The Board of Strategy came and performed an impromptu war dance about the dining-room table.

"Whe-e-e!" shouted Bailey Bangs, tossing Bos'n above his head, "your Uncle Cy's weathered the Horn and is bound for clear water now. Three cheers for our side! Won't we give him a reception when we get him back here!"

"Won't we?" crowed Asaph. "Well, I just guess we will! You ought to hear Angie and the rest of 'em chant hymns of glory about him. A body'd think they always knew he was the salt of the earth. Maybe I don't rub it in a little, hey? Oh, no, maybe not!"

"And Heman!" chimed in Mr. Bangs, "and Heman! Would you ever believe *he'd* change so all of a sudden? Bully old Whit! I can mention his name now without Ketury's landin' onto me like a snow-slide. Whee! I say, whe-e-e-e!"

He continued to say it; and Georgianna and Asaph said what amounted to the same thing. A change had come over our Bayport social atmosphere, a marvelous change. And at Simmons's and—more wonderful still—at Tad Simpson's barber shop, plans were being made and perfected for proceedings in which Cyrus Whittaker was to play the most prominent part.

Meanwhile the convalescence went on at a rapid rate. As soon as he was permitted to talk, Captain Cy began to question his lawyer. How about the appeal? Had Atkins done anything further? The answers were satisfactory. The case had been dropped: the Honorable Heman had announced its withdrawal. He had said that he had changed his mind and should not continue to espouse the Thomas cause. In fact he seemed to have whirled completely about on his pedestal and, like a compass, now pointed only in one direction—toward his "boyhood friend" and present neighbor, Cyrus Whittaker.

"It's perfectly astounding," commented Peabody. "What in the world, captain,

did you do to him while you were in Washington?"

"Oh! nothin' much," was the rather disinterested answer. "Him and me had a talk, and he saw the error of his ways, I cal'late. How's Bos'n to-day? Did you give her my love when you 'phoned?"

"So far as the case is concerned," went on the lawyer, "I think we should have won that anyway. It's a curious thing. Thomas has disappeared. How he got word, or who he got it from, I don't know; but he must have, and he's gone somewhere, no one knows where. And yet I'm not certain that we were on the right trail. It seemed certain a week ago, but now——"

The captain had not been listening. He was thinking. Thomas had gone, had he! Good! Heman was living up to his promises. And Bos'n, God bless her, was free from that danger.

"Have you heard from Emmie, I asked you?" he repeated.

He would not listen to anything further concerning Thomas, either then or later. He was sick of the whole business, he declared, and now that everything was all right, didn't wish to talk about it again. He asked nothing about the appropriation, and the lawyer, acting under strict orders, did not mention it.

Only once did Captain Cy inquire concerning a person in his home town who was not a member of his household.

"How is—er—how's the teacher?" he inquired one morning.

"How's who?"

"Why—Phoebe Dawes, the school-teacher. Smart, is she?"

"Yes, indeed! Why, she has been the most——"

The doctor came in just then and the interview terminated. It was not resumed, because that afternoon Mr. Peabody started for Boston on a business trip, to be gone some time.

And at last came the great day, the day when Captain Cy was to be taken home. He was up and about, had been out for several short walks, and was very nearly his own self again. He was in good spirits, too, at times, but had fits of seeming depression which, under the circumstances, were unexplainable. The doctor thought they were due to his recent illness and forbade questioning.

The original plan had been for the captain to go to Bayport in the train, but the morning set for his departure was such a beautiful one that Mr. Peabody, who had the day before returned from the city, suggested driving over. So the open carriage, drawn by the Peabody "span," was brought around to the front steps, and the captain, bundled up until, as he said, he felt like a wharf rat inside a cotton bale, emerged from the house which had sheltered him for a weary month and climbed to the back seat. The attorney got in beside him.

"All ashore that's goin' ashore," observed Captain Cy. Then to the driver, who stood by the horses' heads, he added: "Stand by to get ship under way, Commodore. I'm homeward bound, and there's a little messmate of mine waitin' on the dock already, I wouldn't wonder. So don't hang around these waters no longer'n you can help."

But Mr. Peabody smiled and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Just a minute, Captain," he said. "We've got another passenger. She came to the house last evening, but Dr. Cole thought this would be an exciting day for you, and you must sleep in preparation for it. So we kept her in the background. It was something of a job, but— Hurrah! here she is!"

Mrs. Peabody, the lawyer's wife, opened the front door. She was laughing. The next moment a small figure shot past her, down the steps, and into the carriage like a red-hooded bombshell.

"Uncle Cyrus!" she screamed, joyously. "Uncle Cyrus, it's me! Here I am!"

And Captain Cy, springing up and shedding wraps and robes, received the bombshell with open arms and hugged it tight.

"Bos'n!" he shouted, "by the big dipper! Bos'n! Why, you little—you—you——"

That was a wonderful ride. Emily sat in the captain's lap—he positively refused to let her sit beside him on the seat, although Peabody urged it, fearing the child might tire him—and her tongue rattled like a sewing machine. She had a thousand things to tell, about her school, about Georgianna, about her dolls, about Lonesome, the cat, and how many mice he had caught, about the big snowstorm.

"Georgianna wanted me to stay at

home and wait for you, Uncle Cy," she said, "but I teased and teased and finally they said I could come over. I came yesterday on the train. Mr. Tidditt went with me to the depot. Mrs. Peabody let me peek into your room last night and I saw you eating supper. You didn't know I was there, did you?"

"You bet I didn't! There'd have been a mutiny right then if I'd caught sight of you. You little sculpin! Playin' it on your Uncle Cy, was you? I didn't know you could keep a secret so well."

"Oh! yes I can. Why, I know an ever so much bigger secret, too. It is— Why! I 'most forgot. You just wait."

The captain laughingly begged her to divulge the big secret, but she shook her small head and refused. The horses trotted on at a lively pace, and the miles separating Ostable and Bayport were subtracted one by one. It was magnificent winter weather. The snow had disappeared from the road, except in widely separated spots, but the big drifts still heaped the fields and shone and sparkled in the sunshine. Against their whiteness the pitch pines and cedars stood darkly green and the skeleton scrub oaks and bushes cast delicate blue-penciled shadows. The bay, seen over the flooded, frozen salt meadows and distant dunes, was in its winter dress of the deepest sapphire, trimmed with whitecaps and fringed with stranded ice cakes. There was a snap and tang in the breeze which braced one like a tonic. The party in the carriage was a gay one.

"Getting tired, Captain?"

"Who? Me? Well, I guess not. 'Most home, Bos'n. There's the salt works ahead there."

They passed the abandoned salt works, the crumbling ruins of a dead industry, and the boundary stone, now half hidden in a drift, marking the beginning of Bayport township. Then, from the pine grove at the curve farther on, appeared two capped and coated figures, performing a crazy fandango.

"Who's them two lunatics?" inquired Captain Cy, "whoopin' and carryin' on in the middle of the road? Has anybody up this way had a jug come by express or— Hey! *What?* Why, you old idiots, you! *Come here and let me get a hold of you!*"

The Board of Strategy swooped down upon the carriage like Trumet mosquitoes

on a summer boarder. They swarmed into the vehicle, Bailey on the front seat and Asaph in the rear, where, somehow or other, they made room for him. There was handshaking and thumps on the back.

"What you doin' 'way up here in the west end of nowhere?" demanded Captain Cy. "By the big dipper, I'm glad to see you! How'd you get here?"

"Walked," cackled Bailey. "Frogged it all the way. Soon's Mrs. Peabody wired you was goin' to ride, me and Ase started to meet you. Wa'n't you surprised?"

"We wanted to be the fust to say 'Howdy,' old man," explained Asaph. "Wanted to welcome you back, you know."

The captain was immensely pleased.

"Well, I'm glad I've got so much popularity, anyhow," he said. "Guess 'twill be different when I get down street, hey? Don't cal'late Tad and Angie'll shed the joyous tear over me. Never mind; long's my friends are glad I don't care about the rest."

The Board looked at each other.

"Tad?" repeated Bailey. "And Angie? What you talkin' about? Why, they— Ugh!"

The last exclamation was the result of a tremendous dig in the ribs from the Tidditt fist. Asaph, who had leaned forward to administer it, was frowning and shaking his head. Mr. Bangs relapsed into a grinning silence.

West Bayport seemed to be deserted. At one or two houses, however, feminine heads appeared at the windows. One old lady shook a calico apron at the carriage. A child beside her cried "Hooray!"

"Aunt Hepsy h'istin' colors by mistake," laughed the captain. "She ain't got her specs, I guess, and thinks I'm Heman. That comes of ridin' astern of a span, Peabody."

But as they drew near the Center flags were flying from front-yard poles. Some of the houses were decorated.

"What in the world—" began Captain Cy. "Land sakes! look at the schoolhouse. And Simmons's! And—and Simpson's!"

The schoolhouse flag was flapping in the wind. The scarred wooden pillars of its portico were hidden with bunting. Simmons's front displayed a row of little banners, each bearing a letter—the letters



"Beside her the majestic form of the Honorable Heman Atkins."

spelled "Welcome Home." Tad's barber shop was more or less artistically wreathed in colored tissue paper. There, too, a flag was draped over the front door. Yet not a single person was in sight.

"For goodness' sakes!" cried the bewildered captain. "What's all this mean? And where is everybody? Have all hands——"

He stopped in the middle of the sentence. They were at the foot of Whittaker's Hill. Its top, between the Atkins' gate and the Whittaker fence, was black with people. Children pranced about the outskirts of the crowd. A shout came down the wind. The horses, not in the least fatigued by their long canter, trotted up the slope. The shouting grew louder. A wave of youngsters came racing to meet the equipage.

"What—what in time?" gasped Captain Cy. "What's up? I——"

And then the town clerk seized him by the arm. Peabody shook his other hand. Bos'n threw her arms about his neck. Bailey stood up and waved his hat.

"It's you, you old critter!" whooped Asaph. "It's *you*, d'you understand?"

"The appropriation has gone through," explained the lawyer, "and this is the celebration in consequence. And you are the star attraction because, you see, everyone knows you are responsible for it."

"That's what!" howled the excited Bangs. "And we're goin' to show you what we think of you for doin' it. We've been plannin' this for over a fortnit."

"And I knew it all the time," squealed Bos'n, "and I didn't tell a word, did I?"

"Three cheers for Captain Whittaker!" bellowed a person in the crowd. This person—wonder of wonders!—was Tad Simpson.

The cheering was, considering the size of the crowd, tremendous. Bewildered and amazed, Captain Cy was assisted from the carriage and escorted to his front door. Amidst the handkerchief-waving, applauding people he saw Keturah Bangs and Alpheus Smalley and Angeline Phinney and Captain Salters—even Alonzo Snow, his recent opponent in town meeting. Josiah Dimick was there, too, apparently having a fit.

On the doorstep stood Georgianna and—and—yes, it was true—beside her, grandly extending a welcoming hand, the majestic

form of the Honorable Heman Atkins. Some one else was there also, some one who hurriedly slipped back into the crowd as the owner of the Cy Whittaker place came up the path between the hedges.

Mr. Atkins shook the captain's hand and then, turning toward the people, held up his own for silence. To all outward appearance, he was still the great Heman, our district idol, philanthropist, and leader. His silk hat glistened as of old, his chest swelled in the old manner, his whiskers were just as dignified and awe-inspiring. For an instant, as he met the captain's eye, his own faltered and fell, and there was a pleading expression in his face, the lines of which had deepened just a little. But only for an instant; then he began to speak.

"Cyrus," he said, "it is my pleasant duty, on behalf of your neighbors and friends here assembled, to welcome you to your—er—ancestral home after your trying illness. I do it heartily, sincerely, gladly. And it is the more pleasing to me to perform this duty, because, as I have explained publicly to my fellow-town-people, all disagreement between us is ended. I was wrong—again I publicly admit it. A scheming blackleg, posing in the guise of a loving father, imposed upon me. I am sorry for the trouble I have caused you. Of you and of the little girl with you I ask pardon—I entreat forgiveness."

He paused. Captain Cy, the shadow of a smile at the corner of his mouth, nodded, and said briefly:

"All right, Heman. I forgive you."

Few heard him: the majority were applauding the congressman. Sylvanus Cahoon, whispering in the ear of "Uncle Bedny," expressed as his opinion that "that was about as magnanimous a thing as ever I heard said. Yes, sir! mag-na-min-ious—that's what I call it."

"But," continued the great Atkins, "I have said all this to you before. What I have to say now—what I left my duties in Washington expressly to come here and say—is that Bayport thanks you, I thank you for your tremendous assistance in obtaining the appropriation which is to make our harbor a busy port where our gallant fishing fleet may ride at anchor and unload its catch, instead of transferring it in dories as heretofore. Friends, I have already told you how this man"—laying a hand on the

captain's shoulder—"came to the capital and used his influence among his acquaintances in high places, with the result that the thirty thousand dollars, which I had despaired of getting, was added to the bill. I had the pleasure of voting for that bill. It passed. I am proud of that vote."

Tremendous applause. Then some one called for three cheers for Mr. Atkins. They were given. But the recipient merely bowed.

"No, no," he said, deprecatingly. "No, no! not for me, my friends, much as I appreciate your gratitude. My days of public service are nearly at an end. As I have intimated to some of you already, I am seriously considering retiring from political life in the near future. But that is irrelevant, it is not material at present. To-day we meet, not to say farewell to the setting, but to greet, the rising sun. I call for three cheers for our committee of one—Captain Cyrus Whittaker."

When the uproar had at last subsided, there were demands for a speech from Captain Cy. But the captain, facing them, his arms about the delighted Bos'n, positively declined to orate.

"I—I'm ever so much obliged to you, folks," he stammered. "I am so. But you'll have to excuse me from speech-making. They—they didn't teach it afore the mast, where I went to college. Thank you, just the same. And do come and see me, everybody. Me and this little girl," drawing Emily nearer to him, "will be real glad to have you."

After the handshaking and congratulating were over, the crowd dispersed. It was a great occasion; all agreed to that, but the majority considered it a divided triumph. The captain had done a lot for the town, of course, but the Honorable Atkins had made another splendid impression by his address of welcome. Most people thought it as fine as his memorable effort at town-meeting. Unlike that one, however, in this instance it is safe to say that none, not even the adoring and praise-chanting Miss Phinney, derived quite the enjoyment from the congressman's speech that Captain Cy did. It tickled his sense of humor.

"Ase," he observed irrelevantly when the five—Tidditt, Georgianna, Bailey, Bos'n, and himself—were at last alone again in the sitting room, "it *don't* pay to

tip over a monument, does it—not out in public, I mean. You wouldn't want to see me blow up Bunker Hill, would you?"

"Blow up Bunker Hill!" repeated Asaph, in alarmed amazement. "Godfrey scissors! I believe you're goin' loony. This day's been too much for you. What are you talkin' about?"

"Oh, nothin'," with a quiet chuckle. "I was thinkin' out loud, that's all. Did you ever notice them imitation stone pillars on Heman's house? They're holler inside, but you'd never guess it. And, long as you do know they're holler, you can keep a watch on 'em. And there's one thing sure," he added, "they *are* ornamental."

CHAPTER XXI

CAPTAIN CY'S PICTURE

"WONDER where Phœbe went to," remarked Mr. Tidditt, a little later. "I thought I saw her with Heman and Georgianna on the front steps when we drove up."

"She was there," affirmed the housekeeper. "She'd been helpin' me trim up the rooms here. What do you think of 'em, Cap'n Cyrus? Ain't they pretty?"

"They look mighty pretty, Georgianna," he said. "Fine enough. But what was that you just said. Did——"

"Yup," interrupted Miss Taylor, who had scarcely ceased talking since breakfast that morning. "Yes, 'twas teacher that helped fix 'em. Not that I wouldn't have got along without her, but I had more to do than a little, cleanin' and scrubbin' up. So Phœbe she come in, and— Oh! yes, as I was sayin', she was out front with me, but the minute your carriage drove up with that lovely span— *Ain't* that a fine span! I cal'late they're——"

"What become of teacher?" broke in Bailey.

"Why, she run off somewheres. I didn't see where she went to; I was too busy hollerin' at Cap'n Whittaker and noticin' that span. I bet you they made Angie Phinney's eyes stick out. I guess she realizes that we in this house are some punkins now. If I don't lord it over her when I run acrost her these days, then I miss my guess. I——"

"Belay!" ordered Captain Cy, his gravity more pronounced than ever. "How does it happen that you— See here, Georgianna, did you tell Ph—er—Miss Dawes what I told you to tell her when I went away?"

"Why, yes, I told her. I hated to, dreadful, but I done it. She was awful set back at fust, but I guess she asked Mr. Tidditt— Where you goin', Mr. Tidditt?"

The town clerk, his face red, was on his way to the door.

"Asked Ase?" repeated the captain. "Ase, come here! Did you tell her anything?"

Asaph was very much embarrassed.

"Well," he stammered, "I didn't mean to, Cy, but she got to askin' me questions, and somehow or 'nother I did tell her about our confab, yours and mine. I told her that I knew folks was talkin', and I felt 'twas my duty to tell you so. That's why I done it, and I told her you said— well, you know what you said yourself, Cy."

Captain Cy was evidently much disturbed. He put Bos'n down, and rose to his feet.

"Well," he asked sharply, "what did she say?"

"Oh! she was white and still for a minute or two. Then she kind of stamped her foot and went off and left me. But next time she met me she was nice as pie. She's been pretty frosty to Angie and the rest of 'em, but she's been always nice to Bailey and me. Why, when I asked her pardon, she said not at all, she was very glad to know the truth; it helped her to understand things. And you could see she meant it, too. She——"

"So she has been comin' here ever since. And the gossip has been goin' on, I s'pose. Well, by the big dipper, it'll stop now! I'll see to that."

The Board of Strategy and the housekeeper were amazed.

"Gossip!" repeated Bailey. "Well, I guess there ain't nothin' said against her now—not in *this* town, there ain't! Why, all hands can't praise her enough for her smartness in findin' out about that Thomas. If it wa'n't for her, he'd be botherin' you yet, Cy. You know it. What are you talkin' about?"

Captain Cy passed his hand over his forehead.

"Bos'n," he said slowly, "you run and help Georgianna in the kitchen a spell. She's got her dinner to look out for, I guess likely. Georgianna," to the housekeeper, who looked anything but eager, "you better see to your dinner right off, and take Emmie with you."

Miss Taylor reluctantly departed, leading Bos'n by the hand. The child was loath to leave her uncle, but he told her he wouldn't give a cent for his first dinner at home if she didn't help in preparing it. So she went out, happy.

"Now, then," demanded the captain, "what's this about Phoebe and Thomas? I want to know. Stop! Don't ask another question. Answer me first."

So the Board of Strategy, by turns and in concert, told of the drive to Trumet and the call on Debby Beasley. Asaph would have narrated the story of the upset sulky, but Bailey shut him up in short order.

"Never mind that foolishness," he snapped. "You see, Cy, Debby had just been out to Arizona visitin' old Beasley's niece. And she'd fell in with a woman out there whose husband had run off and left her. And Debby, she read the advertisement about him in the Arizona paper, and it said he had the spring halt in his off hind leg, or somethin' similar. Now, Thomas, he had that too, and there was other things that reminded Phoebe of him. So she don't say nothin' to nobody, but she writes to this woman askin' for more partic'lars and a photograph of the missin' one. The partic'lars come, but the photograph didn't; the wife didn't have none, I b'lieve. But there was enough to send Phoebe hotfoot to Mr. Peabody. And Peabody he writes to his lawyer friend in Butte, Montana. And the Butte man he——"

"Well, the long and short of it is," cut in Tidditt, "that it looked safe and sartin that Thomas *had* married the Arizona woman while his real wife, Bos'n's ma, was livin', and had run off and left her same as he did Mary. And the funny part of it is——"

"The funny part of it is," declared Bangs, drowning his friend's voice by raising his own, "that somebody out there, some scalawag friend of this Thomas, must

have got wind of what was up, and sent word to him. 'Cause, when they went to hunt for him in Boston, he'd gone, skipped, cut stick. And they ain't seen him since. He was afraid of bein' took up for bigamist, you see—for bein' a bigamy, I mean. Well, you know what I'm tryin' to say. Anyhow, if it hadn't been for me and Phoebe——"

"You and Phoebe!" snorted Asaph. "You had a whole lot to do with it, didn't you? You and Aunt Debby'll do to go together. I understand she's cruisin' round makin' proclamations that *she* was responsible for the whole thing. No, sir-ree! it's Phoebe Dawes that the credit belongs to, and this town ain't done nothin' but praise her since it come out. You never see such a quick come-about in your life—unless 'twas Heman's. But you knew all this afore, Whit. Peabody must have told you. He——"

Captain Cy had listened to his friend's story with a face expressive of the most blank astonishment. As he learned of the trip to Trumet and its results, his eyes and mouth opened, and he repeatedly rubbed his forehead and muttered exclamations. Now, at the mention of his lawyer's name, he seemed to awaken.

"Hold on!" he interrupted, waving his hand; "hold on! By the big dipper! this is—is— Where *is* Peabody? I want to see him."

"Here I am, captain," said the attorney. He had been out to the barn to superintend the stabling of the span, but for the past five minutes had been standing, unnoticed by his client, on the threshold of the dining room.

"See here," demanded Captain Cy, "see here, Peabody; is this yarn true? Is it, now? this about—about Phoebe and all?"

"Certainly it's true. I supposed you knew it. You didn't seem surprised when I told you the case was settled."

"Surprised? Why, no! I thought Heman had— Never mind that. Land of love! *She* did it. *She*!"

He sat weakly down. The lawyer looked anxious.

"Mr. Tidditt," he whispered, "I think perhaps he had better be left alone for the present. He's just up from a sick bed, and this has been a trying forenoon. Come in

again this afternoon. I shall try to persuade him to take a nap."

The Board of Strategy, its curiosity unsatisfied, departed reluctantly. When Mr. Peabody returned to the sitting room he found that naps were far, indeed, from the captain's thoughts. The latter was pacing the sitting-room floor.

"Where is she?" he demanded. "She was standin' on the steps with Heman. Have you seen her since?"

His friend was troubled.

"Why, yes, I've seen her," he said. "I have been talking with her. She has gone away."

"Gone away! Where? What do you mean? She ain't—ain't left Bayport?"

"No, no. What in the world should she leave Bayport for? She has gone to her boarding house, I guess; at all events, she was headed in that direction."

"Why didn't she shake hands with me? What made her go off and not say a word? Oh! well, I guess likely I know the why." He sighed, despondently. "I told her never to come here again."

"You did? What in the world——"

"Well, for what I thought was good reasons; all on her account they was. And yet she did come back, and kept comin', even after Ase blabbed the whole thing. However, I s'pose that was just to help Georgianna. Oh, I *am* an old fool."

The lawyer inspected him seriously.

"Well, Captain," he said slowly, "if it is any comfort for you to know that your reason isn't the correct one for Miss Dawes's going away, I can assure you on that point. I think she went because she was greatly disappointed, and didn't wish to see you just now."

"Disappointed? What do you mean?"

"Humph! I didn't mean to tell you yet, but I judge that I'd better. No one knows it here but Miss Dawes and I, and probably no one but us three need ever know it. You see, the fact is that the Arizona woman, Desire Higgins, isn't Mrs. Thomas at all. He isn't her missing husband."

"What?"

"Yes, it's so. Really, it was too much of a coincidence to be possible, and yet it certainly did seem that it would prove true. This Higgins woman was, apparently, so anxious to find her missing man that she was ready to recognize almost any descrip-

tion; and the slight lameness and the fact of his having been in Montana helped along. If we could have gotten a photograph sooner, the question would have been settled. Only last week, while I was in Boston, I got word from the detective agency that a photo had been received. I went to see it immediately. There was some resemblance, but not enough. Henry Thomas was never Mr. Higgins."

"But—but—they say Thomas has skipped out."

"Yes, he has. That's the queer part of it. At the place where he boarded we learned that he got a letter from Arizona—trust the average landlady to look at postmarks—that he seemed greatly agitated all that day, and left that night. No one has seen him since. Why he went is a puzzle. Where, we don't care. So long as he keeps out of our way, that's enough."

Captain Cy did not care, either. He surmised that Mr. Atkins might probably explain the disappearance. And yet, oddly enough, this explanation was not the true one. The Honorable Heman solemnly assured the captain that he had not communicated with Emily's father. He intended to do so, as a part of the compact agreed upon at the hotel, but the man had fled. And the mystery is still unsolved.

"I told Miss Dawes of the photograph and what it proved," went on Peabody. "She was dreadfully disappointed. She could hardly speak when she left me. I urged her to come in and see you, but she wouldn't. Evidently she had set her heart on helping you and the child. It is too bad, because, practically speaking, we owe everything to her. There is little doubt that the inquiry set on foot by her scared the Thomas fellow into flight. And she has worked night and day to aid us. She is a very clever woman, Captain Whittaker, and a good one. You can't thank her enough. Here! what are you about?"

Captain Cy strode past him into the dining room. The hat rack hung on the wall by the side door. He snatched his cap from the peg, and was struggling into his overcoat.

"Where are you going?" demanded the lawyer. "You mustn't attempt to walk now. You need rest."

"Rest! I'll rest by and by. Just now I've got business to attend to. Let go of that pea-jacket."

"But——"

"No buts about it. I'll see you later. So long."

He threw open the door and hurried down the walk. The lawyer watched him in amazement. Then a slow smile overspread his face.

"Captain," he called. "Captain Whittaker."

Captain Cy looked back over his shoulder. "What do you want?" he asked.

Mr. Peabody's face was now intensely solemn, but there was a twinkle in his eye.

"I think she's at the boarding house," he said demurely. "I'm pretty certain you'll find her there."

All the regulars at the perfect boarding house had, of course, attended the reception at the Cy Whittaker place. None of them, with the exception of the schoolmistress, had as yet returned. Dinner had been forgotten in the excitement of the great day, and Keturah and Angeline and Mrs. Tripp had stopped in at various dwellings along the main road, to compare notes on the captain's appearance and the Atkins address. Asaph and Bailey and Alpheus Smalley were at Simmons's.

Captain Cy approached the Bangs property by the stable lane. No one locks doors in our village, and those of the perfect boarding house were unfastened. He entered by way of the side porch, just as he had done when Gabe Lumley's depot wagon first deposited him in that yard. But now he entered on tiptoe. The dining room was empty. He peeped into the sitting room. There, by the center table, sat Phoebe Dawes, her elbow on the arm of her chair, and her head resting on her hand.

"Ahem! Phoebe!" said Captain Cy.

She started, turned, and saw him standing there. Her eyes were wet, and there was a handkerchief in her lap.

"Phoebe," said the captain anxiously, "have you been cryin'?"

She rose on the instant. A great wave of red swept over her face. The handkerchief fell to the floor, and she stooped and picked it up.

"Crying?" she repeated, confusedly. "Why, no, of course—of course not! I—How do you do, Captain Whittaker? I'm—we're all very glad to see you home again—and well."

She extended her hand. Captain Cy

reached forward to take it; then he hesitated.

"I don't think I'd ought to let you shake hands with me, Phoebe," he said. "Not until I beg your pardon."

"Beg my pardon? Why?"

He absently took the hand and held it.

"For the word I sent to you when I went away. 'Twas an awful thing to say, but I meant it for your sake, you know. Honest, I did."

She laughed nervously.

"Oh! that!" she said. "Well, I did think you were rather particular as to your visitors. But Mr. Tidditt explained, and then— You needn't beg my pardon. I appreciate your thoughtfulness. I knew you meant to be kind to me."

"That's what I did. But you didn't obey orders. You kept comin'. Now, why——"

"Why? Did you suppose that I cared for the malicious gossip of—such people? I came because you were in trouble, and I hoped to help you. And—and I thought I had helped, until a few minutes ago."

Her lip quivered. That quiver went to the captain's heart.

"Helped?" he faltered. "Helped? Why, you've done so much that I can't ever thank you. You've been the only real helper I've had in all this miserable business. You've stood by me all through."

"But it was all wrong. He isn't the man at all. Didn't Mr. Peabody tell you?"

"Yes, yes, he told me. What difference does that make? Peabody be hanged! He ain't in this. It's you and me—don't you see? What made you do all this for me?"

She looked at the floor and not at him as she answered.

"Why, because I wanted to help you," she said. "I've been alone in the world ever since mother died, years ago. I've had few real friends. Your friendship had come to mean a great deal to me. The splendid fight you were making for that little girl proved what a man you were. And you fought so bravely when almost everyone was against you, I couldn't help wanting to do something for you. How could I? And now it has come to nothing—my part of it. I'm so sorry."

"It ain't, neither. It's come to everything. Phoebe, I didn't mean to say very



"Please, what have you been doing for the last five minutes?"

much more than to beg your pardon when I headed for here. But I've got to—I've simply got to. This can't go on. I can't have you keep comin' to see me—and Bos'n. I can't keep meetin' you every day. I *can't*."

She looked up, as if to speak, but something, possibly the expression in his face, caused her to look quickly down again. She did not answer.

"I can't do it," continued the captain, desperately. "Tain't for what folks might say. They wouldn't say much when I was around, I tell you. It ain't that. It's because I can't bear to have you just a friend. Either you must be more'n that, or—I'll

have to go somewheres else. I realized that when I was in Washin'ton and cruisin' to California and back. I've either got to take Bos'n and go away for good, or—or——"

She would not help him. She would not speak.

"You see?" he groaned. "You see, Phœbe, what an old fool I am. I can't ask you to marry me, me fifty-five, and rough from knockin' round the world, and you, young and educated, and a lady. I ain't fool enough to ask such a thing as that. And yet, I couldn't stay here and meet you every day, and by and by see you marry somebody else. By the big dipper, I

couldn't do it. So that's why I can't shake hands with you to-day—nor any more, except when I say good-by for keeps."

Then she looked up. The color was still bright in her face, and her eyes were moist, but she was smiling.

"Can't shake hands with me?" she said. "Please, what have you been doing for the last five minutes?"

Captain Cy dropped her hand as if his own had been struck with paralysis.

"Good land!" he stammered. "I didn't know I did it; honest truth, I didn't."

Phoebe's smile was still there, faint, but very sweet.

"Why did you stop?" she queried. "I didn't ask you to."

"Why did I stop? Why, because I—I—I declare I'm ashamed——"

She took his hand and clasped it with both her own.

"I'm not," she said bravely, her eyes brightening as the wonder and incredulous joy grew in his. "I'm very proud. And very, very happy."

There was to be a big supper at the Cy Whittaker place that night. It was an impromptu affair, arranged on the spur of the moment by Captain Cy, who, in spite of the lawyer's protests and anxiety concerning his health, went serenely up and down the main road, inviting everybody he met or could think of. The captain's face was as radiant as a spring sunrise. His smile, as Asaph said, "pretty nigh cut the upper half of his head off." People who had other engagements, and would, under ordinary circumstances, have refused the invitation, couldn't say no to his hearty "Can't come? 'Course you'll come! Man alive! I want you."

"Invalid, is he?" observed Josiah Dimick, after receiving and accepting his own invitation. "Well, I wish to thunder I could be took down with the same kind of disease. I'd be willin' to linger along with it quite a spell if it pumped me as full of joy as Whit seems to be. Don't give laughin' gas to keep off pneumonia, do they?

No? Well, I'd like to know the name of his medicine, that's all."

Supper was to be ready at six. Georgianna, assisted by Keturah Bangs, Mrs. Sylvanus Cahoon, and other volunteers, was gloriously busy in the kitchen. The table in the dining room reached from one end of the big apartment to the other. Guests would begin to arrive shortly. Willy Mr. Peabody, guessing that Captain Cy might prefer to be alone, had taken the Board of Strategy out riding behind the span.

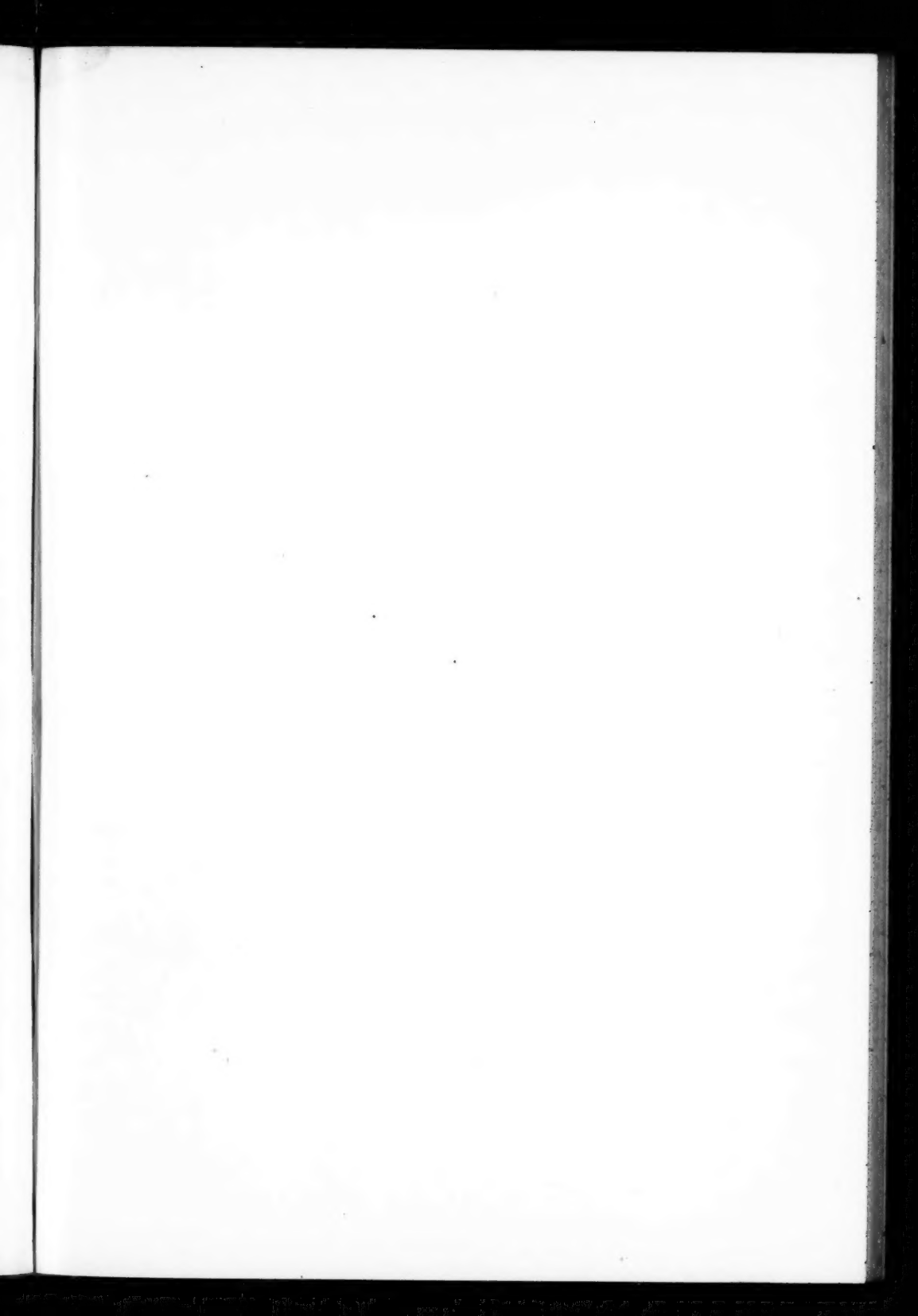
In the sitting room, around the base-burner stove, were three persons—Captain Cy, Bos'n, and Phoebe. Miss Dawes had "come early," at the captain's urgent appeal. Now she was sitting in the rocker, at one side of the stove, gazing dreamily at the ruddy light behind the isinglass panes. She looked quietly, blissfully contented and happy. At her feet, on the braided mat, sat Bos'n, playing with Lonesome, who purred lazily. The little girl was happy, too, for was not her beloved Uncle Cyrus at home again, with all danger of their separation ended forevermore?

As for Captain Cy himself, the radiant expression was still on his face, brighter than ever. He looked across at Phoebe, who smiled back at him. Then he glanced down at Bos'n. And all at once he realized that this was the fulfillment of his dream. Here was his "picture"; the sitting room was now as he had always loved to think of it—as it used to be. He was in his father's chair, Phoebe in the one his mother used to occupy, and between them—just where he had sat so often when a boy—was the child. The Cy Whittaker place had again, and at last, come into its own.

He drew a long breath, and looked about the room; at the stove, the lamp, the old, familiar furniture, at his grandfather's portrait over the mantel. Then, in a flash of memory, his father's words came back to him, and he said, laughing aloud from pure happiness:

"Bos'n, run down cellar and get me a pitcher of cider, won't you?—there's a good feller."

THE END





Drawn by John Cassel.

*"Tilted back in the chair, laughing at the Pierrot, with my stocking feet
on the fender and no hat."*